FORGET
ME NOT

1835.

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Presented
To Mrs. E. J. Butler
by
W. W. Butler
1835.

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DIANA & ENDYMION.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXV.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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PREFACE.

This year, Reader, the Forget Me Not presents itself to thee as "an old friend with a new face;" but, though somewhat altered in external appearance, its spirit remains unchanged. Thou wilt find that, though increased in size, and clothed in a different garb from that which it has been accustomed to wear, it is governed by the same earnest desire as ever to minister to thine amusement and information; to touch thy kindly sympathies and affections; and, while it conveys good-humoured reproof of the vices, the follies,

and the frailties of mankind, to encourage the higher and nobler feelings of our nature. Wouldst thou have stronger evidence of this than our assertion—turn to its pages.

We are confident that, after an attentive examination, thou wilt be disposed to pronounce that all who have co-operated in the production of this volume have 'done their duty.' For the Proprietors also we must crave the meed of thy commendation: since, by using paper of larger size than heretofore, which admits of a proportionate increase in the dimensions of the plates, and by adopting a more substantial binding instead of the frailer materials hitherto employed, they have incurred an additional expense, for which, as the price of the work continues to be the same, they can look to nothing but the public patronage for remuneration.

Though we have made it a rule to exclude compositions on topics of personal interest from our pages, we shall offer no apology for having here deviated from it to bid a final farewell to the Founder of the Forget Me Not, in the admirable concluding Poem, the tribute of a distinguished writer by whom he was known and respected. To use the words of the Poet,

"Blessing to the last, and blest,"

death put an end to his active career on the 30th of March. Of the enterprising spirit of our deceased friend, this work, to which all the others of its class may be said to owe their existence, remains a monument.

In consequence partly of the great length to which some of the articles have unexpectedly extended, we have found it impossible to introduce into this volume many contributions which were

destined for it. For this disappointment we solicit the kind indulgence of the Authors; and to them, as well as to all those friends to whose talents we are indebted for the literary Contents of the following sheets, we equally tender our own sincere acknowledgments and those of the Proprietors.

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DIANA AND ENDYMION.

The loves of the Huntress whom the Ancients called Selene, the sister of Helios, and whom later times called Diana and Luna, form one of the most graceful conceptions of Mythology. Whether she were transferred to the Moon, or the Moon transferred to a mortal image, is a question that still employs the wise. But, in whatever capacity, she enjoyed a vast portion of the homage of the heathen world. As Ashtaroth, she was the great goddess of the Sidonians, who carried her worship with them to the ends of the earth. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" was also the cry, not only of Ephesus but of Asia; and the threefold power of ruling the night, the ocean, and the world beneath, appealed to every feeling of poetry, of adventure, and of superstition. The story of her passion for Endymion is the single instance of mortal weakness in this sublime and unearthly beauty. And the single instance is scarcely more than the passion of a dream. Endymion, the loveliest of youths, on whom Jupiter had conferred the gift of unfading beauty, was found by the goddess on one of the hills dedicated to her. She became enamoured of beauty so little tinged with mortal change, and descended to him from her orb nightly. When the astronomers watched the rapid diminution of its splendour, they were unaware that it was at that moment in the act of being deserted by its goddess. And, when the shepherds of Latmos found themselves contemplating the sudden lustre, which shone soft and silvery round the crags and bowers of their mountain, they were equally ignorant that young Endymion and the Goddess Selene were there, forgetting alike the woes of existence, and wrapt in the visions of philosophy. At length, Apollodorus applied the key of Poetry to the mysterious interview, unlocked the problem, and gave the secret to the eyes of mankind. An age unworthy of those rich fancies pronounced that the whole was no more than a contrivance to tell us that Endymion was a Carian astronomer, who devoted himself to the study of the Moon. But the poet was the true historian after all.

'Twas the glowing, golden time,
When the world was in its prime;
Ere the earth was turned a den;
Time that ne'er shall come again;

Ere the city's sickly air
Bore the echoes of despair;
Ere the heart that scorned to yield
Mouldered on the crimson field;
Ere was forged the freeman's chain;
Long ere true love knew a stain;
Earth one wild, sweet, sunny clime —
'Twas the rosy morn of Time.

'Twas thine hour, Endymion!
Thou no wandering shepherd's son;
Thou no bandit, dark and wild,
Nature's rugged orphan child;
On thy brow the eagle's wing
Marked thee offspring of a king;
Round thy neck the chain of gold;
O'er thy limbs the purple fold;
On thy back the lion's hide;
Yet the high and haughty stride,
Yet the brow of majesty,
Yet the living flash of eye,
Yet the lip's sublime disdain,
More than royal robe or chain,
Stamped thy form with love and fear —
All the native king was there.

Whose the wild horn's startling sound?
Whose the dashing, deep-mouthed hound?
Whose the whirlwind-footed steed?
Whose the spur and whose the speed?

Now, the silvery stream beside,
Now from ocean's star-dropt tide,
Up the mountain forest-browed,
Like the rider of a cloud,
Like a galley's tossing prore
Bursting through the billows hoar,
Glittering like a new-lit star,
Young Endymion leads the war.

Well the forest monsters know
The twanging of his deadly bow.
From his nest, with sudden spring,
Shrieking flies the eagle king;
To his covert shrinks the boar;
Sinks the panther's sullen roar;
In his cavern, dark and foul,
Checks the startled wolf his howl;
Well they know the horn afar,
Warning of the sylvan war.

But has Love no answering dart
For the youthful hunter's heart?
All in vain Sidonia's daughters,
Bright as their own crystal waters,
Soft as their own myrtle shades,
Wreathe for him their raven braids.
Dearer to the hunter's sight
Falcon towering height o'er height;
Nobler far the lion's bound,
Than the dance's glittering round;

Dearer far the rushing gale,
When the summer heaven is pale,
And the mountain forests heave,
Than the song at shut of eve,
On the deep, delicious gloom
Floating like distilled perfume.

Now the woodland war is done:
Now the wolf-hide to the sun
Waves upon the hunter's spear;
O'er the steeds are thrown the deer;
Dragged by the exulting train,
Last the lion bites his chain.
All is gallant revelry
As they move by stream and tree,
All a bold, gay, careless throng,
Now with shout, and now with song,
Making every echo thrill
Of the valley and the hill.

But what sounds of rushing feet,
But what echoes wild and sweet,
Silver flute and mellow horn,
On the dewy breeze are borne,
Sweet as if some starry sphere
Dropped them on the spell-bound ear!

All the train were instant hushed,
Every cheek with joy was flushed,

Every dark and flashing eye
Shot its glance o'er earth and sky.

All above, below, was calm,
All was melody and balm.
On the Twilight's purple zone
Stooped no meteor-studded throne;
Calm, its solitary star,
Like a bark of pearl afar,
Freighted from the land of Love,
Stemmed the silent waves above.
One delicious sympathy
Bound the wave, the hill, the tree;
All, as if the turtle's wing
O'er the world its shade might fling;
All as if one honeyed dream
Lulled the surge, the grove, the stream.

All was Nature's sleep: yet, hark!
Rose a cry; a fiery spark
Glittered, and then seemed to die,
And a chilling blast swept by,
And a low and distant roar,
Like the murmur on the shore,
When the ocean billows ride
Broad against the mountain's side.
On the startled hunters came.
On the hill's high top a flame
Darted heavenward from its cloud,
Like a spirit from its shroud.

Where was fled the golden gleam?
Where the tint of hill and stream?
Heaven above, and earth beneath,
All were one wild vapoury wreath.
In the forest's sunny dell
Midnight, tenfold midnight, fell;
On the mountain's marble brow,
All was like the lurid glow
Of the falling thunder-stone;
Far and wide the forest groan
Mingled with the heavy crash,
As the lightning's sulphurous flash
From the mountain's quivering spine
Flung the monarch oak and pine.
Then the bellowing cataract
Rushed along its rocky tract,
Checked, but bursting into speed,
Like a chafed and foaming steed;
Till it took the furious leap
Down, ten thousand fathoms deep,
Followed by the lightning's spire:
All was Nature in her ire.

Where wert thou, Endymion?
There the warrior stood, alone;
All the wielders of the spear,
All had fled, in speechless fear;
Gallant hearts, that till that day
More than festal loved the fray;

Gallant hearts, that loved the lance
Dearer than the maiden's glance;
At the first deep thunder-roll,
All had felt the withering soul;
All, with nameless agonies,
Heard the voices of the skies;
All in mortal fear were bound:
They had passed the sacred mound;
In the hunter's daring haste
They the sacred deer had chased;
They had trod the deep ravine
Sacred to the virgin queen:
Never mortal hunter rode
Backward from that drear abode.

Covered by the lightning's wing,
Stands alone the youthful king;
Waiting for the avenging shaft;
Calm, as if the bowl he quaffed
In his rose-empurpled bower;
Calm, at that soul-awing hour,
With the tempest roaring round,
In the mountain's burning bound,
Bowed beneath the triple might
Of the goddess-queen of night;
There with unaverted eye
Stood the youthful king — to die.

The thunder sinks, the gale is hushed;
The torrent far away has rushed;

The stars are peeping through the robe
That wraps in dew the slumbering globe;
Far spreading on the western heaven,
No more with sulphurous fireballs riven,
The clouds are resting on the deep;
The whole horizon's golden sweep,
As if some soft and poppied shower
Had shed its spell on cloud and flower,
As if some potent minstrelsy
Had sealed the day's resplendent eye,
From ocean shore to marble height
Is sinking in delicious night.

But, on the ocean's eastern marge,
Shaped like an Amazonian targe,
Rose on the lovely sky of June,
In floating pomp, the crescent moon.
Then died upon the mountain's brow
The angry tempest's final throe.
Then breathed the sacred mount around
The flute's and harp's enchanted sound,
As if some royal festival
Were held within its giant wall;
And shapes like shooting stars were seen
Among the oaks and hazels green;
Though some who scaled the hill that night
They said were blasted at the sight.
Then swelled the hunt again: the stag
Burst startled from his mossy crag;

Then rolled the hunters' following cry,
The stag-hound's yell, the courser's neigh;
And poured along the mountain haze,
Like scattered gems, the torches' blaze,
Till on the forest's verdurous crown
The crescent from the sky looked down.
Then died the tumult of the throng,
And music, sweeter than all song
That ever lulled the midnight sea,
A soul-entrancing harmony,
Was heard, as if the hunters laid
Their weary limbs beneath the shade,
And, cheered by minstrelsy divine,
Gave the soft hours to joy and wine.

Endymion wanders through his halls;
Heavy and slow his footstep falls;
His cheek seems flushed with strange disease,
No sight can cheer, no sound can please:
Morn sits in beauty on the sky,
Still earthward bends his leaden eye;
His wolf-dogs in the leash confined
Stand idly baying at the wind;
His gallant hunters, lance in hand,
In vain await their lord's command;
His Thracian coursers paw the plain,
Still man and nature urge in vain:
For him may rest the wolf and deer;
No sound of earth can reach his ear.

But, when the twilight veils the heaven,
From his high brow the clouds are driven,
Nor brighter in the opening sky
The starbeam than his flashing eye;
Anon, as if the spell were past,
The burthen from his soul is cast;
With quiver full, and glittering lance,
And eager stride, and burning glance,
And lion mantle o'er him thrown,
Burst forth the hunter-king, alone.

Then swells the solemn symphony,
Till thankless day relumes the sky
Is heard the dance, the choral shell
Mixed with the stag-hound's joyous yell.
High on the mountain's marble spine
Is seen the Lunar pomp to shine;
Is heard the trampling of the throng,
The heart's loud laugh, the shout, the song.

At length — 't was on one sacred night,
When beamed the moon with tenfold light,
And, Latmos, from thy piny brow
Poured tenfold harmony below;
Climbed the high hill a gifted seer,
Diana's priest, untaught to fear.
He pierced the grove, he trod the heath,
To all but him the deed were death;
Pure votarist of the goddess-queen,
By him unharmed the pomp was seen.

A Lunar palace crowned the height;
A fabric, all inwove with light,
Sparkling with every lovely hue
Of flower and leaf, of gem and dew:
And, seated on a glorious throne,
To which were pale the diamond stone,
Sat shapes of splendour, side by side,
Rose-crowned, a bridegroom and a bride.
This, Dian, was thy marriage bower,
This, Dian, was the mystic hour
That gave thy cloud-compelling wand,
The sceptre, to a mortal hand.
The gazer felt his waning sight
Lost in the flood of pomp and light.
Yet now thy tale, Endymion,
Thy lonely flight, thy love, were known;
It was to watch those starry eyes
The hunter sought the midnight skies:
And now thy toil, thy trial, past,
This night on earth must be thy last.

Even while the wondering votarist gazed,
With broader pomp the palace blazed;
Emerging, like a new-born star,
Rose on the air a dove-drawn car;
There, circled by a living ring
Of beauty, sat the enchanted king —
Such shapes as in the clouds are shown,
When seeks the sun his western throne;

Such shapes as come in golden gleams
On the young bard's autumnal dreams;
And yet what bard shall think or tell
The chorus from those lips that fell,
Such sounds as in the courts of Jove
Breathe out the spirit's lofty love!

That night, o'er all the listening land,
With richer sweets the air was fanned;
Ten thousand eyes, from height to height,
Gazed on the rising train of light;
Some deemed a new-lit comet came
To wrap the world in wrath and flame;
Some seemed, with mingled joy and fear,
The echoes of the hymn to hear.
And many a wild tradition still
Points to the haunted Latmian hill.
Thy love, thy lot, Endymion,
To one, and but to one, were known.
And he, the guardian of the shrine,
Kept till his death the tale divine:
Hoar-headed, verging on the tomb,
He felt the truth his soul illume;
Then snatched the harp, and taught the string,
The loves of Dian and his king.

Φαον.

THE WARLOCK.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

——Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT twenty-four hours' sail to the southward of Rio Janeiro, on the east coast of Brazil, lies the island of Sanctos, which, though entirely separated from the main-land, yet is so completely dovetailed into it as to appear a part of the continent; and, when seen from the sea, it is impossible to detect the broken line of coast. The town, bearing the same name as the island, is situated on that side which is most distant from the ocean; the streets are remarkably clean, and the houses present a very neat appearance, considering that the inhabitants are Portuguese. But then it must also be taken into account that it is the isolated residence of persons who have scarcely any intercourse with the rest of mankind, and whose principal occupation is to superintend and manage the gold mines of San Paulo, situated a few leagues in the interior.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, Sanctos could, perhaps, boast of a greater number of beautiful females than any town of its dimensions in the world; but their education was so very limited, and they were so constantly under the influence of interested priests, that bigotry and superstition were the leading features of their character. Still their beauty was irresistible: there was the large, full, and expressive, black eye, fringed with its glossy lashes; there was the roseate bloom of health stealing through the deep mellow tinge of brown upon the cheek; there was the long raven hair braided round the forehead; and there was an exquisite symmetry of form, that made an indelible impression on the heart, whilst the blandishments of their bewitching smile operated like the spirit of enchantment on the young and ardent mind.

A ship had never been seen in Sanctos River since Drake circumnavigated the globe; and tradition had handed down such romantic and ridiculous tales respecting the unceremonious manner in which he had plundered the place, that the name of English seaman was considered synonymous with that of robber; and, though the ladies, by direction of the priests, put great confidence in two handsome-looking white forts, over which the flag of Portugal was proudly displayed, yet, like the Negro, who thought that "King George hab a lion for one arm and a unicorn for t'oder," they formed the most strange conceptions of the prowess

and *diablerie* of that curious compound, a British Jack Tar.

It was early in the month of July 180-, when the heat of the sun in that part of the world was tempered by its northern declination, that the inhabitants of Sanctos were greatly alarmed one lovely morning at seeing what appeared to be an immense silvery cloud, floating on the surface of the river, and approaching the town with amazing rapidity. As it drew nearer, it became more defined; and then broad sheets of canvas were plainly distinguished as they were widely distended and just sleeping in the light breeze that filled them out. Over all were three slender, tapering spars of different heights, and from the centre one curled a long red pennant, that nearly touched the water. The Sanctonians gazed upon the spectacle with superstitious dread; nor were their apprehensions lessened when the strange visitant became in a moment disincumbered of its expanded cloth, and brought into view a long, low, snake-like hull, as black as midnight: whilst the tall raking masts, towering one above another, raised their lofty heads into the air, as if daring the element they were meant to encounter.

As soon as this phenomenon had arrived abreast of the town, a loud splash was heard under the bows, and the seamen were almost instantly spread out upon the yards, tossing up the folds of each sail in a skin as smooth as an infant's; whilst, at the same moment, the

heavy reports of artillery on the deck were re-echoed among the hills, and the curling smoke, in many a circular wreath, spread itself like a dense mist upon the waters, till the low black hull was totally obscured, and the spectators could only guess at its position by the flame which issued from the muzzles of the guns.

Hundreds of people thronged the quays, and anxiously watched for some demonstration of reply from the two white forts; but, though the heavy cannon looked braggingly enough through the embrasures, they were wholly silent. None knew whence the mysterious stranger had come; none knew the purport of its visit: and a feeling approaching to dread spread through the assembled multitude, as they witnessed its extraordinary proceedings.

At length the gentle breeze wafted away the thick volumes of smoke, that rolled along upon the surface of the river, and gradually the whole ship was displayed to the sight in all her symmetry and beauty. The British ensign waved proudly at the gaff-end; the pennant of a man-of-war threw its graceful curves from the main truck; and the blue-quartered Jack, with its white and red crosses, was spread by the light winds at the bowsprit-end. Strains of martial music sounded on the ear and then died away upon the waters; whilst the ship, by means imperceptible to those on shore, slowly moved to a particular station, where she became fixed like a thing of magic, slumbering on the bosom of the stream.

The captain waited upon Don José-y-Pinta, the governor, and informed him that he had been ordered by Sir Sidney Smith to anchor his Britannic Majesty's ship, "The Warlock," in that part for the purpose of refreshing the seamen; and the name of the vessel, which was well known from her long station on the coast, increased the perplexity of the Don and his attendants. In fact, the Warlock had been cruizing several months in that part of the world. Her peculiar construction, beauty of form, swiftness of sailing, and other eminent qualities, had gained her the name of "The Wizard of the Sea;" and Captain Pearce had on every occasion endeavoured to justify the title by performing feats, which, though merely the effects of nautical science, were attributed to the power of necromancy. Under such circumstances, it can excite no great wonder to hear that the inhabitants of Sanctos looked upon the ship as an unwelcome intruder, and, instigated by the priests, connected the officers and men with the character which she bore. The governor, however, had his own private suspicions; and Captain Pearce knew that he himself was armed with secret powers from the Prince Regent of Portugal. An apology was made for not returning the salute, on the ground that the major commandant at one of the forts was in a dying state, and the noise might disturb his last moments; but the wily Don might have said with more truth that the major was already dead and the guns honeycombed.

About three weeks after their arrival, the second lieutenant, Hamilton, a fine specimen of Britain's pride, was sent with a party of men to an adjacent river for the purpose of obtaining fresh water; and the spot chosen was particularly remarkable for its romantic scenery. An impetuous torrent that rushed down the side of a steep mountain had hollowed a deep bed invisible to mortal eye, till it emptied itself beneath a natural archway, and bounded from rock to rock down a gentle descent, from which a broad channel conducted it to an immense basin, about twelve feet above the level of the river, where its waters became beautifully clear and smooth, and were discharged through a tunnel about four feet above the river's brink, forming an elegant cascade. On each side of the basin was a flat of greensward, bordered by the dark, frowning, and almost impenetrable forest that hung upon the sides of the mountain; whilst the dashing of the waters, as they fell from cliff to cliff, and the hollow roar, as they passed through some caverns in their rapid course, produced a terrible and awful sound that greatly heightened the interest of the spectacle.

On one of the flats a marquee was pitched for Lieutenant Hamilton and two junior officers, whilst the other flat was occupied by a long tent for the seamen and marines of the party. The second morning Hamilton lay reclining in his marquee, when he was roused by a peculiar kind of growl, that seemed to come

from a shelving rock at some distance above his head; but, on looking towards the place, he could perceive nothing to excite apprehension, and he let fall the barrel of the rifle, which he had hastily snatched up, into the hollow of his left arm. Again the growl was heard, but fiercer than before; and then the lieutenant clearly distinguished a black panther, standing on the arm of a tree, in the attitude of making a spring, and lashing himself with his tail. Hamilton raised the rifle to his shoulder, and, extending his left hand to the barrel, prepared to take a steady aim, when a female voice uttering a piercing shriek distracted his purpose—but it was only for a moment: he pulled the trigger — there was a flash and a report — and the enraged animal bounded from the tree and fell upon the greensward below, within a few yards of the spot where the officer was standing. Though wounded and maimed, it was still strong and vigorous, and Hamilton preferred remaining on the defensive, so as to receive the creature when it leaped. Onward it came, lashing its sides with its tail, and showing two rows of bristling teeth that had a fearful appearance—onward it came, but there were several on the opposite flat who were not idle spectators of the scene. Musket after musket sent forth its red flame, and the animal rolled over and over, biting the ground in rage and agony. Still the infuriated beast faced upon its foes, and, though life was ebbing fast, it made one desperate spring, and alighted upon the lieutenant's shoulder;

but the exertion hastened its dissolution, and it fell lifeless at Hamilton's feet, without doing any other injury than tearing the sleeve of his coat and raising the skin upon his arm.

The moment the conflict ceased, the attention of the lieutenant was directed to the spot whence the shriek had proceeded; and, looking up, he saw an aged Negro standing on the rock imploring assistance. Certain, however, that the voice he had heard was that of a female, he endeavoured to break through the entangled bushes; but they resisted his strongest efforts: and he was projecting means to scale the face of the precipice, when the Negro suddenly appeared beneath the natural archway through which the torrent gushed, and Hamilton leaped from rock to rock above the bubbling foam, till, turning an angle of the archway, where one false step would have precipitated him to certain destruction, he observed a loose and irregular path winding up the mountain, only a few feet from the roaring waters that scattered the spray upon his clothes.

Ascending this dangerous passage, he followed the Negro to a few stunted bushes at the back of the shelving projection, and there, stretched upon the earth, lay a young female, whom terror had deprived of animation. The officer raised her in his arms, and, after some exertion, had the pleasure of seeing her restored to sensibility, and hearing her in plaintive accents request the Negro to lay her gently down and

hasten for some water. Then, recovering still more, she opened her eyes, stared wildly at the lieutenant, on whose breast her head had been reclining, uttered a piercing shriek, and starting up, buried her face in her hands. In vain did Hamilton address her — she knew not a word of his language — in vain did the gentle and soothing expressions fall from his lips: she continued to shut out the light, and to gasp with agony, as if dismay was depriving her of respiration.

Hamilton felt rather nettled at this seeming wantonness, but at length he became convinced that her fear was too natural to proceed from any thing but reality; and never before had he seen so lovely a creature as the young maiden before him. The clustering ringlets of long black hair fell over a forehead as smooth as polished marble, and descended to a snow-white bosom that was finely contrasted by the jet-black of the glossy curls which rested on it. The large black eyes were rendered fearfully expressive under the influence of alarm, and the flush upon her agitated countenance gave additional beauty to her well-formed features. The lieutenant gazed with delight and rapture on her sylph-like figure:—feelings that he had never before experienced crept upon his heart. He longed to press the lovely girl to his breast and assure her of safety and protection; but the trembling dismay which she evinced whenever he approached her produced astonishment and distress in his mind. Still she reiterated her cries for water, and

kept repeating prayer after prayer for deliverance. Hamilton hastened down the pathway for the purpose of obtaining some vessel in which he might convey the cool liquid to her lips. The young female was informed of his departure by the Negro, and, seating herself upon a bank, she sought relief in tears. "Oh, Diego," said she convulsively, "what a wonderful escape I have had!"

"Yes, missy," replied the Negro, "him great black cat make no more of you dan littlee mouse."

"I was not thinking of the panther," responded the shrinking maiden, "but of the terrible being who has just quitted us. Yet its voice was soothing, too —but Father Jerome says these demons assume the most enticing forms, and use the most seductive language, that they may the more easily draw our souls into the snare. Oh, Diego! are you sure it is gone?"

"Yes, missy," answered the Black, "me bery sure gone, though, golly, p'rhaps he come again!"

"The Virgin Mother forbid!" exclaimed the maiden, "for Father Jerome says, 'resist the Evil One and he will flee from you.' I did resist, Diego; but I feel the thrilling touch of its fingers on my brow! — and oh! sinner that I am! I fear that I am lost for ever. It was — it was one of the demons from the enchanted ship! — Speak, Diego, was it not a devil?"

"Yes, missy," assented the Negro, "him debil for true, and bery handsome debil, too."

"But what has become of the panther, Diego?" inquired the alarmed girl. "Oh how horribly its glaring eyes were fixed upon me! — was it driven away?"

"No, missy," replied Diego, shaking his head; "de debil shoot him, and dere he lay down atop o' de flat — golly, he neber jump again!"

"Is it really dead, then?" said the maiden, "or was it merely a decèption of the fallen angel to try a poor frail creature of the dust? Yet no! there was too much of reality in that terrible look, and Father Jerome himself would have shrunk with horror from his rage. But are you certain that the gentle creature who destroyed it is one of the demons from the magic bark?"

"Oh, yes, missy," chuckled the Black, "me bery sure one of Fader Jerram debel — dere two, tree, twenty, down dere — red debil, blue debil, white debil —but p'rhaps he come again in littlee moment."

"You are right, Diego," exclaimed the agitated girl, "and therefore let us instantly quit the place whilst I have strength and power to do so. Haste, Diego, give me your arm, and let us away."

The obedient Negro complied; beauty and ugliness were linked together; and, when the anxious and eager lieutenant returned with a goblet of pure water, he found the spot deserted. Vexed and disappointed, he would have followed their track, which was easily to be found by the broken branches; but a prudential

sense of duty deterred him, and he returned to his party mortified and dispirited. Nevertheless, he determined on pursuing the adventure after the boats had been sent away with the full casks.

The sun was rapidly hurrying down to the western horizon, when Hamilton, selecting a favourite seaman, left strict orders with the midshipman to keep the party together, and then, with his humble associate, he set out on his expedition.

Ben Transom had known his officer when, to use his own term, "he was no higher than the windlass-end;" and Ben had unremittingly endeavoured to give the lad instruction in what he called "the readyments of seamanship;" nor did the pupil do any discredit to his teacher, for Ned Hamilton soon outstripped his messmates, and was particularly noticed by his commander, till he mounted the white lapelles, which were earned by an act of bravery. A sort of natural affection had grown up between the two; for Hamilton looked up to Ben as his nautical father, and Ben, in his advanced life, received constant kindness and protection from the young officer.

Such were the pair who now disappeared from their friends under the archway: the lieutenant having his rifle slung at his back, and a pair of silver-mounted pistols stuck in his belt, from which was suspended a stout dirk. Ben also was armed with pistols, and carried a strong, broad, cutlass and a bayonet strapped round his waist. "I'm thinking, sir," said the veteran,

as he followed his officer, "a voyage of discovery without lead or compass will be apt to turn out a misfailure arter all, for you can neither get soundings nor bearings."

"Our feet, Ben," replied the lieutenant, "must find our best soundings, and, as for a compass, we shall have the stars to steer by when the sun has set."

"Ay, ay," answered Ben, "that may be all very well, sir, but you know the danger of steering amongst rocks without a chart to prick your way."

"I do, my old friend," responded Hamilton; "but the persons who made the charts must first of all have incurred the danger."

"True, Mr. Hamilton, very true," assented the seaman; "but, if I'm not making too bould, I should like to know what you expect to meet with amongst these rocks and forest trees; for, to my thinking, it is better to be under a reefed foresail in an open sea than backing and filling, like a collier in the Pool, with scarcely six inches of daylight under the keel. In less than an hour the sun will be in the bush, and, according to my notions, the night will be as dark as a chimbley-sweep." He then added with much solemnity, "To my thinking, sir, it seems to be a defying o' the Creator and his marciful protection, for the creaturs he has made for his own peculiar sarvice on the ocean to be overhauling his secret works upon the land. They tell me no foot of man has ever trod these hills and then returned to tell what had been seen — why,

then, sir — I ax pardon — why then should we presume?"

"Whoever bade you log that in your memory, old man," said the lieutenant, "was telling you to keep a false reckoning! You saw the Black to-day?"

"The Nigger? yes, sir, we all saw him," returned Ben, "and there was them among us that were ready to swear he was somewhat akin to the 'long-shore Davy Jones."

"If he was a limb of Satan," said the officer, "he had an angel with him, and it is n't often they sail in company."

"Ah, well!" sighed the old Tar, shaking his head, "they say the mountain is haunted. And did you really see an angel?"

"If extreme loveliness, without a blemish, and a voice of bewitching harmony, can constitute an inhabitant of the heavenly regions, then the sweet girl I saw to-day was an angel."

"Whew — ew — ew!" whistled Ben, "the line 's run slap off the reel—now I begins to see the latitude and longitude of the thing. But are you sartin it warn't a spirit?"

"Quite sure of it, old boy;" answered the lieutenant: "but I am much mistaken, Ben—and I speak to you as to one in whom I can confide — I say I am much mistaken if there is not something more serious than we are aware of in our being here. The royal family of Portugal no sooner reach Rio than our

skipper is dispatched — in preference to their own men of war — with sécret instructions; and here we are, in a spot like the garden of Eden for loveliness, treated very little better than fiends."

"I'd wager my six month's whack against a scupper-nail," cried the veteran, "that the Yankee schooner we spoke off Whale Island, at the entrance of the river, has something to do with it. Uncle Sam* is always at the bottom of mischief, particularly when there's any gould to be got."

"Gold!" reiterated Hamilton; "why, ay, now you speak — but, no — they were engaged in the pursuits of science: there was a party on board botanizing along the coast."

"So they might be bottomising," said Ben: "but, rely upon it, these same bottomisers know where away the mines are to be found."

"You have hit it, Ben," exclaimed the lieutenant; "and this is the cause of our boat's rowing guard after sun-down — they are obtaining gold clandestinely.— But, halloo! — what have we here?"

They had reached a small flat, about two thirds up the mountain, which was nearly cleared of the trees; but, in the back part, almost hid under the foliage of the bush, was a rude building, or rather cavern, formed of large rough masses of rock, the entrance to which

* During the first American war, the troops of the United States had U.S. painted on their knapsacks, which the royalists interpreted Uncle Sam.

was through an aperture only large enough to admit a man upon his hands and knees, and against this a heavy stone was rolled.

"By your leave," exclaimed Ben, displacing the obstruction, and then falling in the rear of his officer, to whom he felt in duty bound to assign the post of honour. The lieutenant crawled in, and was followed by his companion. They found the interior more commodious than they could have imagined. There was a bench and a table; but what surprised the officer most was a seacot and bedding, surrounded by mosquito-curtains, which hung in one corner, plainly showing that it had been inhabited, but when or by whom it was impossible even to conjecture.

"I've got summut here," exclaimed Ben, dragging a light material to the aperture, "and, by the piper of war, 'tis nothing more nor less than a set of signal-flags, and I'm blessed if here arn't Jonathan's gridiron*! I told you, Mr. Hamilton, the Yankee was cadgering, and there 's a staff somewhere close at hand, depend upon it."

The last glimmering of day threw but very little light into the aperture; and the old Tar, with a book in his hand, stretched himself through the opening, and endeavoured to trace with his forefinger something that appeared upon the leaves; but, shaking his head, he muttered, "Them there crinkum-crankums, that

* The colours of the United States were thus named on account of the stripes resembling the bars of a gridiron.

look like sheepshanks in a t' gallant backstay, are beyond my edecation. I used to could read a little, too—any thing like christian words that had the A, B, C, for pilots. But, as for these! — the fellows must have wry mouths that could get such crooked characters into 'em."

He drew in his head like a tortoise under its shell, and Hamilton discovered that the object of the old man's soliloquy was a signal-book, in a cipher that fully warranted the term "crooked."

As the moon would rise soon after midnight, the lieutenant determined to remain where he was till that time, and then prosecute his discoveries further. Their arms were placed in readiness for action; and, after some short conversation, both resigned themselves to sweet and refreshing sleep.

In about an hour their slumbers were broken by the sound of voices near; and, though neither of them spoke to the other, they were fully aware that both were in readiness by hearing the click of the lock as each cocked his pistol.

"Well," exclaimed a voice in genuine English, "and what do you propose by seeking me here?"

"Your immediate departure," replied another; "the scheme cannot be much longer concealed; the Don is getting alarmed, and it would be hardship, indeed, to be compelled to dig the root for others when we may enjoy the fruit ourselves."

"These are some of the botanists," thought Hamilton.

"Folly — rank folly and fear," said the first, in tones of bitterness. "If your craven spirits shrink from a bold design because it is attached to danger it is useless to proceed."

"But you do not know the man," argued a third; "he is too keen and penetrating not to see through our disguise."

"He means Captain Pearce," thought Hamilton.

"I have not seen but I know him," replied the first; "he is a seaman — so am I: he has an object in view — so have I: he affects to possess a mysterious power — I have it in reality, and set him at defiance."

Ben thought of the hobgoblins in the mountains, grasped his pistol more firmly, and gave a severe turn to his quid.

"The bars are all ready for shipping," said the second speaker; "what need, therefore, of delay? The old man and his daughter may embark; we can dispose of them at sea, and send the priest in their company, that they may have a sure passport to heaven."

"You jest, sir," observed the first speaker.

"I have but little cause for jesting," replied the other; "the people are complaining of your inactivity, and murmur mutiny ——"

"Mutiny!" exclaimed the first man, in a tone which was loudly echoed by the surrounding rocks. "And dare they threaten, too? But 'tis just what may be expected of men to whom plunder would be valueless,

unless it were stained with blood. And you, sir!—you would brave me, too! Yet forgive me," he added mournfully: "my temper is growing petulant, and my nature seems to be upon the change. Now listen to my plans. The ingots are all ready, but the governor will not allow them to be shipped without adding himself and family to the freight. Wretched dotard!—he thinks we are honest traders, and yet bribes us to connive at robbery, which, if known, would expose him to death by torture, and we should be sent to drag out a miserable existence in the mines. Well, well! his blood be upon his own head!—he shall on board—but I would spare the daughter from the lawless set by which she will be surrounded. Nay, not a word of remonstrance or complaint. Ye cannot do without me, for if ye attempt it ye will perish. There is gold enough to enrich you all to your very hearts' content; but no woman shall be murdered whilst I retain command. I have never seen Don José's child, and, therefore, cannot be supposed to have any personal interest in her welfare; but there is one female who will accompany—no matter, I will settle it hereafter. Haste both of you on board the schooner, and have every thing in readiness for a start. Leave the white boat in the cove, near where the drowsy man-of-war's men sleep. I shall not be long after you."

The three men departed; and all doubts were chased from Hamilton's mind relative to the character of the vessel they had spoken, whilst it was probable that her

commander had been for some time a resident in the very place in which they then were, and to which he would most likely return in a few minutes. Hamilton and his humble companion immediately quitted the cavern, and concealed themselves behind a projecting rock, determined, if possible, to seize the man as he was entering the aperture.

Nearly an hour had elapsed, and the rising moon shed her pale lustre on the scene; when suddenly a distant shriek was heard: it seemed to proceed from a spot higher up in the mountain. "Did you hear that, old man?" inquired the lieutenant. "Jump up, Ben, and try the direction."

"It was plain enough to hear, sir," answered the seaman, without stirring from his position. "They are still at their infarnal work, defiling this beautiful earth with their canterations. Satan always chooses some terrustyal paradise as the scene of his labours, because it bears some resemblance to the heaven from which he fell."

Another shriek was heard. "It is repeated, Ben!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "and, come what may, I am determined to discover the cause. You may go or remain, just as you please."

"That was unkindly said, Ned — I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton, I mean. Lead on; you shall find me close at your starn."

The lieutenant and the seaman rushed through the tangled pathway, and ascended the mountain.

Donna Marietta, the young female whom Hamilton rescued from the panther, had reached her residence near the summit of the mountain in safety; and, desirous of averting the evil which she dreaded, she determined to pass the night in the small chapel attached to the house, where, prostrate before the altar, she might propitiate the Blessed Virgin. But in vain the innocent and unsuspecting girl struggled to banish the remembrance of Hamilton from her mind: his figure was constantly present to her imagination, and the soothing accents of his tongue continued to vibrate on her ears. She believed herself bewitched to her soul's perdition; but there was something so truly extatic in the feelings which glowed in her heart that she yielded to their influences, and nourished the sweet sensation that bewildered her, till she sunk into a deep rest, as tranquil as the slumber of an infant.

It was past midnight, when suddenly there appeared near the chapel the figure of a man clothed in rich black velvet: a massive gold chain encompassed his neck, and, falling on his breast, the lower bight was thrust inside his garment. He wore a Spanish hat and plume, and a stout rapier hung at his side. "This, then, is the spot," he communed with himself, in a subdued voice, but in pure English — "this, then, is the spot that contains the lovely creature, who should be an angel of light, if such beings there really are. But, no — she is mortal, like myself — like myself, do I say?" A shuddering came over him. "No, no,

her heart is innocent — her hands are unpolluted by blood! Pshaw! — I grow a driveller! This mountain air breathes such purity that it makes me love to feel its influences." He paused awhile, apparently in deep abstraction. "She sleeps, no doubt, sweetly sleeps, and but little dreams that the spoiler is at hand. The spoiler? — no — if she remains here she will be wedded to some senseless churl who prizes not her beauty, and her existence will drag on in one common round of listlessness. By all the powers that blast mankind, it shall not be! — she shall repose upon the breast of bravery. Those glorious eyes shall flash with fire in the affray, and those small taper fingers shall clutch the shining steel. Yet, pirate, robber, as I am, shall I destroy such loveliness? 'Tis vain to think — she is now unprotected, and she shall be mine."

The stranger moved slowly on, till, catching sight of the feeble rays of the lamp within the chapel, he cautiously approached, and, opening the door, looked stealthily in. Extended before the altar lay the beautiful girl, and a demoniac smile of satisfaction passed over the countenance of the intruder. Noiselessly he went towards her, but wearied Nature had assumed her right, and Marietta slept. He gently raised her in his arms, but she awoke not. He quitted the sanctuary with slow and measured step, pillowing her head upon his shoulder; yet her slumber, though uneasy, was still unbroken. He passed the gates, and carefully descended the rugged path. A murmur escaped

her lips, but it was not till they were at some distance from the house that she was aroused to a full sense of her situation. Her shrieks and struggles were violent, but only the rocks replied to the one, and the other were like the futile efforts of a child in the grasp of a giant. Still the stranger found himself thwarted in his designs of urging her forward. His persuasions, his threats, his caresses, even his stiletto glistening in the moonbeams, were alike unavailing. He tried to soothe her agitation, and she listened to his words, for he spoke her language fluently; he talked to her of his devoted love, and she spurned his offers with contempt; till, exasperated at her resistance, and passion gaining the ascendency, he resolved at once to sacrifice her to his brutal appetite. He grasped his victim, whilst her shrieks for help and her appeals for mercy were borne upon the same breath of wind. But they were not uttered in vain: there was one who heard the well-remembered voice; and, guided by its sound, Hamilton stretched the villain upon the earth by a blow from the butt of his rifle.

Marietta clung to her preserver; and though, in her terror, she did not immediately recognize the young lieutenant, yet spontaneous gratitude flowed from her heart, and Hamilton, feeling the pressure of her delicate frame upon his breast, with strong arm but gentle touch, clasped her to his beating heart.

"His anchor holds on yet, sir," said Ben, who had closely followed his officer, and, raising the fallen man,

had placed his hand upon the seat of life; "his anchor holds, but I'm thinking there's a desperate bad chafe near the clinch."

"'Tis well," said Hamilton; "for, though he deserved death, I should rather he received it from the hands of the executioner."

Marietta, caught by the sounds of the lieutenant's voice, looked hurriedly in his face, and then, recognizing him, endeavoured to extricate herself from his embrace: but at that instant there was a convulsive motion in the stranger's limbs, and she again threw her small arm over Hamilton's shoulder. The officer gave directions to his humble companion to remain with the stranger and try to restore animation, whilst he himself conducted the lovely girl to a place of safety. He passed the arm of the young female within his own, and, as well as he was able, made her comprehend his intentions.

Marietta had become fully sensible of the identity of her protector, but she no longer felt that fear and reserve which she had manifested on the previous morning: besides, since then the whole tenor of her mind had undergone a change; and the being who in visionary pleasure had occupied her thoughts was now actually by her side, and had rendered her the most important services. Hamilton, though he understood something of the Portuguese language, was not proficient enough to converse in it, and was, therefore, unable to inquire the cause of the scene which he

had beheld; but Marietta poured forth the fulness of her heart in grateful acknowledgments, and, whilst warm affection gave a free translation of her speech, her little delicate hand was pressed to the lieutenant's lips. Love has a language of its own, which cannot be misunderstood — it produces a sweet communion of spirit, that requires but little aid from the tongue to express its full and perfect meaning.

The attendants of Marietta had been aroused by her cries, and with Diego were delighted to see her return, though the latter could not help exclaiming, "Da handsome debil come again." The lieutenant was about to resign her to their care, when for an instant he felt his arm firmly but convulsively grasped by the sweet girl, who, however, soon quitted her hold: then, respectfully taking the officer's hand, she pressed it between her own soft palms, and, as she again drew herself away, Hamilton felt that, either by accident or design, a ring was left between his fingers.

Without a moment's delay, the young officer hastened back to the place where he had left his veteran companion and the wounded man — but all was deserted; no traces of either could be seen. He shouted and called, but no answer was returned; and, imagining that Ben might have removed the stranger to the cavern, he rapidly descended, but there also all was lonely and still. Full of wild conjecture, Hamilton rushed down the declivity, reckless of danger, and, leaping from rock to rock, he at length reached his own

party by the river's side, and eagerly inquired for his aged friend. But Ben had not been seen; and, though he dispatched several of the seamen to explore the mountain, no tidings of him or the stranger could be obtained.

On the arrival of the boats from the ship, the lieutenant again ascended to the residence of Donna Marietta, but, during his short absence, the place had been abandoned, and only an aged Negro was left: from him they could extract no information whatever, and horrible thoughts crossed his mind as to the fate of the lovely girl and his veteran friend.

Once more descending the mountain, Hamilton embarked in the swiftest boat, and the oars bent to the sinewy arms of the men, as they propelled her down the river towards the ship; but the current was strong against them, and it was not till the afternoon that the young officer obtained an interview with his commander, and related the circumstances that had occurred. Captain Pearce listened with deep attention, but issued no orders till darkness veiled the sky. Then silently but quickly the Warlock was unmoored; the boats, on their return from watering, were manned and armed; the marines were ordered into them, and, in a few minutes, Captain Pearce with eighty men had landed at the palace stairs and taken possession of every post. Hastening to the principal apartments, he found the household in confusion and dismay; the governor had disappeared, and no one could or would give an account of what had become of him.

Leaving a guard in the palace, Captain Pearce returned on board, and, as soon as day dawned upon the verge of the eastern horizon, the Warlock was dropping down the river with the tide. But this was a work of time and labour, and it was not till evening that the ship was brought up within the outer bar, over which there would not be sufficient water for several hours.

Just as the sun was sinking in the west, the tall raking masts of the American schooner were seen moving along above a low point of land that stretched out into the sea; the breeze, though light, was off the shore, and she was outside the bar without the least obstruction to retard her progress.

This was a galling spectacle to Captain Pearce, and, still further to add to its bitterness, the saucy schooner had no sooner cleared the land than she fired a gun at the ship, and a broad black flag was spread from her mast-head, looking more deadly and unnatural against the bright and gorgeous sky in the distance.

The breeze freshened, and away danced the beautiful schooner over the smooth seas, whilst the crew of the Warlock were compelled to be idle and inactive spectators. About midnight, however, the bar was passable:-the anchor was weighed, the sails were spread, and gallantly did the tall ship bend to the growing wind, and launch into the ocean. Captain Pearce knew that the schooner would endeavour to make a good offing before she stood upon a direct

course, and indeed that she must have already gained at least thirty miles' start of him; but, trusting to the heels of his swift craft, he did not despair that something or other would occur to bring him up with the pirate—for that such was the schooner's character did not admit of one moment's doubt.

Attentively and anxiously did the look-outs remain at their stations during the night, whilst Hamilton, with tumultuous feelings and agonized mind, thought of the lovely Marietta, whose family, whose circumstances, whose fate, remained unknown to him; and he feared that they were parted for ever.

Daylight broke upon the expanse of waters, as the rushing craft pursued her foamy way, but no sail appeared in sight: the whole circle of the horizon was one connected line. The utmost vigilance was still preserved; and Captain Pearce briefly informed his officers (what Hamilton well knew,) that the schooner was richly freighted with gold bars, the produce of the mines, which the governor of Sanctos had surreptitiously conveyed away — he had, however, fallen into the hands of pirates, who would doubtless sacrifice the lives of the whole family and keep the booty to themselves.

Towards night, the Warlock's course was changed to a more northerly direction, and every eye was wakeful, in the hope of winning so rich a prize. Daybreak again illumined the eastern sky, when notice was given of a strange sail away on the starboard

bow, and the ship's head was immediately directed towards it.

Hope and expectation animated every breast, till fancy became certainty that the vessel in view was the identical schooner they were in pursuit of; and every stitch of canvas that could draw a breath of wind was packed upon the ship, whilst the noble craft, as if conscious that speed was required, rushed on her way with impetuous haste. They were rapidly rising the pirate, so as to be able clearly to distinguish her manœuvres; and much surprise was expressed at finding that she made no effort to escape, but was apparently lying-to, evidently for the purpose of waiting for her enemy. On a nearer approach, however, they became sensible that the utmost confusion prevailed on board the schooner: the sails were flying adrift; she was much deeper in the water than she ought to have been; and, by the aid of glasses, the crew were seen running about the decks in a state of distraction.

The Warlock had gained within about two miles of the pirate, when the latter suddenly gave a heel over, and in a few moments wholly disappeared, carrying with her every soul on board. One or two miserable victims could be discerned struggling in the waters for a short time; but, when the Warlock reached the spot where the schooner had sunk, the waves rolled on as smoothly as ever, and not a living creature was left to tell the dismal tale of their disaster. Horror at the sacrifice of human life, and disappointment at the loss

of so rich a prize, pervaded the ship's company; and, after standing across and across several times, without being able to do more than pick up a few loose spars that had floated from the sinking wreck, Captain Pearce trimmed his sails for the harbour of Rio Janeiro, to make his report to the commander-in-chief. What had caused the catastrophe to the pirate set even conjecture at defiance, for the weather had been moderate; there were neither rocks nor shoals on which she could have struck; and the most probable supposition was that she had started a plank, speedily filled, and her murderous crew been swallowed up in that grave which they designed only for Don José and his family. Their ill-gotten gold had perished with them.

Stealthily and in subdued tones did the seamen converse together through the day on the events of that morning, whilst wild superstition revelled in the horrible and wonderful; and during the night-watches they huddled in confused groups, and even the men on the look-out endeavoured to get a watch-mate to bear them company. Nor were the officers, though better educated, less solemnly impressed.

Hamilton had the middle watch,* and, as he paced the quarter-deck to and fro, his thoughts were violently agitated respecting the occurrences of the last few days. His love for the beautiful Marietta was now no matter of doubt to him, and he feared that his hopes of again seeing her were blighted for ever. Of his worthy old

* From midnight to four o'clock in the morning.

friend, Ben Transom, nothing was known, and apprehensions that he had perished excited the most painful sensations.

The night was rather hazy; the breeze fresh, with smooth water: the distended sails swelled with the wind as they bore the lofty ship triumphantly along. "Sail ho!" exclaimed the look-out at the lee cat-head —"a sail close to us, broad away upon the lee bow!"

Hamilton sprang forward, whilst many a shudder ran through the gathering seamen, who at first entertained suspicions that it was the spectre of the schooner that lay buried in the depths of the ocean: but soon the three masts of a large ship were distinctly visible, and the clean set and trim of her sails gave indications that she was a vessel of war.

The stranger was reaching in upon the same course as the Warlock, and under a press of canvas, but apparently insensible to the close approximation of the British man-of-war. Captain Pearce was summoned to the deck, and, in a few minutes, the Warlock ran under the stranger's lee and hailed. The hail was not promptly returned, though the movements of the crew showed that every one was on the alert; but in a short time it was ascertained by the stranger's reply that she was a Spanish armed ship, bearing the name of Los Tres Hermanos, bound from Monte Video to the United States, but intending to touch at Rio Janeiro. Satisfied with the account which she gave, Captain Pearce pursued his way; and at daylight the

land was seen streaking the western sky with its undulating curve, whilst the stranger, who had at first kept way with the Warlock, was now falling astern as if she lay at anchor. This, however, excited no suspicion, and the gallant ship stood on till Morris's Islands were clearly distinguished, dotting the ocean with their living green, whilst the tall sugar-loaf at the entrance of the harbour served as an admirable guide to direct their course.

The land-breeze met them as they approached the shore, and, shortly afterwards, it fell calm, the Spaniard being then about three miles distant. As the sea-breeze was not expected to set in for two or three hours, Captain Pearce dispatched Lieutenant Hamilton in a boat to the stranger, hoping to gain some information relative to the previous movements of the piratical schooner, as he well knew she had last fitted out and sailed from Monte Video; but, on nearing the Spaniard, the officer was warned off on account of the fever raging violently on board. Still indulging no apprehensions from merely ascending the deck, he pushed boldly alongside, and, passing up the gangway, was instantly made prisoner; his eyes were blindfolded, and, though he strongly resisted, yet he was compelled to yield, and by the noise that followed he was also assured that his men were in a similar predicament.

"Come, come, young man," exclaimed a rough, hoarse voice, with a broad Northumbrian twang,

"unless you 're quiet, I suspects we shall have to call upon Jack Catch to reeve a piece of inch and a half through the jewel-block for you."

"Him Jack Ketch all ready for reeve da rope, sar," said another voice in the Negro dialect.

"Get forward, you Nigger rascal!" rejoined the first; "how dare you show your black muzzle among gentlefolks! Would you have a poor fellow start for Cape Fly-Away with a devil and a hangman in one Garnsey frock? Besides, it is easy to see the lad has been used to read his psalter, and he 'll want a cast of the parson's office before he goes a-cloudhunting."

"Me parson, too," replied the other, laughing, "so do both jobs a' one time."

Hamilton listened with impatience to this conversation, and then said, "If you are men and Englishmen, you should know it is cowardly to insult the defenceless. But, if you are what I take you to be, remember the ship and the service to which I belong will claim a fearful retaliation for broken laws."

"There 's some mettle in the boy," exclaimed the hoarse voice; "what a pity he 's a king's officer to run down a trade with a sleepy convoy, when he might be filling his lockers with the red gould, and no one to tell tales or ax him questions where he made it."

The young lieutenant was conducted below, and the same individual warned him that if he attempted to move from the place of his confinement nothing could avert his instant death. Hamilton had seen quite

sufficient to convince him that the ship he was on board of was equal in point of armament to his own; and, though the number of hands on deck were barely sufficient to work her, yet he rightly conjectured that there was a numerous, bold, and lawless crew in the between-decks. The mixture of languages which he could plainly hear convinced him that the ship was either a forced trader or a pirate, and in either case he was in bad hands, though he made no doubt that Captain Pearce would come in chace the moment the breeze sprung up; yet, in such case, the Warlock would be at least three or four miles dead to leeward, and it was far from improbable that the ship would escape and his fate be inevitably sealed.

The place of the lieutenant's confinement was a sort of store-room under the great cabin, and here he lay in darkness, revolving in his mind the scurvy tricks which Fortune had played him in so short a time. Sometimes he thought he could hear groans, and sighs, and the murmurings of distress; but they were so indistinct that he could not be certain whether it was the utterance of human voices or the noise arising from the motion of the ship.

At length the vessel became more steady, and by her heeling Hamilton was aware the sea-breeze had set in, whilst the rippling of the water against her run convinced him that she was walking along at a racing pace, and, by her laying over, that not an inch of canvas was spared. About noon, as nigh as he could

conjecture, the scuttle to his prison was opened, and a bottle of wine, some biscuits, and other eatables, were hastily handed down, but by whom he could not see.

Hour after hour passed on: the breeze freshened to a strong gale, and the young lieutenant became aware by the manner in which they were dragging on the ship that it could only proceed from strenuous efforts to get away from some pursuer, and that pursuer Hope told him was the Warlock. He knew his captain would not desert him; and, whilst indulging pleasing expectations, tired Nature became overpowered, and he fell into a deep and refreshing sleep. How long this continued he could not tell, but he was awoke by a heavy and rough hand pressing upon him, and a voice that he instantly recognized, although in whisper, warned him to be silent. "Ax no questions, sir," said his visiter; "let it suffice that ould Ben is near you. God bless you, Ned! Mr. Hamilton, I mean. You are in peril, but here, take these"—giving him a stout bayonet and a pistol—"they 'll serve in case of emergency. Keep close to your quarters—the ould craft has us in sight; and though mayhap a hangman's noose may be fitted to my neck, yet no matter so as I can but save you."

Hamilton was not only confused by his dreams but actually confounded on awaking to find his humble companion, Ben Transom, by his side. Vivid recollections, however, soon returned, and he hastily inquired the cause of the old man's presence.

"'T is a box-the-compass sort of a traverse to work, sir," answered Ben, "and no time to do it in. I must leave you now, but will come again if I can before long." The old Tar took his departure, and apparently went forward towards the hold, but it was too dark to ascertain correctly. Left once more to himself, he first concealed his weapons, and then endeavoured to trace in what manner his old friend came to be aboard the ship. It was a vain and useless task, and he again composed himself to slumber.

A rending, crashing, noise, which was immediately followed by heavy discharges of artillery, once more aroused the lieutenant to a consciousness of his situation, and a conviction that the ship was entering into action. To remain stationary under such circumstances he felt to be impossible, and, taking his weapons, he endeavoured to grope his way in the direction which he supposed Ben had taken; but, just abaft the after-hatchway, he found the bulk-head extended the whole breadth of the ship, and was about giving up his search in despair, when the faint twinkling of daylight in a narrow chink led him to a sliding door, through which he speedily passed into the after-hold. Here rich bales of silk and massive bars of gold were promiscuously stowed, displaying a mass of wealth that dazzled the eyes of the young lieutenant. He passed thence into the main hold, where the light was more dim; but his long confinement in darkness had rendered his sight more clear, and in the fore part, to his great

astonishment, he beheld an elderly man in the dress of a Portuguese officer, sitting on a bale, whilst a body—whether living or dead he could not discern — was stretched by his side, with a covering drawn over it. Hamilton at first hesitated to advance, but, the officer turning his face towards him, the lieutenant faintly discerned the features of the runaway governor of Sanctos. Here was fresh food for wonder, but there was no time to indulge in it, for an exclamation from Don José aroused his extended companion. Who can describe the emotions of Hamilton, when in that companion he beheld Marietta! Their recognition was mutual: notwithstanding the presence of a third person, they were in an instant clasped in each other's arms.

But virgin bashfulness soon recalled Marietta to a sense of her situation, and then she made Hamilton understand that Don José was her father. A new light broke in upon his mind, and her hasty departure from the mountain was fully explained; but still how came she on board the ship they were then in, as it was believed that the governor with his family had embarked in the schooner? She was vainly trying to make him comprehend this mysterious affair, when a tremendous shock convinced the lieutenant that the vessels had come in collision, and that one party or the other was about to board. Anxious to be on the side of his friends, he tried the several hatchways, but all were battened down: he was then proceeding aft to the scuttle above his old place of confinement, for he could

hear that the struggle had reached the lower deck, and blood came running down through the rent tarpaulins.

Suddenly a stream of light was let into the fore-part of the ship, and Hamilton hurried to Marietta's side to protect her in case of danger. Concealing himself behind a bale, he lay at full length, but at the same time was enabled to command a perfect view of all that was going on. A man descended the fore-scuttle—his rich dress of black velvet torn and stained with blood: a gold chain, with the links dissevered, hung confusedly from his neck, and Hamilton beheld the identical individual from whose brutal ferocity he had rescued Marietta in the mountain. In his hand gleamed a bright stiletto, and, as he advanced towards the beautiful girl, his murderous purpose became fully evident. Grasping the shrinking maiden, he raised the dagger, which was descending on her bosom, when a ball from Hamilton's pistol shattered his wrist, and the blow fell heavy but erring — Marietta was saved. Quitting his hold of the fainting girl, he sprang upon Hamilton, who had only half risen, and could not at the moment seize the bayonet.

"May curses rest upon you!" exclaimed the wounded man in English, as he directed the stiletto to Hamilton's breast; and the stab must have been sure but for the intervention of Ben Transom, who struck the fellow senseless, and the lieutenant was uninjured. In a few minutes more loud shouts from the brave Warlocks proved that the victory was won, and

Hamilton hastened on deck to receive the congratulations of his messmates and commander.

The mystery was soon explained by honest Ben. Whilst waiting on the mountain, some of the schooner's crew came to the spot, and, finding their captain (the man in black velvet) senseless, they seized Ben, and conducted him to the boat, to which also they conveyed the apparently inanimate body. On the recovery of the captain, he had given Ben the alternative to "walk the plank*" or join his crew. The old man, though he did not fear the king of terrors in close fight, yet could not reconcile his mind to suffer execution in cold blood; and, on Marietta's coming aboard the schooner, he joined the pirates, as affording the only means of rendering himself serviceable to her. The night after sailing they descried the Spanish ship, which could have blown the pirate out of the water, had the Spaniards been aware of her approach; but she ran alongside, and poured a hundred men upon her decks before any resistance could be made. The contest was short, and the pirates triumphed. Removing the gold ingots and the most valuable articles from the schooner, she was scuttled by boring holes in her bottom, and the unconscious Spaniards were put on board. The sails were cut to ribands; the rudder was choked to render it immoveable; the boats were taken away; and, leaving

* "Walking the plank" is another term for death. A plank is extended lengthways over the vessel's side: the man is compelled to walk along it till it overbalances and launches him into the ocean.

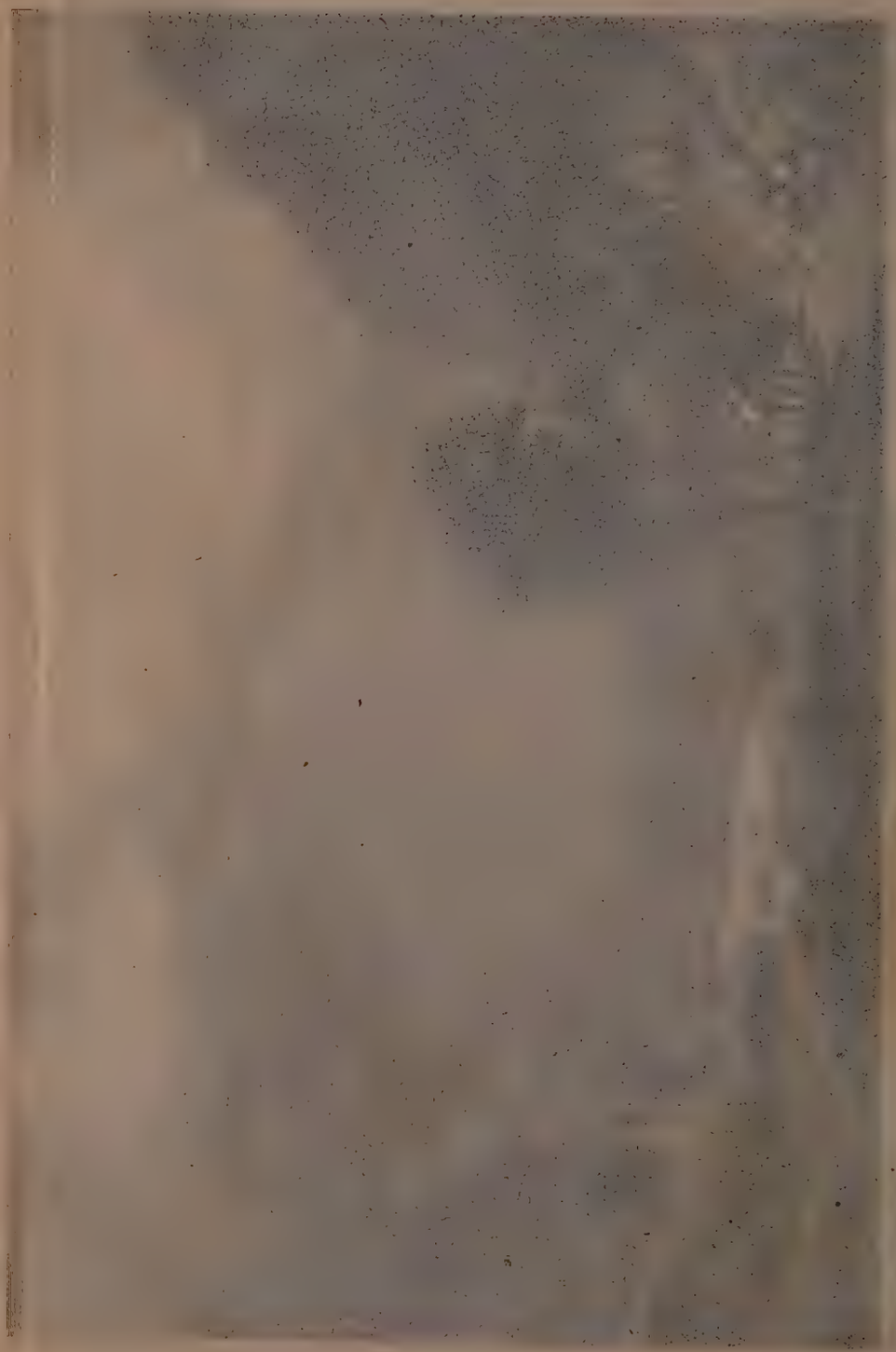
the poor wretches in this condition, the piratical captain sailed away. The sinking of the schooner has been already related.

The chief of the pirates was an Englishman, and before his death (which occurred a few hours after from his wounds) he confessed to Hamilton that when he bore off Marietta in the mountain he entertained no idea that she was Don José's daughter and the individual who was to embark with him; but, having seen her from his cavern retreat (where he had collected a considerable hoard of gold) he determined to carry her off. His cupidity was his ruin.

The Warlock returned to Rio Janeiro with her valuable prize. Don José's life was spared, in consequence of his making some important disclosures; but he was banished from the country. Hamilton was sent to England in charge of Los Tres Hermanos, and the late governor of Sanctos and his lovely daughter accompanied him as passengers. Don José had still an ample fortune left, and Hamilton's share of prize-money was considerable. On their arrival, Marietta and the young lieutenant were united, and I believe they are still living, though Hamilton is now an old post-captain and K. C. B. Ben Transom stuck by his officer through the remainder of his life, and breathed his last sigh in his arms. The pirates were tried for murder and many of them executed; while the Warlock, after running her full time, was broken up at Deptford.

W. Westall. A.R.A. del.ᵗ Pub.d by Ackermann & Cᵒ. 96 Strand. 1835. E. Goodall. Sculp.ᵗ

MADEIRA.



MADEIRA.

BY L. E. L.

On the deep and quiet sea
The day was fast declining;
In the far empurpled sky
A few bright stars were shining.

And the moon looked through the clouds
Which round her path were sweeping,
Like some lone and gentle one
Who Love's vigil late is keeping.

Anchored off that beauteous coast
A noble ship is lying,
While above her stately mast
Are English colours flying.

For the shore is now in sight,
And the perfume of its flowers,
And the odour of its vines,
Make sweet the twilight hours.

There is silence in that ship;
  Each step is softly taken,
As around some dear one's bed
  Whose sleep they feared to waken.

But it is not sleep, now rocked
  By the heaving of the billow,
But a darker slumber flits
  Around a weary pillow.

They have brought her from the land
  Where her parents' ashes slumber;
They have brought her to the south,
  But her days have told their number.

Though the vault that bears her name
  Will not open for another,
And she is the only child
  That sleeps not by her mother;

Yet the loveliest and the last
  Of that ancient line is failing,
Like those evanescent hues
  In the shadowy west now paling.

She is laid upon the deck,
  For the cool land-breeze is blowing;
But the last faint warmth of life
  Fast from her cheek is going.

And her loosened long black hair
Is sweeping darkly round her,
As if it were the solemn pall
That already bound her.

But the sweet pale mouth was calm,
And the eyes were meekly closing,
And upon the marble cheek
Was the silken lash reposing;

Softly as a little child
Sleeps on its mother's bosom,
Sweetly as a tender flower
Closes its languid blossom.

There were eyes, unused to weep,
Around her dim with weeping;
Yet death seemed not for tears,
'Twas so like sweetest sleeping.

Not beneath the deep sea waves,
Vexed with perpetual motion,
Neither in the sparry caves
Of the tumultuous ocean,

Did that youthful maiden rest —
She had more fit entombing
In that balmy southern isle,
With its summer's sunny blooming.

There the moon will shed her light,
  There the watching stars burn clearer;
For never yet did earth enshrine
  One fairer or one dearer.

SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Friend, whose smile had ever power
  From its chains my soul to free,
Making all a summer bower
  What were desert save for thee;
By the love I kept so long
All unchanged through scorn and wrong,
    For thee alone —
Grieve not thou for days of yore,
And remember me no more
    When I am gone.

Thou wilt weep, I know, to see
  Yonder picture on the wall;
Yonder dulcimer to thee
  Often will my song recall:
Hide them both in some dark cell,
Whence may come no saddening spell
    Of glance or tone,
Fading memories to restore:
O remember me no more
    When I am gone!

THE MERCHANT OF CADIZ.

BY HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," "THE NEW GIL BLAS," &c.

PABLO LOPEZ was the richest merchant in Cadiz, when Cadiz was the richest mercantile city in Europe. His father, and his grandfather before him, had been the wealthiest merchants of their day; but the wealth of Pablo Lopez far exceeded that of all his ancestors, and it was a common saying in Cadiz that his dollars would suffice to pave with silver the causeway which connects that city with the main-land, and which, as every body knows, is little less than four miles in length.

It was a favourite opinion with Pablo Lopez that there is no wisdom in a multitude of counsellors, and that no common proverb was ever so ill founded as that which says "Two heads are better than one." No one had had a hand in accumulating Pablo's dollars — his own head had done it all; and he resolved that to one head only should be confided the task of adding to his riches after his death. But here was a difficulty. Pablo Lopez had three sons, all of them

bred up under his own eye; and, as he was firmly resolved not to commit to three a duty which, he was persuaded, would be better performed by one, the difficulty was to which of the three he should confide the responsibility of upholding the reputation of his family for being the most wealthy in Cadiz; for, as he began to get into years, this became the sole subject of his thoughts; and if he could for one moment have doubted the continuance of this honour in his family, he would have been a miserable man.

Now, as Pablo grew old, and felt that he had not long to live, he thus reasoned with himself. "I have yet taken no means for judging of the respective capabilities of my children; I will send them out into the world, and, according to the proofs which they are able to give of their talents, will I be guided in my choice." Having so resolved, Pablo Lopez called his three sons into his presence one morning, and addressed them in these words: "It is well known to you, my sons, that during a century we have been the wealthiest merchants in Cadiz. If I walk along the Alameda, or across the Plaza, is there one who forgets to salute Pablo Lopez? Do not the very friars incline their heads as they pass by? And is it not natural that I should wish to transmit the honours of the family to posterity? Your great grandfather had three sons, as I have; to the two younger he left a pittance, and to the eldest he committed his concerns and the duty of upholding the wealth of the family. Your grandfather had also three

sons, and he did in like manner. But I am willing to be more just. I would judge of your merits by capacity, not by seniority, and am resolved to make you the arbiters of your own fortunes. Here are three purses — each contains ten thousand crowns — use them to the best advantage; and he who, at the termination of a year, is able to show me the largest increase, shall be my successor in trade. God speed you, my children! Go with God and the Virgin!" Having so spoken, Pablo Lopez went into his counting-house.

But there was another, besides Pablo Lopez' three sons, who was interested in the event about to take place. This was Isidora, the old man's niece, who in beauty and grace yielded to none of her countrywomen, and in goodness and innocence might have been a pattern to them all. Lopez was firmly resolved that the individual to whom he should transfer the task of upholding the fortunes of his family should not be a bachelor; for he thought it a duty not less binding upon him to provide, as far as he was able, for the endurance of the family to which so much wealth was to descend; and, as here was a branch of his own house of a marriageable age, (for Isidora was turned of sixteen) could he do better than marry whichsoever of his sons might approve himself worthy of the task of amassing wealth to his charming cousin, who was expected to keep the wealth in the family. It was quite immaterial to Pablo Lopez which of his three sons might be found worthy of his confidence and of

Isidora's hand. But it was not perfectly the same thing to Isidora whether the claimant to that hand should be Roderigo, Felippo, or Pedro : for, though all three were her cousins, and though she knew nothing absolutely to the prejudice of either Roderigo or Felippo, yet it so happened that Pedro was her favourite, and — why should we disguise it? — that Pedro and Isidora understood each other. The same evening the three brothers set out : and Isidora, on parting with the youngest, contrived to slip upon his finger a ring with a valuable opal in it, and to whisper to him to think of her, and to use it freely, if any occasion arose in which it could be of service to him.

During the year that followed, Pablo Lopez, though he continued quite equal to the task of keeping his money together, and even of adding some little to it, grew gradually feebler; and it became evident that he could not long survive the time when the return of his sons might be expected. As for Isidora, though she sighed sometimes, and was not entirely without anxiety, yet could she doubt that her chosen would be successful? — and the opal ring, too, she could not help thinking, might influence the event: and so the year passed away.

It was precisely on the same day of the year, twelve months after Pablo Lopez had parted from his sons, that, towards evening, three horsemen journeyed along the causeway towards Cadiz: and, as it chanced that the first rode the slowest, all three entered the city

gates at the same time, and each recognized in each a brother. The same evening Pablo Lopez shut up his counting-house half an hour earlier than usual, and was seated at his chocolate, with Isidora on a couch opposite to him, her wicker basket at her feet, her embroidery in her hand, but her thoughts wandering, her heart beating fast, and her cheek alternately glowing and pale; when a bustle was heard without, horses' hoofs rung on the paved court, and the next moment Roderigo, Felippo, and Pedro, were in the presence of their father and Isidora.

The old man held out his hand to each in their turn of seniority; but, while Pedro respectfully waited his turn, the silky hand of Isidora returned his pressure.

When the first compliments were over, Roderigo, the eldest, began to unloose the strings of a leathern bag, which he held in his hand, for the purpose of showing his increase; but he was interrupted by the old man, who said, "No, my son, not yet; first let us hear the history of thy acquisition; for though God forbid that I should doubt the honesty of my children, yet I am desirous of learning by what means your respective stores have been increased; not only that I may be the better able to judge of your commercial talents, but that I may be assured of the probity, as well as the ability, to which I am about to confide the fortunes of the family, for we have been not more remarkable for our wealth than for the honest means by which we acquired it; so do thou, Roderigo, com-

mence, and when thou hast finished we shall listen to thy brothers." Roderigo, accordingly, laying down his bag at his feet, spoke as follows.

"My relation will not long detain my hearers. Nothing marvellous has happened to me; the bag that lies at my feet has been filled by fair trade; and, whether those of my brothers contain less or more, sure I am neither have got their dollars more honestly. On leaving this city, I turned my horse's head towards Malaga, where I arrived without any adventure; and, learning that a vessel was about to sail from thence to Alexandria, I immediately embarked, without converting my dollars into merchandize, trusting to find there some channel for lucrative speculation. Nor was I deceived in my expectations. The plague had just begun to appear; and, there being a certain drug of great reputation among the physicians there, I rightly conjectured that the demand for it would increase with the spread of the disease; and, without farther consideration, I laid out my ten thousand dollars in the purchase. I soon became the sole possessor; as the demand increased, so did my price; and, but for the hostility of the people and the persecution I endured, not one, but twenty, such bags might have been now lying at my feet. My store was not half exhausted, when the people, exasperated against me on account of the high price at which I sold the drug, broke into my house, and despoiled me of all that remained; and it was with difficulty that

I was able to escape with the paltry sum which this bag contains." Hereupon Roderigo untied the strings of his bag, and, holding the mouth of it downwards, emptied the contents on the floor. "You perceive," continued he, "that here are just twenty thousand dollars, so that I have in one year made cent. per cent. of my money, which I fancy is more than you, Señor Padre, have been able to do with yours."

"No doubt," said Pablo Lopez, surveying the heap, "cent. per cent. is a fair return; but it is not every day, Roderigo, that a man finds an opportunity of laying out his money as thou didst, nor always that, if he found the opportunity, he would avail himself of it; at the same time I cannot lay dishonesty to thy charge, and I am ready to admit that thou hast shown no small share of commercial discrimination. And now, Felippo, let us hear what has been thy success."

"My fortunes," said Felippo, "have been more checkered than those of my brother: but I believe I may commence, like him, by saying that all I have acquired has been acquired honestly; and if the bag which lies there is not precisely the growth of the ten thousand dollars which I took away, it is at all events the produce of my wits, which I look upon to be the same thing. I did not, like my brother, direct my course to Malaga, but towards the ancient city of Seville, where I arrived on the evening of the third day, and took up my quarters at the Posada de las Quatros Naciones, which stands near to the river.

On the following evening, not having yet resolved in what way to lay out my money, I walked by the river side, that I might leisurely meditate upon the subject; having previously deposited my dollars in the hands of a wealthy merchant, to whom I had been recommended. It was dusk when I returned to the city; and, shortly after entering the gate, at no great distance from which stands the prison, I perceived a Caballero handsomely attired run with extraordinary speed towards the river, and plunge into it. Being, as you all well know, an expert swimmer, and believing that the unfortunate gentleman, crossed in love perhaps, meditated self-destruction, I did not hesitate a moment to attempt his rescue; but the attempt was unavailing; and, finding that farther perseverance in it would but endanger my own life, I made to the shore. 'Aha!' said an ill-looking man of huge stature, who stood apparently waiting my stepping on the bank, 'and so you prefer hanging to drowning, after all?' and, before I had leisure so much as to draw breath, I was seized by the collar and hurried away.

"'Fellow,' said I, recovering myself, 'here is some mistake; I am not the individual you take me for.'

"'Sure enough,' said he, startled by the voice, and stopping, that he might look in my face, 'you are not he I was in search of—but it matters little; one man's as good to me as another.'

"'Friend,' said I, 'this is very well for a jest; but it is now carried far enough. The Caballero, who,

for what reason I know not, jumped into the river, is drowned. I attempted his rescue, and failed. Leave off this foolery, I say; a jest I can take as well as any man, but this is impertinence.'

"'There's no use wasting words upon me,' said my companion: 'the Caballero, as you call him, who is one of the greatest rogues in Andalusia, and who was to have been hanged the day after to-morrow, somehow escaped from my clutches, and is perhaps drowned, as you say: no matter, I am answerable for my man, and, having providentially popped upon a substitute, I know my business.'

"'Why, friend,' said I, 'if I could believe you to be serious, I would laugh without end at this adventure, as being scarcely less comic than those recorded by the immortal Querubim de la Ronda in his Gil Blas; but, being intended as a jest, I am disposed to be angry, and beg there may be an end of it.'

"To this my companion made no reply; and, finding the affair begin to grow serious, I attempted to free myself from his grasp, an attempt, however, which was utterly hopeless; and, being speedily exhausted in the unequal struggle, I was forced onward, and soon found myself within the walls of a prison. It was now evident that the ruffian was no jester; and that he actually entertained the idea of hanging me, in place of the prisoner who had escaped. When he next made his appearance, I was frantic with rage, and addressed him in all the terms of opprobrium that passion could

furnish. Having heard me out, he calmly argued with me thus. 'Señor,' said he, 'why put yourself into a passion? — any reasonable Caballero would see that I have no choice. I have here a good office, which brings me in a comfortable subsistence; and I cannot afford to lose it. A Caballero was entrusted to my care, to be hanged; he has escaped, or is drowned, and, therefore, cannot be hanged: I am answerable for him; an execution there must be. Every thing is prepared, and the Penitents invited; and if I did not hang some one in his place, I could never hope to eat another *puchero* in this house: as for any story you could tell, no one would believe it. A prisoner escapes, and runs towards the river; I follow, and meet a Caballero coming out of the river: will any body believe that one man jumped in, and another jumped out; or that two Caballeros were in the Guadalquivir at the same time? No, no; leave the affair to me; the execution shall be as lightly got over as possible; and meanwhile thou shalt live like a prince.' Having so said, the jailer left me to my thoughts, which, as you may easily believe, were not the most agreeable.

"By and by, however, a new light began to dawn upon me; which you will understand by the following conversation, which took place the next morning.

"'Friend,' said I, 'upon further consideration, I have come over to your opinion.'

"'That,' said he, 'is just what I expected from a reasonable Caballero like yourself: you perceive that,

however much against my own inclination, I have no choice, and that there must be an execution.'

"'That I clearly perceive,' said I; 'but I do not so clearly see that I must necessarily be the person.'

"''Tis a matter of indifference to me,' replied he, 'who the person is: Providence threw your worship in the way; and, unless you can help me to another, the law must take its course.'

"'No doubt,' said I, 'that is quite reasonable; but suppose I were to make it worth your while, the honour which you propose for me might perhaps be shifted to another.'

"The negociation succeeded. One who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment took my place, while I suffered the punishment intended for him; an arrangement which cost me no less than four thousand dollars; my means and sincerity being first tested, by an order for one half of the sum on the merchant to whose custody I had entrusted my purse; and the remainder being paid just before the expiration of my term of imprisonment.

"You will perceive that, up to this time, I had made but little progress in increasing my store. My ten thousand dollars were reduced to six thousand; and half of my time was expired. But I speedily discovered that matters were even worse than I anticipated. The very day upon which I left the prison, the merchant to whom I had confided my dollars disappeared and was gone, no one knew whither; and I

learned that my six thousand dollars formed but an inconsiderable part of the booty with which he had decamped. Thus, then, I was penniless; but, instead of abandoning myself to despair, or returning hither, I resolved to exert myself to the very utmost, in order to discover the rogue who had ruined me. Accordingly, the same evening, with but a few *pesetas* in my pocket, I quitted Seville, and took the road to Cordova, which road, however, I did not pursue far; for, judging it to be improbable that he I was in search of would journey by the highway, I struck to the left into one of the muleteers' paths which lead through the Sierra Morena.

"It was on the second evening, about sunset, that, toiling up a deep valley, and turning a projection of the mountain, I perceived a friar before me, seated on a mule, across which were also slung two large sacks. As I gained upon him, I saw that he was of the order of begging Capuchins; and I was soon close enough to salute him. Judge of my gratitude to Providence, when in the pretended Capuchin I discovered my runaway merchant: but, willing at first to keep myself unknown, I drew my hat over my brow, my cloak closer around my chin, and, laying my hand on the sacks, said, 'Truly, good father, this is an uncharitable world, judging by the small stock which thou carriest back to thy convent.'

"'Well and devoutly spoken, my son,' said the Capuchin: 'tis, indeed, a sorry affair, when, after a

month's travel, one carries back but two small sacks of provisions.'

"'And yet, father,' said I, 'the mule strains up the hill with difficulty, though his burden be light; for, as for the friars of your order, bread and water keep you a spare race.'

"'Ah!' returned he, 't was always his way; and besides he is old, and little oppresses him.'

"'Then Heaven be praised,' said I, 'for this opportunity! Having once in my day wreaked my passion mercilessly on a mule that had offended me, I made a solemn vow, that, in all aftertime, when an occasion offered, I would stand the friend of that animal. Heaven reward thee, holy father, for the opportunity thou givest me of redeeming my vow; let me ease the unhappy brute of his load: and, without further parley, I slid the sacks off the mule's back, at the same time raising my hat and letting my cloak fall. The pretended friar had at first turned round upon his mule, to resist the freedom with which I was about to handle his sacks; but, when he recognized in me one of the individuals from whom he had fled, he dropped at once from the back of the mule upon his knees, and, shaking like an aspen, begged me at least to spare his life. 'Rogue and impostor,' said I, surveying him sternly, 'how much hast thou in these sacks?'

"'There are forty thousand dollars in gold.'

"'I am not quite resolved,' said I, 'whether to get thee hanged, or dispatch thee on the spot and take all

thou hast.' This I said by way of bravado, for, if I had brought him to justice, I must have given up all but my own six thousand dollars; and if I had killed him, as he deserved, I might have chanced to bring myself into a scrape. I therefore steered a middle course. Having emptied the sacks on the ground, I counted out my own ten thousand dollars, and added other ten thousand to them, to which I thought myself well entitled, both on account of my forbearance, and for the anxiety I had suffered; and, filling one of the sacks with that sum, and taking besides a few handfuls for present and future expences, I placed my treasure on the mule, and drove him down the hill, leaving the merchant to pursue his way as he best could. From that time until three days ago I lived quietly at Cordova; and here," said Felippo, in conclusion, and emptying, as his brother had done, the bag on the floor, "are twenty thousand dollars, cent. per cent. on the sum which I took away."

"'Tis singular enough," said Pablo Lopez, "that thou also, Felippo, shouldst have made cent. per cent. of thy money, as Roderigo has done. Thou wert rash in depositing thy money with the merchant without security; but thou hast shown considerable ingenuity in saving thy life, and a laudable perseverance in recovering thy property. I cannot say that I see much mercantile ability in the history thou hast given; but, like thy brother, thou hast no doubt doubled the sum which I gave thee. And now, Pedro, it is thy turn to

tell us what success thou hast had." Thereupon, Pedro, casting a look at Isidora, which she answered with a blush and a sigh, spoke in the following manner:

"My story is less checkered than that of my brother, who has just finished his relation. This sack has been filled in a no less miraculous manner; but, as for commercial ability, I confess that I have had no opportunity of putting it to the test; and, indeed,"—here Pedro hesitated, but a glance from Isidora re-assured him—"my fortunes have turned altogether upon this ring, which you see upon my finger, and which belongs to my fair cousin. When I turned my back upon Cadiz, I did not, like my brothers, direct my steps either to Seville or to Malaga; but, filled with a desire to see the capital of Spain, and judging that there, if any where, a man ought to turn his money to account, I took the road to Madrid, travelling through La Mancha; and, on the evening of the sixteenth day, I entered the metropolis by the gate of Toledo, and put up at the Cruz de Malta.

"A Caballero with ten thousand crowns in his pocket must needs see a little of the gaiety of the capital, though the recollection of home and those I had left behind me hindered me from running into any kind of dissipation; and, accordingly, one of the first evenings I spent in Madrid I bent my steps to the bull-fight, and took my place in the lowest circle, that I might the better observe the entertainment. Directly above me were seated the Duke and Duchess of Medina Cœli;

and, as the Duchess's arm hung over the front, I could perceive that her finger was adorned by a valuable opal ring, not greatly differing in size and form from that which I now wear. Suddenly, during the entertainment, there was a commotion in that part of the amphitheatre which was immediately above: the commotion spread; and it was whispered about that a valuable opal, the pride of the family, had dropped into the arena from the finger of the Duchess of Medina Cœli. The king not being present, and there being no one greater than the Duke of Medina Cœli, the spectacle was interrupted, that search might be made for the jewel; and it was immediately below the spot where I sat that the search was made. At that moment the Matador was but a few yards distant from me; I observed that he stuck the point of his sword in the sand, and then, walking about twenty yards, again dropped the point downwards just under the railing; and, although I was not able to see the jewel on the point of the sword, I had little doubt that it had been disposed of. The search was continued during some time, but was unavailing, and the entertainment was resumed; but, before it concluded, the Matador whom I have mentioned was carried off lifeless from the arena. When the spectacle concluded, I would have communicated such information as I thought myself possessed of; but no one would listen to me; and the amphitheatre was speedily cleared by the soldiers. 'Well,' said I, 'let the Duchess find her opal as she may;' and

I bent my steps towards the Café Catalina, which has the reputation of being the most resorted to, and the most magnificent, in Madrid.

"I was sitting there, enjoying myself like others, when a man in an official garb touched me on the shoulder. 'Señor,' said he, 'you are wanted without.' No suspicion of the truth entered my mind; and, without hesitation following the individual, I found myself laid hold of by two soldiers, who, without saying a word, hurried me into the presence of the Corregidor.

"'So fellow,' said he, 'thou wouldst have stolen the opal dropped by the Duchess of Medina Cœli!'

"'So far from stealing it,' said I, 'I could inform your worship where you are likely to find it.'

"'That,' returned he, 'we fortunately know already —come, sirrah,' added he, 'give me the ring, and make an end of evasions.'

"To no purpose I protested my innocence, urged the improbability of any one who had found the ring wearing it openly in the Café Catalina, reminded him that those only deputed to search had been suffered to enter the arena, and repeated my offer of telling where the ring might possibly be found. This, I say, was all to no purpose. I was forced to part with this ring, which I value more than life itself; though the Corregidor made me repeat to him several times the information I had offered to give, no doubt with the intention of availing himself of it: and, finally, I was thrust into prison.

"Next day, betimes, the Corregidor presented himself before me. 'It is most probable,' said he, 'that thou wilt be hanged: at all events, I have myself power to imprison thee for two years, without inquiry. I give thee thy choice; run the risk of being hanged, or the certainty of imprisonment for the time I have mentioned, or else make it my interest to liberate thee: gold thou hast, I know, and abundance of it; divide it with me, and thou art free.'

"'And so,' said I, 'I am to lose my opal ring, which I value beyond price, and give to thee five thousand dollars besides, for liberating me from imprisonment for an offence which I have not committed.'

"'As you please,' returned the Corregidor; 'the ring is restored to its rightful owner; and, besides imprisonment, it is probable that a fine of ten thousand dollars may be imposed.'

"A project had been gradually ripening in my brain, by which I hoped to justify myself and recover my much-prized ring: and, perceiving that I was in the power of a merciless and corrupt magistrate, I acceded to his proposal, put into his hand five thousand dollars in gold, and walked out of prison.'

"The same evening, at an early hour, I took my seat in one of the upper parts of the amphitheatre, and, when the spectacle concluded, I permitted all to leave the part of the gallery in which I had placed myself, and then crept cautiously under the benches. There I remained unperceived; when, after a time, every

one had departed, and I heard the great doors closed, I left my concealment, and cautiously descended. Having first placed myself in the situation where I had been the night before, that I might the more accurately mark the spot where, as I imagined, the ring was hidden, I leapt into the arena, and, thrusting my hand into the sand, and scraping together and lifting some handfuls, the welcome tints of the opal were soon discovered to my eager gaze. The prize being thus secured, I had only to remain concealed until the doors should be opened the next evening, and then retreat unperceived; and it was not a little amusing to me, as I lay among the benches, to see the Corregidor creep from a hiding place, and, guided by the information he had received from me, commence a search for the ring, which was safely deposited in my purse. Whether the magistrate was forced, like myself, to sleep all night on a hard bench, I know not. I thought it safest to take no notice of what I had seen; and patiently waited my own opportunity of departing unperceived. You may easily believe that no long time elapsed before I presented myself at the gate of the Duke de Medina Cœli. Never was visiter more welcome; the Corregidor, as I had anticipated, had appropriated my ring, besides the five thousand dollars, to himself; and no time was lost in summoning him into the presence of his superior. The ring—this valued and inestimable ring—was regained, as well as the five thousand dollars which the Corregidor had

defrauded me of, and he was sentenced to the imprisonment with which he had threatened me. As for the gratitude of the owners of the ring, it knew no bounds; this valuable gem—this emerald—scarcely less valuable than the opal itself, was forced upon my acceptance; and the Duke presented me with a patent office about Court, with liberty to dispose of it when I should think fit. Till within a few weeks, I continued to discharge its duties; but, knowing that I was expected here, and feeling, besides, that even if the emoluments of office had been ten times greater, it would have been impossible for me to remain longer absent from those I love, I took advantage of the permission granted to me, and disposed of my office."

"Therein," said Pablo Lopez, interrupting his son, "thy prudence was questionable."

"No, my father," continued Pedro; "no office about Court could equal in honour, and certainly as little in emolument, the high calling of Merchant of Cadiz, of the house and family of Pablo Lopez."

"Well spoken, my boy!" said Pablo: "but softly—we have not yet seen the contents of the purse; and thou knowest that——"

"I know what thou wouldst say," said Pedro. "While in the capital, I lived upon the emoluments of my office. I received for my patent just ten thousand dollars; so that in this purse," said Pedro in conclusion, emptying it on the floor, as his brothers had done, "there are precisely twenty thousand crowns, and I have

therefore just doubled the sum which was entrusted to me."

"More and more singular," said the father of the three sons, "that thou hast also, like thy brothers, made cent. per cent. of thy capital!"

"Ah," said Isidora, "it was my unlucky ring that brought thee into trouble!"

"And out of it, too," said Pedro: "to it, and to it only, am I indebted for my good fortune."

"And so," said Pablo Lopez, "my experiment has failed. The finger of Providence seems to be here: for by nothing less than a miracle could three persons go forth into the world, each with ten thousand crowns, and bring back the double of it to a crown piece."

"But, uncle," said Isidora, "you forget the emerald ring, worth at least five thousand dollars, which Pedro has also brought back."

"That," said Felippo, "is but the result of the Duke's generosity—not the produce of his ten thousand dollars."

"And what," said Isidora, "are the fourteen thousand dollars of which you eased the friar's mule in the Sierra Morena the result of?"

"At all events," said Roderigo, "*my* increase——"

"Come, come, children," said Pablo, "let us have no disputing. You are all of you my sons; and, abiding by my own test, I am bound to regard each of you as equally qualified to be my successor; to make

a distinction would only be thwarting the intention of Providence. Here is only one difficulty, my sons: my concerns may be the property of three; but a wife can belong to but one."

"Father," said Felippo, "I would say, let my cousin choose amongst us, but that I can already guess her choice."

"She is no doubt her own mistress," said Roderigo.

"Father," said Pedro, rising, and taking Isidora by the hand, and both dropping on their knees before him, "bid us be happy, and bless us."

"And so, Dora," said Pablo, "thou hast already made thy choice."

"Forgive me, dear uncle," said Isidora.

"Well, well," said Pablo, "rise and be happy. To-morrow, the firm is 'Pablo Lopez and Sons;' and the day after Isidora ——" But the blushing Isidora had disappeared.

THE SNOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

THE silvery snow! — the silvery snow! —
Like a glory it falls on the fields below;
And the trees with their diamond branches appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;
While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,

And spangles the river and fount as they flow;
Oh! who has not loved the bright, beautiful snow!

The silvery snow, and the crinkling frost—
How merry we go when the Earth seems lost;
Like spirits that rise from the dust of Time,
To live in a purer and holier clime!—
A new creation without a stain—
Lovely as Heavèn's own pure domain!
But, ah! like the many fair hopes of our years,
It glitters awhile—and then melts into tears!

TO A TRAVELLING MONKEY.

BY CHRISTOPHER COOKSON, ESQ.

In soldier's coat of British red,
In chains, like captive warrior, led,
A dog thy warhorse, and thy pride
A sabre dangling from thy side,
Dost ever think of distant Ind,
Thy balmy groves of tamarind,
Where once thou wert a joyous brute,
Feasting in those bowers of fruit,
Now with munching, now with leaping,
Dance and revel hourly keeping?—
Say, dost ever ponder now
On the citron's spicy bough,

Gambols in the palmy shade,
Stealthy jaunts at even made
To the guava's juicy crop,
To the mango's golden top,
Where once thou wert a pilferer free
With thine old fraternity? —
Have not drum and viol drown'd
Every airy, leafy sound?
Pleasures of the mart and street
Wean'd thee from thy green retreat?
Pageantry and plaudit vain
Puffing up thy witless brain,
To a counterfeit grimace
Alter'd e'en thy mimic face? —

Yet, methinks, the zany's art
Is to thee no painless part —
Let them mask her as they will,
Nature mask'd is Nature still:
Nay, beneath thy showy vest
There 's a sorrow at thy breast,
And a rebel wish to be,
As thou wert, a rover free;
There 's a sense of suffer'd wrong
Sharper than thy master's thong —
These will haunt thee to thy grave,
Gay, dissembling, hapless slave!

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AUNT LUCY.

MY AUNT LUCY'S LESSON.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Fontibel. Is she so much in love?
Laura. I know not — but her temper is most keen
On the least point of honour.

MS. PLAY.

WE had been to see the pageant in Gustavus, and came merrily home to our tea, with its gay groups of masquers floating before our eyes, and its delicious *galoppe* ringing in our ears — a tune, which must assuredly have stolen from Oberon's horn by mistake, it is so piquant, so irresistibly lively. Our entire party was much too excited and loquacious to think of going to bed. So we sate down to talk over the opera in general, and the masquerade scene in particular.

I love old times, and have, therefore, an especial kindliness of feeling towards this sort of entertainment: —its very name carries one back to the *genteel* days of Horace Walpole and Ranelagh — the days of Heidegger and Handel, and Mrs. Cornely's rooms, and Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop — the days of hoops and powdered heads, of Indian screens and old china. Delightful days those must have been, and it would be hard to make one believe that modern society has any

thing to offer half so easy or agreeable as these amusements of our grandfathers and grandmothers — yes — easy — for surely the century in which *exclusiveness* has taken root and flourished "and become a goodly tree" cannot be said to have done much in the way of taking off restraints from our social enjoyments. It will be long before we again read of such a public entertainment, "given to the illustrious French personages now on a tour of pleasure in London," as we find was held at the Pantheon, "on Thursday night, May 22, 1783, for the amusement of the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Fitzjames, the Comte Conflans, the Marquis and Marquise de Coignies," and many more — "which distinguished strangers," (so proceeds the chronicle) "seemed highly pleased with the festivity of this meeting, which was very orderly." The age in which we live is a dull — a mechanical age —

> Every thing is done by steam,
> And men are killed with powder;

and our writers of novels of modern life may run through the entire routine of the pastimes and pleasures of the day, without finding one which, for a moment, shall bear comparison with that memorable masquerade to which the world owes the meeting, and of course the history, of those two delightful personages, Harriet Byron and Sir Charles Grandison. We look back to those pleasant old times, as upon Watteau's courtly and fascinating pictures—we watch the minuet danced by yonder gentleman, "in a suit of Carmelite

velvet with rich embroidery," and the lady "in the sea-green lustring, wearing Cyprian powder in her hair" — till we have quite forgotten that there are such frivolous and fidgetty things as quadrilles; and when we awaken, it is like men disenchanted.

Yes — we have been dreaming — and, what is more unpardonable, when there is a story to be told — a story of a masquerade — Aunt Lucy's story. The kind-hearted old lady has absolutely consented to sit up for another hour, that she may amuse a parcel of giddy young folks, who like nothing so well as a tale told after twelve o'clock at night. But we will not tax her so cruelly — she shall be dismissed to her pillow, and the story told by deputy.

My Aunt Lucy was, without doubt, one of the most beautiful women of her day. Look at her portrait, and, though it is very fair, it shows you only half her loveliness, only one look out of the many she wore, which, by their variety, brought suitors of every age, class, and temperament, to her feet. Never did young maiden conquer so easily, or care so little for the conquest making or made, as my Aunt Lucy. Sweet as she looks in that masquerade dress (of which you have more to hear) she was endowed with an extraordinarily keen wit, and that Ithuriel power, so often fatal to the happiness of its possessor, of discerning the spurious from the genuine, the false from the true, with a certainty which has surprised and put to shame men of

strong nerves and long practised in the world's deceits. But, with all this subtlety of penetration, there was nothing of sharpness, no lack of sympathy with her kind. The dove predominated over the serpent; and, what was remarkable, she possessed as many female friends—not foolish or professing *confidantes*, but substantial, thorough-going sunshine and shower friends,—as she counted lovers among the men; and these were not a few.

She was often rallied by her companions, and, in particular, by the Lady Barbara Graham, who was nearest her heart of all of them, upon her insensibility. "Have you not yet seen enough to choose amongst?—Are none of all the thousand you have slain worthy your acceptance, fastidious one?"—and she would smile as she answered (she knew her own heart well), "I shall love but once, Barbara, but it will be with a deep love, and I dare say that I shall be desperately jealous when that time comes; I have never been near it yet."

"Well, well," replied her merry friend, "wait till New Year's day—wait till you have been two months at Penterle, and then see whether you will have the assurance to give me the same answer. If you do, I shall give you up—and positively get married before you."

"If that be the case," replied Aunt Lucy, laughing—her laugh was as sweet as a chime of flower-bells rung by fairy hands—"if that be the case, I think I had better not go to Penterle."

The hall of Penterle was a stately castellated mansion, which stood embosomed in gardens and woods, in one of the most remote corners of the county of Cornwall. So extensive was it, and so ancient, that, had it been inhabited by any one else than Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan, and their niece Lady Barbara, you must have thought it gloomy—but these frank-hearted lively people, unencumbered by any haughtiness or self-conceit, loved nothing so well as to fill their house from turret to cellar with guests from all distances. No one ever found the way to Penterle long. There was not a mansion in England, in which the festivals of the year were more religiously and magnificently observed — the fasts were not so duly kept: — but at Christmas-time and Shrove-tide, and when the harvest was gathered in, those were the days for seeing Penterle in its glory; for seeing the perfection of hospitality without ostentation or the least lack of refinement. It was the very place to charm my Aunt Lucy—to stay there was to be *out* of the world of ceremony, and intrigue, and sarcasm — and *in* the world of kind-heartedness and mirth. Every guest was allowed to do what was right in his own eyes, and my Aunt Lucy did no more than follow the fashion of the house in doing what was right in the eyes of some one else as well as herself — to speak more clearly, in receiving certain overtures which tended towards love-making, from a certain young gentleman, with a complacency if not an encouragement, 'which,' Lady Barbara

declared, 'was peculiar to Penterle. Its very air was favourable to wooers; there was not a house in the west country under whose roof so many happy matches had been made.'

My Aunt Lucy heeded not her friend's mirth a whit. She had not fallen in love to oblige the world, and she was not going to refrain therefrom, now that her time was come, because there was a meaning smile upon every face, when she made her appearance at the breakfast table, or returned from some long ramble in the park, which it was acutely conjectured had not been taken alone; or because whispers ran "up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," 'how much Mr. Lyttelton and Miss Howe seemed to be taken with each other!' And truly, if she had been long in choosing, she chose well at last, putting personal beauty out of the question, for Gervase Lyttelton was not handsome. He was one of those high-bred and high-minded persons, concerning whom the dullest could hardly be mistaken for an instant — had been much abroad, and returned home with a mind enriched and not spoiled by travel; and, though courteous to the sex after a fashion to which modern manner could produce nothing equal, had never been, or even was *rumoured* to have been, fascinated by blue eyes in preference to black, or *vice versa*, till he met my Aunt Lucy. 'It was a real, genuine case of love at first sight,' Barbara declared; 'they must have been born with the mark of the star,' by which, as the Arabian

Nights tell us, those who are destined for each other may be discerned.

Sleeping in lily bells all the hot day,
  Waking when stars are abroad o'er the sea,
Then with our flower-girdled sisters at play
  Through the thick meadow grass, round the old tree —
Hither — come hither! — the night is so rare —
  Even as the clouds do, our pastime we vary —
Hither! — while mortals lie dreaming of care —
  Nothing 's so glad as the life of a Fairy!

Come from the mansion hall — Brownies — come out!
  Moonshine is better than yonder dull fire;
Wake up the nightingales, Elves! with a shout;
  Round, round again! — 't will be dawn ere we tire.
Throned on a violet-bed, there sits the Queen,
  Laughing aloud at our gambol so airy —
Morning shall show where our revel hath been —
  Nothing 's so mad as the dance of a Fairy!

"Will you cease singing for one moment?" cried Barbara, entering her guest's apartment in the wildest spirits. "You have done nothing else but sing that crazy song, ever since Gervase Lyttelton happened to say that he liked it. I wonder why — and he so stiff and proud! — nay, Lucy, love, you are not frowning at my joke! — I want to talk to you about the masquerade we are to have on New Year's eve."

"Masquerade!"

"Is it not delightful? — the first, I believe, that was ever given in the county of Cornwall! How I have teazed Aunt Vyvyan! — but I made her say 'yes' before I let her go — and we have nothing to do but to begin and think of our dresses. We are to have all

the country for twenty miles round—and only you and I and my Aunt are to know what every one is to wear—and Gervase Lyttelton is to——Bless me! he *has* come back from shooting early enough to-day! —These men are always in the way—are they not, Lucy?"

But Lucy was already gone.

If there is one pastime above another pleasant to a thoughtless set of young people, it is the contrivance of a *fête* like this—pleasant too, in proportion as means are small, and difficulties to be surmounted many. At that time, there were no fewer than seven young ladies staying at Penterle, and only one Abigail in the house, who had any head for contrivance. She was half suffocated with her own importance, and, as she averred, 'dreamed of nothing but this masquerading, they led her such a life!' There was such closeting—such whispering—such turning over of books of costume—such ransacking of wardrobes for old finery—so many calls upon Mrs. Vyvyan—and well it was that her good-nature seemed as inexhaustible as the treasures of the Bottle Imp's pocket. Many times a day would she stand still, and hold up her hands—completely bewildered by the multifarious and conflicting calls upon her assistance. 'The gentlemen,' she declared, 'were fully as fastidious as the ladies, and had no idea of either quantity or quality.' Sir Claud M'Corquodale chose to appear as a Highland chieftain, and

followed the excellent lady about the house with two plaid cloaks, and a most tremendous Scotch brogue. Mr. Tracery, the poet, had complimented one young lady into the character of the beautiful Persian — and, as he had promised to be her Noureddin, he was to be turbaned and caftaned — "such a waste of good silk!" exclaimed the Abigail, indignantly. Mr. Ferrars, who was not particularly bright, was kept quiet, at least in the house, by the suggestion of a Don Cossack's uniform, with a spear six feet long — but alas for the gardener! there was hardly a tree in the young plantations round about Penterle that was not examined again and again by this patient youth, to see if it would suit his purpose. Honest Griffith had never been so trudged about since he had been upon the property. Mr. Gervase Lyttelton alone shut himself up in his own room, and was supposed to be meditating unutterable things: — the truth was that he had simply written to Bath for a dress — and somewhat besides — as, perhaps, may be seen in the sequel.

"Look at me, Mr. Lyttelton, and tell me if the dress be correct," said Lucy, suddenly disturbing him from the reverie into which he had fallen over his favourite Froissart.

He looked up—the costume chosen for her, at his own particular instance, and, indeed, fashioned after a drawing he had made for her, was that of a Milanese peasant: simple, gaudy, and yet most becoming. Her

fine hair was plaited into a coronet at the back of her head, which was pierced by a set of silver bodkins arranged crescent-wise; before, it was traversed and tied by many rows and knots of narrow cherry-coloured ribbon. Her bodice was of scarlet silk, with large short white muslin sleeves, her petticoat blue, and her apron striped with scarlet and blue and white. "All perfect," said he, "just as it should be," and thought, as he *said*, while she stood before him, a little ashamed, a *very* little anxious, that he had never seen anything so lovely, and owned himself to be as eager for the evening of the masquerade as the veriest novice of the party. "A month ago," said Barbara, "he would have told us some grand tale of the Carnival at Naples, or of some *fête* he had attended at the Tuileries, and now he is as childish as any of us. O this love! this love!"

It was the evening before the masquerade night. Her friend found Lucy sitting alone and singing, but not her faëry song — it was now

Get thee gone, Old Year!
With storm and sadness shaded,
And all thy winds austere,
That murmur in mine ear
How golden Hope hath faded!

Cold — and dim — and gray,
Be gone, unkind December!
Oh! with thy last stern day
Might sorrow pass away,
And I no more remember!

"Lucy!—what ails the child?—in tears!"

"Nothing, nothing!—leave me, I entreat you!"

"Nothing!—You cannot deceive me quite so easily; I must go and find Gervase Lyttelton, and send him to you."

"Barbara! stop, dearest Barbara! not for the world!" But her heart belied the "*dearest,*" and she would have recalled the word had it been possible.

"What can this mean?—weeping on the eve of our gay masquerade, and not send him to you! Nay, never hang your head. You have quarrelled. I could read it if I did not see your face—I have not known you for the last twenty years for nothing.—The man has been absurd, suspicious, jealous. O these men! they are all alike! I could punish him severely—shall we, Lucy?"

Her friend made no answer, and Barbara went rapidly on. "Let us change our dresses after all—yes, there *was* an angry spot on his brow when I met him in the cloister ten minutes a—— What nonsense am I talking!—Let us change our dresses—we are just of a height—and our hair—O the veil and the ribbons hide so much that he'll never know the difference. I never knew the man that could, for all they pretend to so much sagacity—and I can mimick your voice so perfectly—only let me play the Contadina for the first half of the evening, and I will deliver him up to you as penitent as—— Why do you look at me so strangely?" Yet *her* cheek was covered with the

deepest crimson, and her voice hurried and broken as she asked the question.

"A capital plan! a most excellent plan!" cried Lucy, laughing aloud; "forgive me, Barbara, I am only a little hysterical — a most excellent plan!"

A voice was heard at the door. "Is Lady Barbara here?"

"Come in, Petworth." — It was Barbara's confidential maid.

"My lady — Mr. Lyttelton desired me to——"

"Yes — yes — I know — I will come directly. *Au revoir*, Lucy, love — don't let me find you singing those dismal songs any more — I am coming." And she made her escape, not before Lucy had noted her increased confusion, and, what was stranger, had espied a sealed billet in the maid's hand.

She bolted the chamber-door, and sat down to weigh, to suspect, and to be miserable. She had not exaggerated the truth when (as it may be remembered) she declared that her jealousy would keep pace with her love. And really, Gervase Lyttelton *had* given her cause for uneasiness. Twice she had come suddenly upon him, (she was of too noble a nature to *watch*), when he was whispering with Barbara, once in the hall, at a very late hour, when she had returned to seek a bracelet she had dropped:—once, on the sunny side of the dial, and then her friend was smiling and blushing very deeply—Oh! could it mean?—and then Barbara, she was certain, had avoided her of late—she

was always in such a bustle about this masquerade:—and in fact, moved, and looked, and spoke, like one under the influence of high excitement — every one in the house noticed it. Gervase Lyttelton, too, was not like himself. True, he had never distinctly said the words—"I love you"—but she felt that he had *meant* them often — and was he base enough to avail himself of such a miserable screen to his honour, and to pay suit to another? "Ay," said she to herself bitterly, "change our dresses! — change every thing! — and can she think me so dull — so weak? — Why did I come to Penterle?" She never closed her eyes that night.

The eventful day arrived. She never left her chamber, pleading, and with truth, a headache. Barbara sent Petworth a dozen times at least to inquire after her—twice with Mr. Gervase Lyttelton's regrets — they were not acceptable thus delivered. Why could she not come herself? — Good Mrs. Vyvyan did indeed beset her with essences, and *esprits*, and medicaments, without number — every fresh nostrum introduced with a fresh lamentation, or some morsel of news as to what was going on in the house. "Such a thing to be ill on that day, of all days in the year!" And Barbara too, she was not like herself, flying about the house — no wonder *she* was so busy! — and the Miss Collingwoods in an agony about some shepherdesses' hats which were to have come from Bath, and had not yet made their appearance; and Mr. Tracery

had broken his guitar! Never till then had Lucy felt the full virtue of Gray's

> Leave me, leave me, to repose.

Yet small repose was hers when she was left. She was beginning to blame herself for having shown some little heat in an argument with Gervase Lyttelton — and, ere long, ended with that conviction so miserably blanking to one whose heart was so entirely engrossed as hers was — "He could never have loved me!"

Evening came—night—she submitted to the change of dress without any further remark, though much provoked thereto by Petworth and Mrs. Vyvyan's exclamations, when the plan was communicated to them —they alone being in the secret. The latter lady, however, had other matters to talk about — Lucy had been requested to change her room for the night for the accommodation of some guests who came from a distance — and her hostess apologized again and again —'Really, Penterle had never been so full before, and Miss Howe was the only young lady whom she could take the liberty of putting into the ghost-chamber.' My Aunt Lucy hastened to relieve her mind by assuring her that it was a matter of total indifference to her — and, while Petworth was adorning her — she was dressed the last, at her own particular request — to divert her sad thoughts, she began to question the Abigail.

"This room! — O Miss Howe! but I must have you hold your head still, if this veil is to sit as it should

do. Why, ma'am, it's all nonsense, nothing—you need not alarm yourself in the least—I never believed any of their hobgoblin tales!—Now for the rose, ma'am, if you please—where—O here, under my hand, I declare!—well, to be sure, and none of the ladies knowing a word about it! It's only an old Sir Somebody Vyvyan, they say, that walks—he was poisoned by his brother, ma'am, and died.—Nay—that bow will never do, you have pinned it quite crooked—let me—and some one *did* get a fright here once; Miss Collingwood declares that she would rather sit up all night than —— the bracelet — and the nosegay, too — O I forgot you will not need it: it was for the *millinery* dress—and Lady Barbara has forgotten it—what a pity! such splendid flowers, too! I dare say Mr. Lyttelton must have ridden thirty miles at least, there and back, to get them—hothouses being scarce in our neighbourhood. There, ma'am, I think — O mercy! if the music is n't beginning! I am going into the organ-loft to have a look—but the *last* I have dressed will be the queen of the night, to my fancy, and I know some one else who will think so too. Bless me, but how will he know?"

"Go, go! I need not detain you any longer—I have every thing now." And, strange to say, the Abigail showed no disposition to loiter; whether fear of the ghost-chamber or eagerness for the show had most to do with this unusual alacrity, I cannot possibly tell.

Now, for the first time, it was that Lucy felt the full weariness which is sure to follow a sleepless night.

She sate, as it were, unable to stir, hearing rather than listening to the merry and keen flourishes of music—how inspiriting, by the way, is ball-room music at the beginning of an evening!—which forced their way up stairs—the whirling sound of feet, and now and then some peal of laughter, faint from the distance, and provoked, she had no doubt, by the appearance of some particularly grotesque mask. Her thoughts became gradually lulled into a quieter train than they had followed all the day. At length, suddenly recollecting herself, she recovered from her reverie, and prepared to join the party—when it occurred to her that she had no mask.

Before, however, she could rise to ring the bell and summon Petworth, she was aware, by the light of the unsnuffed candles upon her dressing-table, of the entrance of some person—one of the revellers it seemed—a little old woman in a gipsy dress. Her figure was bent—her cloak old and tattered enough to be a genuine Sybil's garment. She wore an apron of calico, stamped with a strange staring pattern in bright colours, and a little queer black silk bonnet crushed up behind. Her appearance altogether was very odd, even startling—and this before her face was seen, which made the matter ten times worse. Her complexion was of all colours upon a lurid ground; her long pointed chin graced with a very unequivocal beard; her eyes so widely set apart, that they seemed as if trying to extend her mouth, which was small and

irregular, and, when shut, invisible amongst wrinkles. So unpleasant was the impression produced upon my Aunt Lucy, that, involuntarily covering her eyes with her hands, she exclaimed, "Good Heavens! what an ugly mask!—Who are you?—who?"—as the intruder came close — close to her.

"I have no mask," replied the gipsy, in a voice as uncouth as her appearance, "save the one I bring you. The servants sent me up stairs with it. They are all busy looking at the show. I have seen enough of these things, and gayer, in my time — and so it would seem have you, my pretty lady — or perhaps there is that going on below you would not like to see."

"You play your part very well," said Lucy, in spite of all the self-command she could muster, trembling from head to foot — "but tell me really who are you? — I am half afraid——"

"Of me, poor child! — ha! ha! ha! — afraid of me!—who never set my feet outside my own tent but to do good to such silly folk as you are! — and have taken the pains of trudging up all these stairs to bring you this pretty mask! Here," continued she, diving into one of the immense pockets of her apron—"here, I have no time to waste—wear this"—and she added in an emphatic whisper — "it has a charm in it — not only to hide your own face, but to give you the power of discovering the faces of your neighbours." As she spoke she laid the mask on a table.

There was something more than commonly repulsive about her entire appearance, and for a moment Lucy yielded to the thought that she really might be some vagrant, who had taken advantage of the confusion of the house, and stolen up thither to practise upon her credulity. She had turned her head, while the real or pretended gipsy approached the table. She looked round again — there was no one but herself in the room!

She has often since declared, that in all her life she never felt so positively uncomfortable as at that moment: but, rousing herself, and resolving to consider the matter as a masquerade trick, she arose, and armed herself with the mask, resolving to go down stairs. But her feet refused to do their office; a strange and insurmountable terror had seized her, which riveted her to the spot where she stood. She could not get rid of the gipsy's face from before her eyes — it seemed to peer at her from the dark corners of the room; and, though she heard the music below, and could see the gleam of the lights in the hall faintly cast upward upon the floor of the corridor, she had not resolution to pass her chamber-door. "Foolish that I am! I will shake this off!" she exclaimed aloud, and almost passionately, with a desperate struggle, she made another step — and awoke.

Never had the old hall of Penterle, often as it had been decorated, often as it had been filled, looked

so gay as upon that New Year's eve. The quaint and various dresses suited well with its antique and fantastically carved screen of dark oak, its somewhat heavy chandeliers, wreathed with evergreens, its huge wood fire burning upon the hearth, and its stiff old pictures of nine generations of Vyvyans impannelled in the wainscoting. The entertainment, too, was a new one in Cornwall: and the delight it caused entirely destroyed the intention of mask and domino, as regarded a large part of the company, who forgot, in the fulness of their enjoyment, to maintain their *incognito*. Proudly did Sir Claud M'Corquodale strut about in his tartans, and hear, with ill-stifled satisfaction, how he was pronounced "a marvellous proper man," by one or two groups of the unsophisticated, who had never looked upon a live Highlander before. Fiercely did Mr. Ferrars brandish his redoubtable spear to the no small damage of one of the long delayed hats, which had arrived at the eleventh hour, to dry the tears of the shepherdesses. Nor were Noureddin and the beautiful Persian disappointed with each other; though some, who knew the difference between Bagdad and Venice, pronounced Mr. Tracery's to be anything but a genuine *kitar*. "All went merry as a marriage bell," when it was suddenly remarked that the Contadina and her esquire, who, in the dress of Doctor Faustus, had been most assiduous in his suit and service, had left the room. Mrs. Vyvyan, too, who was more noticeable on account of her wearing

no costume, was gone. As for Harriet Byron, she had not yet been seen, and was therefore not missed.

Alas for poor Aunt Lucy, whom we left awaking from her strange and most teazing dream! She was not doomed to receive comfort from what she beheld when she awoke. She was stealing down to join the company, reluctant to go, yet unable to remain away any longer, when her progress was arrested and her sight blasted by a vision ten times worse than the worst she had imagined, which had only amounted to a tolerably brisk flirtation between Mr. Lyttelton and Barbara. Passing the door of a small parlour, which a few draperies had converted into a tent for that night only, she saw—was it a second dream?—no, she *saw* two figures, the Contadina and the Faustus of the evening, standing before Mr. Vyvyan, who, like his wife, had refused to assume any disguise. She was standing beside him, surveying the pair with complacency. The gentlemen shook hands warmly; Lucy could not but pause for one moment, and then the elder one placed his niece's unresisting hand in that of the suitor, who bowed over it and kissed it.

Poor, wretched Aunt Lucy!—she tottered along, as completely stunned as if she had been struck by a thunderbolt; and, heedless of what she did, she stumbled in that narrow passage against some one advancing in the opposite direction—she fell into *his* arms—it was a gentleman, in a plain domino. At that moment the party issued from the alcove-room. "Congratulate

us," cried Barbara, joyously. Lucy heard no more—she had fainted away.

She revived, and found herself in the alcove-room—her mask was gone, and Mrs. Vyvyan and Barbara were watching beside her, with affectionate solicitude.

"She is better now," said the elder lady.

"Poor, dear Lucy!" exclaimed her friend. My aunt put her away with her hand.

"You are better, now, my dear," repeated Mrs. Vyvyan. "Ah, if you would only have taken that hartshorn this morning!—but you will be quite well now you have got it over. What now, Petworth?"

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Lyttelton *will* come in!"

Lucy was now fully herself—calm, and collected. Her pride had come to her assistance. "I am ready to go, now," she said, declining Barbara's arm.

"But not without a support!" said a voice at her side. It was Lyttelton's voice—but no Faustus!

"Ah, Lucy!—Lucy!—did you think you were the *only* one who could change your dress? Leave us, dear ladies, for a moment—I have to sue for forgiveness, and to unravel a mystery. You will hear me, will you not?" continued he, in the sweetest tones of his rich manly voice, as he led her back to the sofa.

So confused was she, that she did not attempt to speak—this was a stroke of which, in the wildest moment of her fancies, she had never contemplated the possibility.

"You never knew," he began, as soon as they were alone, "that, long ago, a cousin of mine and your friend, Lady Barbara's——"

"What?" exclaimed she, springing to her feet, "a cousin of yours!—not Colonel Travers?"

"The same!" replied he; "Colonel Lyttelton now —he has taken the name with an estate left him by an uncle of ours—you will now comprehend why I never mentioned him."

"I know, I know — because of the quarrel——"

"But Barbara—you must not blame her — she has suffered terribly; for she believed the separation to be for ever. On my uncle's death, my cousin returned from the East Indies—I knew he was on his way, but durst not tell her till he arrived in England—it was best to spare her the suspense."

"And then—oh, I see it all—you devised this plan of bringing him here—you knew Mr. Vyvyan could not refuse to shake hands with him, once under the roof!"

"Devised!—no one will ever know the trouble that Godfrey's pride and impracticability gave me, before I could induce him to consent to the scheme, which has answered as thoroughly as I was sure it would. I am certain that, had he come hither at a less lucky moment, they might have entered upon old grievances, and the affair would have been again broken off!"

"But, why — why was all this hidden from me?"

"Because—forgive my freedom—we did not know whether Miss Howe would aid and abet what looked so like a deception. It might have failed, too, in which case the fewer who knew of it the better; and because —forgive me, again, dearest Lucy—there was one presumptuous enough to wish to read you a lesson on the folly of jealousy. Will you not pardon him?—yes, I see you will! Come, let us join the dancers, and show Barbara and Godfrey that they are not the only happy couple in the room."

And from this hour my Aunt Lucy resolved to love without jealousy, and, strange to say, kept her word, albeit her husband was more universally admired than any man in the county. Nay, so thoroughly did she acknowledge the benefit of the lesson her lover had ventured to give her, that when, upon her marriage, her picture was painted by a rare hand, she was drawn, at her own particular desire, in the dress of Harriet Byron, with her mask in her hand.

THE DEATH OF RACHEL.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

She felt—in many a patient tear,
And yearning hope, and anxious fear,
And tinge of matron shame, that lies
On the frail cheek and languid eyes —
Through all its change of silent woe,
The curse of Eve—a mother's throe!

Then died—without one hour to share
The hard-earned due of woman's race,
The outstretched hand, the voiceless pray'r,
The infant's weak, but dear, embrace!—
Oh! if there be a care below,
One human thought, uncharged with sin,
'Tis the self-yielding, pious glow
With which a mother's toils begin!

The Patriarch stood beside her bed,
And love's unwearied vigil kept,
Till love was watching o'er the dead—
Then bowed his stricken head, and wept!
He placed the leafy chaplet o'er
Her breast; and touched, with painful kiss,
The clammy lips that sprang no more
With dewy warmth to welcome his!

They raised a pillar on her grave—
A simple mass of naked stone,
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,
Ere haughty sculpture yet was known!
There oft the fiery Gentile trod,
But did not crush the flowering sod;
And Childhood, as it wandered near,
Gazed with uncertain look of fear,
And checked its noisy sport awhile,
To whisper by the mossy pile!

A NIGHT ALARM.

BY MRS. LEE.

It was eleven o'clock, and four young and lovely sisters had assembled in one room to hear the contents of a letter, which had arrived that morning from a distance. No matter what the letter said, but it may be presumed that it was unusually interesting; and the quickly approaching marriage of one of the parties might lead to an easy divination of its nature, were it necessary to the following narrative. The groupe thus collected was worthy of the most skilful painter, and, although any artist might have been improved by the attempt, the most consummate feeling and execution could alone have done justice to it.

As it most probably never will be painted, it may as well be described. The owner of the letter was in bed, but the broad lace border of the close cap could not hide the deep expression of that dark grey eye, or the admirable delicacy of that chiselled nose; the long and taper fingers, too, as they held the letter, bespoke an elegance of form well suited to the features. Another sister, half reclined on the foot of the bed, held the candle, the pale broad light of which discovered a countenance whose expression made even its regularity forgotten: every sentence of the letter

was reflected in that ever varying face; everything that was good and tender, everything that was sad or joyous, might there be found, and nothing but what was unfeminine or bad could fail to meet with its corresponding image there. A third sister had suspended the brushing of her long glossy hair to listen to the tale; the intelligent look, the high commanding forehead, showed the mind of lofty and fixed purpose, and, as she rested one elbow on the pillar of the bed, she unconsciously displayed a form of faultless proportions. The party was completed by an arch-rogue on her knees, whose beaming black eyes, half hidden by her raven ringlets, and whose delicate little foot, peeping from beneath the long dressing-gown, half excited a regret that she was more concealed than the rest.

The attention of all was deeply engaged, and nought was heard but the low and gentle voice of the reader, when a faint vibration of the window beneath caused a cessation and a glance of inquiry from one sister to the other.—"It was only the wind," said the standing beauty, and the reader resumed her happy occupation. After a few more lines, the noise was repeated with greater force than before, and the kneeler sprang on her feet. "What can it be?" said she, in a scarcely audible tone. A long silence followed, and again came the sound, deeper and louder than ever, and it continued till the whole of the large dining-room window seemed to ring with the unaccountable tones, and to shake in every pane.

The house was built in the shelving part of some high cliffs, a succession of which bordered a lovely little bay on the eastern coast of England. It was not many yards from the sea; no habitation, except the station-towers of the preventive service, stood nearer than a quarter of a mile; the village was even more distant: a small old church, in which the sabbath was celebrated by a primitive sort of service, stood on the top of a neighbouring hill, and nothing could be more tranquil or retired than the whole scene. It was perfectly refreshing to contrast it with the common-place, bustling, time-killing, dissipated, and frivolous resorts of those who seek but to get rid of themselves. And so secure was it deemed, from its retirement, that there was not even a fastening to the gates at either end of the shrubbery.

"Let us call papa," continued the raven-haired lass, "for I am certain it is some one breaking into the dining-room." "Nonsense," observed the damsel of the brush; "no one would think of coming in here, and papa has been fishing all day, so we must not wake him on an uncertainty. Look out, and see if any one is on the lawn." No one, however, dared venture to go near the window, and, while all were considering what to do, the noise was reiterated with such force, that every rod of iron in the drawing-room balcony, close by, seemed to vibrate with the efforts made on the ground-floor. "This is too much," said the hitherto silent candle-bearer; and one and all

rushed into the gallery behind the room, not excepting the recumbent nymph.

They proceeded together to the chamber of a friend who was staying with them, and knocked at her door. On opening it, four long pale faces, huddled close to each other, presented themselves: but the visiter, being accustomed to such alarms in London, easily divined the nature of this unusual summons. The matter was whisperingly explained, and all five returned to the apartment where the noise had been heard, placed the candle in the gallery outside, and, shutting the door, waited in breathless silence. Expectation was soon realized, and courage was then assumed to look out into the garden; but all there was quite still.

It was then thought expedient to call the man-servant, who, with his wife, slept in another part of the house. Such efforts are always made in a body by females, and therefore the five ladies called the man, but his wife alone answered, saying that it was a false alarm—perhaps it was the puppy trying to get in—perhaps it was the wind: in short, it was anything but a housebreaker. A moment's reflection seemed to convince the party that this fear was absurd; for, being only an occasional residence, no property of value which could afford temptation was kept there. But the noise was there, and whence could it proceed?

A walk along the cliffs, taken on that very evening, had discovered some haunts of smugglers, and very recent indications of their presence were found; besides

which, one of the ladies had seen two men stealing along where there was no path, just at dusk, and, of course, they could have no good motive. Smugglers, therefore, were suggested as the primary cause of the alarm; and the idea of these lawless people having been closely pursued by the preventive men, and having taken refuge in their grounds, was much more tolerable to the ladies than that of housebreakers.

Whatever may be the cause, there certainly is in the female breast a feeling of sympathy, or kindness, or interest of some sort, towards smugglers, and the first impulse is to assist them: but in the present instance horrors were conjured up, which entirely banished the little female partiality on which these men might otherwise have reckoned. Supposing it were possible for them to lodge their goods in the house, for the sake of concealment, the officers would soon arrive—a struggle would ensue—some would be wounded; their papa never would connive at the escape of a smuggler. But, in the midst of these deliberations and reflections, shake went the window —ring went the balcony—screech went the boat upon the shingles (as they thought)—and away rushed the ladies to the door of the sleeping host, begging him to rise immediately and see what was the matter.

The good-humoured readiness of the father, and his speedy appearance, showed that no hesitation need have been made in asking his help. The fears were soon related; the noise was listened for, but in vain;

the house was inspected, the females following at a respectful distance, though, of course, ready to attack any body who might endanger the safety of papa: but there was neither a trace of kegs nor of bales in the dining-room, nor were footsteps to be perceived on the soft gravel or dewy lawn in the garden; no puppy, even — for every animal on the premises, except the human species, was buried in profound sleep. Nothing uncommon was to be seen, except a lighted candle in a lantern, standing on the kitchen-hearth, which certainly looked like the attention of a wife towards an absent husband, and confirmed the ladies in their suspicions that there was connivance with smugglers somewhere.

What the master of the house thought no one ever knew, for he was not a man to betray his feelings without a necessity for doing so. He quietly asked his daughters and his guest if they were satisfied that all was safe, and advised them to retire to rest: but a keen observer might have discovered a lurking expression of mischief in his eyes, which told that they were spared only till he had an opportunity of venting his tormenting observations. He himself soon gave audible proofs that he had resumed his slumbers, and, when their tongues were weary with conjecture, the ladies thought proper to go to bed also.

The reader of these pages, however, will be little versed in female weaknesses, if he or she supposes that they sought solitary repose. Could one bed have

held the five they would all have shared it; but, as the dimensions of the beds in the house would not admit of this arrangement, the five were distributed in two, and nought was heard throughout the night except some stealing footsteps outside, which there was no doubt proceeded from the returning man-servant, after his carousal in the village.

No second alarm occurred during a fortnight's further sojourn by the sea, and complete confidence was restored. The ladies, however, took care to circulate their conjectures concerning the smugglers most industriously, as the only means of meeting the raillery of their father, who opened a volley on them, even at breakfast the next morning, and who most impertinently inquired of every female visiter to the same spot if she wore a becoming night costume, because it was the fashion for ladies to walk about in that dress at F——, and who never returned from a visit to his marine villa, without gravely assuring his daughters that the smugglers had not *again* been driven to make use of his premises.

In the course of the ensuing summer, a near relation of the proprietor of this beautiful spot, with his wife, children, and servants, went to the same house, for the sake of the sea-air. After a few days' stay, the husband left his family, and in a few days returned. He fancied that he saw an unusually grave expression on the countenances of his lady and her attendants. "Is all well?" he exclaimed. "Quite well," was the

reply; and the expression was so slight, that he could not make any remark upon it.

The evening closed in, and, taking their station in the dining-room, the lady occupied herself with her needle, and the gentleman began to answer the letters which had awaited his arrival. An unbroken silence ensued, which was interrupted by a low and gentle sound; the needle fell from the lady's fingers; in half a minute the noise was increased to a shrill, grating vibration, and gradually subsided into the softest and most melodious tones that ever issued from an Eolian harp. Occasionally it stopped, then rising to its utmost strength, the whole window shook, and the bars of the balcony above rang like echoes to the sounds beneath.

"We have heard this before," said the lady, starting up. "I would not tell you of it when you first came in, because I wished you to receive the full impression of this mystery. We have searched in every direction; we have listened and watched; we have done every thing in our power to account for it, but in vain: and my servants are more than half persuaded that it is supernatural." She was interrupted by a return of the noise; it recommenced with a harsh, grating sound, and appeared now to come from the ceiling —now from the window—and now from the earth. At times it was so loud, that the lady and gentleman thought it was a boat hauled ashore, and flew to the window. A bright moonlight rendered everything

visible; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. The sound gradually ceased, as if retiring to a distance; and, for the first time in his life, the husband felt a superstitious feeling creeping over him, and began to think that there was more reason than he chose to acknowledge in the suppositions of his servants.

On the ensuing day, every endeavour was made to find out the cause of this mysterious music; but it baffled all research and defied every conjecture. The evening advanced, and all remained perfectly quiet; the lady and gentleman went into the next room to partake of some refreshment, and the music recommenced, exactly in the same manner as before. The gentleman returned alone to the larger room, without a light, and, seating himself in the middle of the room, so as to be able to see all round him, determined not to go to bed till he had fully investigated the matter. He at length felt sure that the tones proceeded from the window, and, approaching it, he anxiously watched the shore and the sea, by the occasional and fitful gleams of moonlight. After five or ten minutes, the most heavenly tones seemed to proceed from behind him; and, turning his head quickly round, they at the same moment appeared to come from the window beside him. A feeling of awe, and perhaps terror, now assailed him, but he argued that, if he did not now convince himself of the fact, whatever it might be, he should be for ever disturbed with the recollection of the circumstance; and, mastering his half-

formed fears, he went to the window, and leaned his head against it. The music then seemed to be close to his face, and, for a moment, he recoiled; but, fixing his eyes on the same pane of glass, he beheld a dark speck upon the window. He tried to lay hold of it, but it eluded his grasp, and the tones continued with more beauty than ever. At length he struck the window smartly, and all was still.

He immediately procured a candle, and, calling his wife and servants, proceeded with them to the inspection of the mysterious spot. The music became loud and shrill, but the light discovered that all these vibrations—these Eolian sounds—these harsh gratings—these awful and heavenly tones—these attempts at robbery—and these frightened smugglers, were occasioned by —— a simple snail, which was crawling across the pane. As it drew nearer to the centre of the pane, the sounds became deeper and fuller; as it approached the edge, they were shrill as a fife. The occasional touching of its shell, in its course, and the greater or less sliminess of the animal, produced the vibrations and harsh gratings, the former of which were increased according to their vicinity to the framework: and, as there were several snails crawling along at the same time, in different parts of the same window, and in different windows, the varied position of the sounds at the same moment was easily accounted for.

A fiction of no small interest might perhaps have been founded on the above reality; but the writer

has preferred a plain statement of facts, from the idea that many a mysterious story may be cleared up by bearing them in recollection. There is no feeling so painful or overpowering as that of supernatural visitations; the stoutest hearts quail under it. Men, whose personal efforts and heroic bravery have contributed to their country's glory, have felt their best energies paralyzed by it; and the weak, the nervous, and the ignorant, have lost their reason from superstitious apprehension. It is impossible to be too careful in the investigation of what appears to be, at first sight, unaccountable, or too cautious in believing that that which seems to be veiled in a mystery impenetrable to our endeavours must proceed from above.

About the time that the above circumstance happened, the sister-in-law of the writer was startled, while at work at a window which opened into a garden, by the shrillest sound she ever heard, and which she said afterwards she could only compare to the crowing of a cock close to her ears. For a few moments she was bewildered by it, but her active endeavours to ascertain the cause proved it to be also a snail. She placed snails on the window purposely, and heard all the varieties of vibration caused by the state of the animal, the size of the pane, and the distance from the framework.

THE IRIS ON THE CATARACT.

Like Hope upon a death-bed.

BYRON.

How oft have I viewed thee, all glorious and bright,
In the pride of thy birth-place, thou vision of light,
Like an angel of gladness, in mercy designed
As a token and herald of love to mankind !

Here, too, where the floods of the desert resound,
Thou reignest unmoved by the tumult around ;
And the eye may repose on thy soft smiling beams ;
And the fancy may hail thee the nymph of the streams.

Oh ! thus, when the moments of sorrow are nigh,
When the stern voice of Nature shall call us to die,
At that thrilling hour when, in anguish and pain,
Our spirits return to Life's pleasures in vain —

May Peace with her soft silvery pinion be there
To chase from our bosoms the phantom Despair ;
May Hope, gentle Hope, with her sweet smile, illume
The darkness that shadows the depths of the tomb !

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MABEL GREY.

MABEL GREY.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

MANY a tourist and topographer has taken up his parable against Suffolk as a county proverbially deficient in those bold and striking features which give sublimity to a landscape, and in which alone they perhaps consider the true picturesque to consist; and, with all my East-Anglian prejudices and partialities about me, I may not venture to contest the point. I will only ask the lover of quiet home-scenes where he will find a district richer in pastoral beauties than this very Suffolk. It is in sooth a land of green grass, waving woods, and pleasant streams; abundant cornfields, white cottages, and fruitful gardens — nay, the whole county, in the sweet season of spring, is one continuous garden, and every hedgerow is a bower of hawthorn and eglantine. But I shall transgress the bounds of time and space, if I permit myself to dwell on the charms of my own sweet county, whose refreshing memory returns upon me amidst the heat, the dust, the glaring sunshine, of the bustling metropolis, like a dream of Eden — so I will say nothing of its verdant banks bestarred with primroses and gemmed

with bluebells, its cowslipped meads, and those delicious briar-roses which will be soon waving their blossomed streamers from every bush and brake, lest I should be tempted to forsake this dingy square where I am at present sojourning, and return to luxuriate amongst them.

"But," interrupts the saucy familiar friend who has just peeped over my shoulder, "is there not a garden with trees and flowers in this very square, of which you are making such disqualifying mention?"

Yes, truly, a garden which reminds one of a blackbird's wicker cage, through the bars of which some kind soul has woven a few pieces of groundsel, to make the hapless prisoner fancy himself among his native groves once more. Trees, indeed, there are, but they are brown trees, not green, for their leaves are great-coated with dust; and, as for the flowers, they look as if they were sick of growing there — poor things! I should pity them more though, if they had ever grown in the country, especially if they had been transplanted from the fertile garden of Ashendale mill, in the pastoral vale of the Waveney.

Dost thou know it, gentle reader? No, I fear thou dost not, unless thou chance to be a native of dear Suffolk, and then thou wilt recognize the spot at once, and recall the very music of the mill-stream as it sung to thee its pleasant song in days past, when reposing in Mabel Grey's rustic chair after thy summer evening ramble in the flowery meads of Ashendale.

If so, thou hast perchance seen Mabel Grey herself, "the miller's lovely daughter," when she came to fill her earthen pitcher at the sparkling stream, and she has haply proffered to thy thirsty lip a welcome draught of the pure element, with a meek and modest grace that must have reminded thee of the courtesy of the patriarchal times, when the fair Rebecca of Holy Writ gave the steward of her future father-in-law water from her own pitcher, and scorned not to administer to the wants of his weary camels with her own hand.

But Mabel Grey — ah, Mabel Grey was the unconscious magnet that drew many a village youth to this very spot, anxious to catch a glimpse of her fair face or a glance from her dove-like eye, in spite of the surly old miller, her father, who was reported to be rich, and who guarded his only child with jealous care from all adventurous lovers of whatsoever degree.

Nathan Grey was a stern sectarian too, and, according to the strictness of the tenets he had embraced, forbade sweet Mabel from mixing in village sports and pastimes, or associating with thoughtless young people of her own class. He interdicted her also from the vain adornments of beads, of ribbons, of braided hair, and all the other auxiliaries to beauty so much affected by pretty maidens in their teens: but Mabel cared for none of these things; and even submitted with a good grace to the tyrannous injunction, which prescribed the concealment of her luxuriant dark

hair beneath a little puritanical-looking cap with deep muslin borders, without so much as a single bow of ribbon to take from its plainness. She was a good girl, and believed every thing that her father told her about the sinfulness of dress and the vanity of outward comeliness.

She knew she was fair, for her soldier-cousin, George Wolfe, had often told her so: but then she considered beauty as a snare, and never dreamed of valuing herself upon so frail and adventitious a possession; and, if she had imagined that George regarded her for her personal attractions, she would not have loved him so well as she did. She ought not to have loved him at all, if she had paid the same dutiful attention to all her father's commands as she did to his injunctions respecting dress; for he had forbidden her all intercourse with her cousin George, whom he branded with the injurious appellation of a "wild, godless, reprobate;" and, in reply to Mabel's anxious inquiry of his reason for so styling him, he could only answer, "He is a soldier, and all soldiers are worthless profligates."

The reproach was untrue; and, though Mabel did not venture to combat the harsh assertion, she felt its illiberality, and dissented from it in her heart and with all her heart. In these "piping times of peace" soldiers are little honoured by the world at large, because their services are no longer needed; but Mabel could not forget that this very peace was purchased

by those brave men, who had shed their best blood in the service of their country, and endured every species of hardship and privation on a foreign soil, to keep the horrors of war at a distance from their native land.

"Our hearths and our altars remain inviolate, and our boasted laws and liberties are still our own," would Mabel whisper to herself with a kindling cheek —"and why? Because our soldiers have valiantly preserved them to us, at the risk of their own lives, and at the sacrifice of all those comforts which others enjoy, without considering to whom they are indebted for them. Surely those must have cold ungrateful hearts who can speak against soldiers."

But Mabel was doomed to hear not only soldiers but the very soldier who was the dearest object of her affections spoken against constantly; and, I think, notwithstanding the pain it caused her to find her father the loudest on these occasions, she loved her cousin George only the better for it; since the colour of his coat appeared after all to be the principal crime with which his worst enemies could charge him. Yes, he had another which in her father's sight she was aware would be inexcusable — his attachment to the established church.

There is something very impressive in the manly piety of a brave man. That of George Wolfe was free from all ostentation or display; it was the simple, unaffected devotion of the heart to that God who had

so often covered his head in the day of battle, turned aside the deadly ball from his bosom, and preserved him through all the perils of the murderous campaign, to be the joy, the comfort, and the support, of his widowed mother.

Brave, generous, handsome, and devoted to herself, can we blame poor Mabel very severely for loving her soldier-cousin, though his years nearly doubled her own, and her father had forbidden her ever to bestow a thought upon him? His prohibition was vain: Mabel thought of nothing else; and, though she never transgressed the bounds of filial duty so far as to meet George Wolfe by absolute appointment, yet truth compels me to admit the fact that she came with her earthen pitcher to the stream far oftener in the course of the day than her household wants had ever before required, because she frequently found her soldier-cousin loitering near the spot: and then it was so natural for them to hold sweet converse together, though every time it so happened Mabel protested it must be the last, positively the last. Still she came again, and still she by accident—purely by accident—met George on the self-same spot. They had met too often there for Mabel's peace: the rose of health and youth had forsaken her cheek, and her step had lost its buoyant lightness. The elders of the religious society to which her father belonged congratulated her on the increasing seriousness of her deportment, so suitable to the daughter of a pious person: still it seemed strange to them that

she made no profession of her progressive improvement in spiritual knowledge, but on the contrary rather appeared to avoid the subject. This was the more unaccountable, because she had latterly been the object of the particular attention of their young minister, Elias Bargrave, for whom the congregation had agreed that Mabel Grey would make a very proper wife. When it was mentioned to her father, he had signified his approbation of the projected match, adding that the thing pleased him well, and he would mention it to his daughter, of whose consent he could not entertain a doubt. But, when he proposed it to Mabel, she replied calmly but decidedly that she would never become the wife of the person proposed.

This was the first time that she had ever ventured a direct dissent from any proposition of her father's, and his anger was only equalled by his surprise at her daring to do so in an instance of so important a nature.

"I do not love Elias Bargrave," she replied, in answer to his angry demand of her reason for refusing to become his wife.

"I should be very sorry if you felt that idolatrous affection, which silly girls call love, for any man," rejoined Nathan Grey, fixing his penetrating eyes upon her face, with a look that brought the tell-tale blood into the cheek of the conscious Mabel. She turned aside to conceal her confusion and the starting tears which rushed unbidden to her eyes.

"If you dared to cherish such a feeling for a religious person, I should make your case a subject of lamentation and prayer for you, Mabel Grey," continued her father; "but, if you so regarded a son of Belial, I would forget that you were my only child, and, renouncing you for ever, bestow all my substance — those worldly possessions, the report of which has attracted worldly-minded men to seek their reputed heiress to wife — I would bestow them, I say, for the maintenance of the chapel and the support of the poor of the congregation, rather than let so undutiful a child be the better for my savings."

The meek and usually dove-like eye of Mabel Grey could, on some occasions, assume an expression as stern and unconquerable as his own. That expression it now bore, as she turned proudly away in silence; for she would not trust her voice with the indignant reply that rose to her lips, on being threatened with the loss of things which she so little valued as the worldly possessions of her father. Nathan Grey was himself a hard, avaricious man, though capable of strong religious impressions; but they availed not to correct his love of lucre, though in all probability they prevented his covetousness from degenerating into absolute dishonesty. Yet he was an exacting master to his servants, and a relentless creditor to his poor neighbours. That very morning he had harshly refused to grind the corn which the mother of a large family had brought to the mill, without the money to pay

for the grinding. It was no patient, soul-subdued matron whom he had denied. Goody Grimmer was the mother of ten children, who were the pests and terror of the village. She was a notorious ill manager, and her naturally bad temper had been goaded to fury by the sufferings she endured and witnessed. There was a reckless desperation about her, which made her think she could not suffer more under any circumstances. Charity, when offered, she accepted ungraciously as a right; and, when offices of kindness were withheld, she treated those of whom they had been demanded with the bitterest revilings. On the present occasion she scrupled not to execrate the hard-hearted miller as a hypocrite; and, taking up her sack, she sternly added, "It is bread, Nathan Grey — bread — which thou hast withheld from the hungry. I must return with my corn unground, for the lack of eight pence, to my ten starving children, and fill their mouths with curses instead of food — curses against thee and thine; and I pray that the mill from which the corn of the poor returns unground may never grind meal or flour again for the rich!"

George Wolfe, who had witnessed this scene, reproved Goody Grimmer for her malisons, but, at the same time, he, in pity to the necessities of her family, put a shilling into her hand, and bade her pay for the grinding of her corn.

"Not at that mill," she shrieked; "the mill of the extortioner and the hypocrite shall never grind corn

again:" and, flinging her sack across her shoulder, she hurried with rapid step across the pathway that led to the desolate hovel where she and her children lived.

The miller was highly displeased at the circumstance of his nephew's presuming to give money to Goody Grimmer: it was, he said, rewarding her for her evil wishes against himself; and this feeling was still rankling in his mind when he met Mabel, and opened to her his desire of seeing her the wife of the minister of his congregation.

"I will never become the wife of Elias Bargrave," she repeated; "I should be guilty of a crime in the sight of God were I to do so, for I love another!"

"And dare you tell me so to my very face, undutiful girl?" exclaimed her father, sternly.

"Yes," she replied, "for I dare not suffer you to be deceived on a point like that. I had only the alternative of confessing my weakness to Elias Bargrave, a young man and a comparative stranger, or to you, my beloved and till now indulgent father," continued she, endeavouring to seek the shelter of the paternal bosom, to conceal her tears and blushes as she spoke.

Nathan Grey thrust her rudely from him, exclaiming—"Only dare to say that the godless reprobate, George Wolfe, is the villain who has perverted you from your duty, and I renounce you for ever!"

"The nephew of my dear lost mother is neither a reprobate nor a villain," replied Mabel, firmly.

"He is a soldier," retorted her father, contemptuously.

"True, he has shed his blood for us both in perilous war, while we were enjoying the blessings and security of peace by our own fireside," observed Mabel.

"No child of mine shall ever wed a soldier," retorted the miller, "and of all soldiers him the least of all. I would rather see you laid in the cold grave, Mabel Grey, than behold you the wife of George Wolfe!"

"You know not how soon, my father, you may be called upon to witness the fulfilment of the alternative you prefer," said Mabel, bursting into tears. "These cheeks have already lost the bloom of health, and these eyes are dimmed with nightly weeping!"

"And all for love of a worthless fellow in a red coat," interrupted her father, rudely. "Go, mend thy way, Mabel Grey, and pray to God to give thee grace to overcome thy sinful idolatries, that thou mayst become worthy to be the helpmeet for a minister of the gospel, or else thou art no child of mine, and I will regard the stranger and wayfarer before thee!"

That evening Mabel Grey met her soldier-lover, with tear-stained cheeks and swollen eyes, and, with a voice broken by sobs, suggested the expediency of a final parting.

"It will soon come to that, Mabel," said George, sorrowfully; "my regiment is ordered to Lisbon."

Oh, how heroically Mabel Grey had resolved upon acting, when she thought it rested with herself alone to sacrifice the fond affections of her heart upon the shrine of duty! But when that fatal sentence met her ear, which assured her that parting was now a thing irrevocable, it seemed to her like the fearful and unexpected knell of every earthly hope. Her heart appeared to collapse with the mortal pang it brought; and when George whispered "You will be good to my poor mother, for my sake, Mabel, when I am far away," the colour faded from the quivering lip on which the faltering answer died away in inarticulate murmurs, and she sunk fainting on his bosom. And thus were the sad but happy lovers detected by the angry father of poor Mabel, who, with insults and reproaches, which no other man would have dared to address to the brave soldier of Waterloo, tore the still insensible girl from his supporting arms, and carried her into the house.

That night, when all eyes, even the tearful ones of Mabel Grey, were closed in sleep, Ashendale mill was discovered to be on fire; and, being a wooden structure, the flames soon communicated to the dwelling-house, which was presently enveloped in the devouring blaze, the red light of which beaconed the peaceful meadows and pastoral stream of the Waveney with a lurid brightness.

The miller was awakened from angry and disturbed dreams of his only child, by the terrific cry of "Fire!"

—a cry which has, of late, too frequently alarmed the once peaceful homesteads of Suffolk with midnight horrors. Alas, for the wickedness of those whose inflammatory representations have perverted the hearts of a manly and patient peasantry, and armed their hands with the deadly brands of incendiarism! Shall not a fearful reckoning be theirs one day, when they are called upon to give account at the tribunal of that Judge, from whose all-seeing eye nothing has been hidden?— and, even in this world, must not they who sow the whirlwind expect to reap the storm?

The miller of Ashendale was, as I have before intimated, a hard man to the poor. He was an unpopular person with all degrees, except the religious community of which he was a member, so that he had small chance of receiving voluntary assistance in his sore distress.

Paralyzed himself at the ruin he saw impending over him, he stood for some seconds gazing abstractedly at the roaring, rushing flames in which the fabric of the old mill was enswathed, till, mechanically following their fiery progress, his eye was attracted to the window of his daughter's chamber. At that very moment the casement fell in, and a volume of invading flames was impelled inward by a powerful gust of wind.

"My child — my child! — my precious Mabel! — will no one save her?" he exclaimed, in a suppressed shriek of agony at this appalling sight.

"Uncle!"—"Father!"—"She is safe!"—"I am safe; he has saved me!" was the heart-thrilling response to

the appeal of the distracted father, in the mingling voices of George Wolfe and his own sweet Mabel, who, blackened with smoke, and with scorched garments, stood before him.

"Bless you—bless you both, my children!" exclaimed, or rather sobbed, Nathan Grey, enfolding them both in one fervent embrace. Yet at that very moment something like an undefined suspicion that the conflagration had been caused by him, who had thus made himself instrumental in preserving his beloved child, crossed his mind; but the wild fiend-like yell of Goody Grimmer, exclaiming—"Ha ha! miller Grey, will you refuse to grind corn for the poor again?" bursting on his ear, broke the spell, and carried conviction with it as to the true author of the mischief; and the sudden disappearance of her eldest son, an ill-disposed youth of sixteen, who had been observed lurking about the mill the preceding evening, and has not been since seen at Ashendale, served to confirm the conclusion that he had been the guilty instrument of his mother's revenge.

The wretched woman was seized—but why should I speak of her? Let me rather gratify my readers with the assurance of the happiness of those faithful lovers, George Wolfe and Mabel Grey, the grateful father having purchased the discharge of his nephew from the regiment, and, with his own hand, bestowed upon him at the altar her whose life he had preserved at the peril of his own.

CARDOVAN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

A lowly child was Cardovan,
A child of ten years old;
Yet dark and thoughtful was his eye,
His spirit kind and bold.

No wealth had he, young Cardovan,
Save his father's book of prayer,
And the golden ring, of little worth,
Which his dead mother ware.

He had no home, young Cardovan,
An orphan child was he;
And yet no rich man said to him
"Come, be a son to me."

There was no one to counsel him,
No friend to hear his moan:
And Cardovan rose up, and went
Into the world alone.

"For the love of God," said Cardovan,
To a rich priest whom he met,
"Give me an alms, for it is night,
And I am fasting yet!"

The haughty priest looked down on him
With a hard unpitying eye;
The haughty priest went on his way,
And made him no reply.

For seven days on went Cardovan
Through the wild wood and the clear;
And at night he laid him down to rest
Among the herded deer.

Upon the eighth, young Cardovan
Saw riding by the way
A warrior on an armed steed,
In glittering, proud array.

A prayer sprang ready to his lips,
And forth he stretched his hand,
But then he knew that man of blood,
The spoiler of his land:

And to his dark and thoughtful eye
The human tears did start;
And he turned him as the warrior passed,
And sadder grew his heart.

Then at a lowly cottage door
He made his humble prayer;
But they with evil cruel words
Swore they had nought to spare.

Next at a castle's gate he prayed,
Where a hundred vassals wait;
But they called him thief and beggar-loon,
And drove him from the gate.

A heavy heart had Cardovan,
And the tears were in his eye;
And he went up to the green hill-top,
And laid him down to die.

But first he prayed a holy prayer,
To purify his mind,
And wished some blessed company
Might take him from mankind.

With an earnest heart prayed Cardovan,
And, when his prayer was said,
The fair round moon came up the sky,
And the stars paled over-head;
And he heard, beneath the green hill-top,
A low, sad voice that said: —

"Oh, I have not a book to read;
Not a page whereon to pore:

I have read all these from first to last,
And there are now no more!"

"Whoever thou art," said Cardovan,
"Come hither, up to me;
I have a book of goodly lore,
Which I will lend to thee."

With that stepped up a little old man,
With a mild and solemn look,
And, bending forth in eager haste,
He seized upon the book.

"Now, thank thee, child, for this new book,"
The old man gravely said;
"And whatever of good this book contains
Shall come upon thy head!"

Again by himself sits Cardovan
On the green hill-top so lone,
And the night-wind stirred the long grey moss
On many an ancient stone.

And the driving clouds came up the sky,
And the moonlight 'gan to pale,
When below the hill on either side
He heard a feeble wail.

And "Oh!" it said, "she is gone! is gone!
We shall not her regain;

She must bear again the woes of life,
Must suffer mortal pain;
For but a Christian widow's ring
Can bring her back again!"

"Oh! here it is!" cried Cardovan;
"Come hither up to me —
The ring my Christian mother wore,
And I will lend it ye!"

With that he saw all round about
Were thronging shapes of light,
More radiant than the opening flowers,
Or than the day more bright.

They were not creatures of the earth,
Too fair for human clay;
They were not angels of the sky,
And had not wings as they.

"Now, thank thee, thank thee, for thy ring!"
They cried with voices mild,
And gently raised him by the hand,
And stroked his hair and smiled.

"And well we will repay thee child;
Now follow where we go!"
And they led him to a far-off place,
But where he did not know.

It was no place upon the earth,
Nor was it in the air;
Some far-off place of happiness,
And yet they soon were there.

They made him eat of wheaten cakes,
Of fruits delicious, seven;
And as he ate and drank he thought
He was indeed in heaven.

They bathed him in a silver bath
Of water cool and sweet;
They poured rich odour on his hair,
And mild dews on his feet.

They laid him on a silken bed
Of down so soft and deep;
And dreams that were like paradise
Kept with him in his sleep.

PART II.

How long he dwelt in that fair place
Is not for me to say;
But the time went on in happiness
Like the passing of a day.

By the old man's side sits Cardovan,
And on a book doth pore;

"All books are wise," the old man spake,
"But here 's the soothest lore."

"I can teach thee nought, good Cardovan,
Which is not this book within;
Thou art armed enough for mortal strife
And victory over sin!"

Then he opened at the page which told
How Christ high heaven forsook,
And for the sake of human sin
A human semblance took;
And how he lived and how he died
He read from out the book.

"I can teach no more, good Cardovan,"
Said the old man solemnly,
"And the book which thou before didst lend
I now restore to thee;
Thou art armed enough for mortal strife,
And righteous victory!"

On his hand they put the golden ring;
And the simple Cardovan,
No longer he is a little child
But a tall and fair young man.

"Thou hast been tried and purified,"
Said they, "and unto thee

Is gathered the wealth which only lies
Amid adversity!"

Then they gave him gifts of highest price,
An upright heart of truth,
The wisdom of the wisest age
With the ardency of youth.

He stood once more on the green hill-top
Upon a morning bright,
And many a year and more had passed,
Though it seemed but yesternight.

Now, who is brave like Cardovan,
Who brave like him and good?
He hath redeemed the groaning land
From that fierce man of blood.

"Thou shalt be king, brave Cardovan,
So bold, so wise, so true!"
But he put the proffered crown aside
And to the hill withdrew.

And, there upon the green hill-top
He knelt awhile apart;
And with his God communed in pray'r,
And with his upright heart.

"I may not be your king!" he said;
"For this I was not sent;

There is another work for me;
A nobler government."

Now, who is wise, like Cardovan,
For a learned man is he;
And they marvel whence he got his lore
Without a priest's degree.

And far and wide throughout the land
Good Cardovan doth go,
To preach the love of Jesus Christ
Both unto high and low.

The haughty priest bowed down to him,
Who scorned him so before,
And at the feet of Cardovan
Learnt humbler, better lore.

He blessed the poor, good Cardovan
Who had been poor as they;
And the land that once was desolate
Like Eden round him lay.

All loved him as a long-tried friend;
All blessed the life he led;
And little children left their play
To hear the words he said.

Through long, long years lived Cardovan
Uncaught by earthly snare;

And ever was the lone hill-top
His favourite place of prayer.

And when he died they buried him
Beneath the hill-top stone;
But one as pure as Cardovan
Again was never known.

A PORTRAIT.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

BY DELTA.

I KNEW a lady once, and she was fair
As evening's star, or lily of the stream;
The holy lustre of an Angel's dream
Slept in her deep blue eyes and sunny hair;
Yet sorrow in her soul oft lay inurned,
Like rose-bud canker hidden from the sun.
And many a sleepless hour she passed for one,
Whose love — albeit unworthy — she returned;
Absence divided them, and Fortune frowned —
Yet, though in Separation's shade she dwelt,
Far from his presence, mournful and alone,
Still at the altar of that Faith she knelt —
That Constancy must yet be richly crowned.
Wouldst thou her name? — Beloved, 't is thine own!

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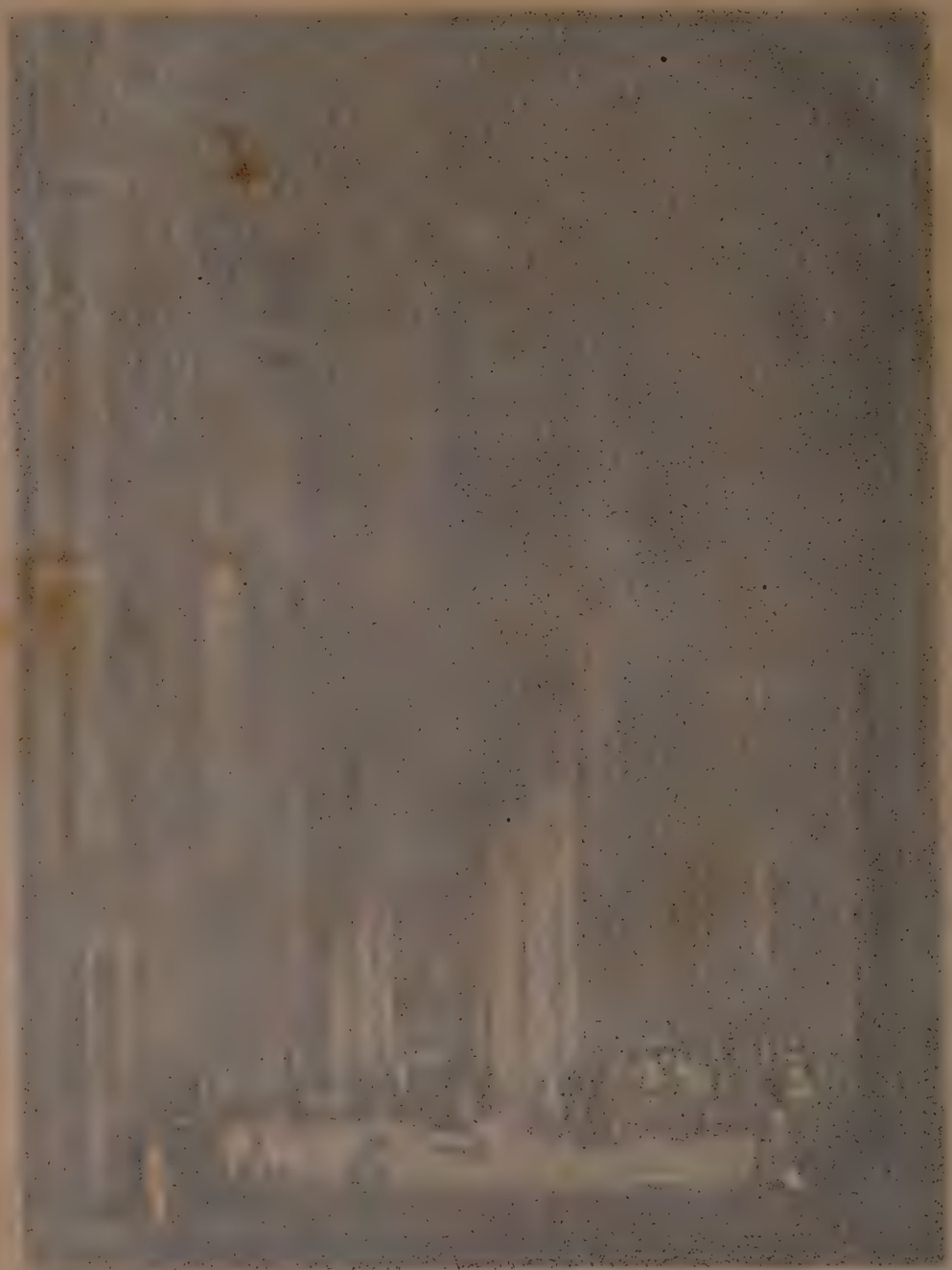
MILAN CATHEDRAL



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

BY HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

THIS is, indeed, a temple worthy of the religion to which it is consecrated. No one, I believe, ever entered the porch of a great Gothic Cathedral without experiencing, as he surveyed the "long drawn" aisles and far stretching columns, a loftier devotion, and a more intense feeling of the insignificance of life and of the majesty and grandeur of eternity. The massive but beautiful pillars seem to defy alike the power of man to rear and of time to destroy, and shadow forth the imperishable nature of the religion whose sanctuary they uphold. The mind is filled with admiration and enthusiasm; enthusiasm the more lofty, because it is mingled with religion; and admiration the more intense, since it is accompanied by the thought that so frail a creature as man should be able to perpetuate his memory for ever.

Milan has ever been considered as offering one of the noblest specimens of this kind of building. It has vastness, which, of all the attributes of Gothic architecture, is the most imposing; for it is one of the parents of sublimity. But to this highest attribute it unites others, which are more usually found in the

smaller remains — profusion and perfection of ornament; and, in the variety of its marbles and the multitude of its statues, it has claims which are almost exclusively its own.

Of the perfection of the accompanying illustration I shall say nothing; because nothing that I could say would be half so graphic as the pencil of Prout and the burin of Carter. I have seen it, as it is here represented, a hundred times; the very groups and single figures seem familiar to me. I see the half kneeling friar, the adoring countryman, the wondering stranger, and the crowds of real or seeming devotees, assembled before the altars. Among my many visits to this splendid monument one has left an impression not likely to be speedily effaced.

It was sunset when I entered: the place was filled with a "dim religious light." The groups had all retired; and even the most favourite and complaisant saints were deserted: a few departing footsteps were still heard; and, occasionally, the swing and closing of the little door showed that I was more and more alone. One countryman only remained. It might be he whom you see in the foreground, in an attitude of deep devotion, his hat reverentially laid on the floor by his side. He was so deeply engaged with his devotions that he either did not or would not appear to observe my approach; and I waited until he had concluded that I might accost him. Few finer countenances have I ever seen, few more intellectual: and, engaged, as

he then was, in a holy exercise, he would have served a Caracci for the portrait of a youthful saint, newly gained to Heaven by the ill usage of the world.

"This," said I, as he rose from his knees, "is a blessed resort for those who have been too rudely buffeted by the world; and it is truly a humane regulation of your Church that her temples are ever open to her afflicted children."

"Alas, Signore!" said he, "some misfortunes are so heavy that even the consolations of such a place as this are not able to make us forget them."

"But, perhaps," said I, "more able to bear them. You, my friend, appear yet too young to have suffered so severely as your manner of speech would indicate."

"In youth, sir," returned he, "we feel more acutely than in age. They say, indeed, that youthful minds sooner get over misfortune: God grant I may find it so!"

We had now reached the little swing-door; and my companion held it open to let me pass. I stopped without, and held it back in my turn, to prevent its closing with violence: he appeared to feel the little act of courtesy. There were a few benches in the porch, and, sitting down, I made room for him beside me. Gradually, as we conversed, he slid into the topic of his misfortune; and I collected from him the following few simple details. His father was a small proprietor, and he an only son. Giacinta, his orphan cousin, his playmate from infancy, lived in his father's house: and he and Giacinta, tenderly loving each other, were be-

trothed with the consent of his parents. She was all that beauty and innocence could make her, and loved him with the confiding fondness of a first love. The wedding-day arrived, the morn, so wished for by the lover, so full of joys and fears to the youthful bride. They rode to the neighbouring church, a large and joyful cavalcade: and Giacinta was given to her adorer. Days of rapture and years of happiness were before them. But it was otherwise ordained. Returning homeward, the horse of Giacinta, in descending into the bed of a brook, made a false step and fell; in his struggles to rise he placed a foot on the chest of the prostrate bride. She never breathed more.

When Alberto, my companion, finished his afflicting narrative in these words—"She never breathed more," —an expression of such intense agony passed over his countenance as never have I witnessed before or since. His was, indeed, a calamity of no ordinary kind.

SONG.

Oh do not sing me such a lay,
So deeply touch'd with sorrow;
It tells me hopes I feel to-day
Will not be felt to-morrow.

My heart would still to joys incline
Which Fancy brings before me,
That scenes of bliss which once were mine
Years hence will yet restore me.

THE BEAR OF CARNIOLA.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

The incidents of the following tale, romantic as they may appear, are attested by the chroniclers of the country, and verified by the existing monuments of the times in which they are laid.

One evening, in winter, the Emperor Maximilian was seated at table, surrounded by the principal lords of his court. The night was far advanced, and many a brimming goblet had given birth to many a lively sally. One by one had been toasted the noted beauties of the day, each toast being seasoned with the scandal of the times, and each anecdote heightening the hilarity of the guests. The Empress herself, it was said, had not been spared, so much boldness had the generous wine of Hungary given to the drinkers, and tolerance to the monarch. Carelessly reclining in his chair, lined with embroidered skins, one hand of the prince played with the fair ringlets of a page, who stood by his side, whilst he listened with a smile to the story of a beautiful Baroness of Ebersdorff. A sudden noise arose at the door of the chamber. The two men-at-arms who guarded the entrance reeled, as if flung aside by a powerful effort; and a knight of lofty stature, wearing over his hauberk a huge bear-skin, strode boldly up the hall, and paused within three steps of the Emperor.

"Who is this insolent intruder," cried the enraged monarch, "who dares thus to penetrate into my presence, and beat down my guards? — Does he know before whom he stands?"

"He does," replied the stranger, bluntly. "You are the Emperor; and if it be *my* duty to obey your commands as supreme head of the empire, and to serve you in your wars, it is *yours* to do me justice when I need it. And can I find for my demand a time more fitting than when you are embarrassed by no business, by no cares, and engaged in no more pressing occupation than that of drinking and taking your pleasure?"

Maximilian darted around the assembly glances flashing with astonishment and anger. "Will none of you," he cried, "tell me who is this strange petitioner; who appears here as if he had fallen from the sky, and speaks as haughtily — God pardon me! — as if he were an elector of the Holy Empire?"

An aged knight, who, in spite of copious libations, still retained some presence of mind, at length broke silence. "Sire," said he, "if the somewhat savage dress which distinguishes this bold knight did not of itself identify him, his bearing and his language would proclaim him to be the noble Herrmann, Lord of Lueg, commonly called The Bear of Carniola."

"I begin to understand," said the Emperor; "the Bear has quitted his forests, allured by the scent of our imperial kitchen. Lord of Lueg, your little castle

is far from Vienna; what pressing motive has driven you to this journey?—Is it hunger or cold?—Or have a few robbers taken your domain by assault, and have you come to apply for some dozen of our men to aid you in reconquering your heritage?"

"In my castle," replied the indignant Herrmann, "we suffer neither from hunger nor from cold. If it should please your majesty to honour it with a visit, I take upon myself to feast you and your retinue with fresh meats, green vegetables, and juicy fruits, in that rigorous season when, as I here perceive, your majesty's table is covered only with confectionary and dried fruits. As for an attack on my castle by a few robbers, so far from needing your majesty's aid in such a peril, I should not be afraid to undertake its defence against your majesty's self, in case you should take it into your head to besiege it with your entire army."

A long and unanimous burst of laughter replied to this declaration of the knight's. Maximilian himself, in spite of his efforts, was compelled to join in the general merriment. Herrmann's eyes flashed fire upon the assembly; and when they fell upon the Emperor it was evident that respect for his authority alone restrained the utterance of his indignation. The monarch at length perceived that the dignity of his rank was suffering from this scene, and he assumed a tone more befitting himself, as he again addressed the knight.

"High and puissant Lord of Lueg," he said, "who possess such mighty riches, and a fortress of such

strength, what can you have to ask at hands weak as ours?"

"I have said it, sire — Justice! — justice on one of your vassals, who has deeply wronged me!"

The Emperor frowned. "Justice," he murmured; "that eternal word, justice, is ever in all their mouths. One would think, to hear them, that a sovereign once seated on the throne of the Cæsars had no future occupation save that of listening to complaints. Herrmann! could not you, after the practice of so many of your class, do yourself justice? — and, if not, think you that you have chosen a place and an hour the most fitting to put the wisdom of our judgment to the proof?"

"The rank of the offender," gravely replied the knight, "did not permit me to take justice into my own hands, until I had first tried the effect of an appeal to your sovereign decision. As for the time and place which I have chosen, they seem to me fitting, since your majesty can at once hear the parties, and form your opinion, my adversary being now in your presence."

"Here!" cried the Emperor; "your foe here! — who, then, is he?"

"Behold him!" cried Herrmann, pointing to the noble who sat on the monarch's right hand; "I demand justice against the grand marshal, the Count Pappenheim!"

"Pappenheim," exclaimed the Emperor, "thou hearest! What dealings can there be between the

Bear of Carniola and thee?—How hast thou wronged him?"

The grand marshal, according to his custom, was the least sober of the company. He had arrived at that middle state, between sleeping and waking, in which it is alike fatiguing to hear, to speak, or to think. At his master's question, however, he raised his eyes heavily, gazed stupidly on Herrmann for a moment, then let them fall again, and replied, in a voice broken by hiccough, "I never saw the man in my life—I have no dealings with him."

"More than you think, Count Pappenheim," said Herrmann. "It may be that you know *me* not; but you have not forgotten the young girl whom you carried off last summer from the monastery of Inspruck, and foully abandoned at Salzburg."

"A young girl carried off! Is this true, Pappenheim?" said the Emperor mildly to his favourite. "By my faith, another of thy wild tricks this! Wilt thou be for ever incorrigible?"

The grand marshal made a prodigious effort at attention, and sought from amid the chaos which the wine had produced in his brain to muster a few recollections. At length he appeared to have succeeded, for he made an attempt at a smile, and murmured, in an under-voice, "At Salzburg! Oh, Ida! the charming girl!—Ay, by my faith, she *was* handsome!"

"That Ida," cried Herrmann, in a voice which sounded as if it issued from a tomb—"that Ida whom

her beauty has plunged into the ruin which you prepared for her — that Ida was my own blood — my only child — the last scion of the house of Lueg!"

At these words, a deep silence fell upon the assembly, and its gaiety went out, as by a sudden chill. The face of the Emperor became grave, and his voice was solemn and kind when he again spoke to Herrmann.

"Knight of Lueg," he said, "the charge which you prefer against our grand marshal is a heavy one. This matter shall be investigated with scrupulous care; but, at this moment, Pappenheim is, as you see, in no condition to reply. Return to-morrow, and we will take counsel on the means of healing this grievous wound."

"And how, then, does your majesty imagine that a quarrel like this can be reconciled?" vehemently asked the knight of Carniola.

"Only by proportioning the reparation to the greatness of the outrage and to the rank and fortune of the offender," replied the Emperor.

"One only reparation is possible!" vociferated Herrmann, in a voice hoarse from the concentration of many feelings. "And, oh! that I should be driven to receive *that* from a man degraded by debauch, like him whom I now see before me! But honour sways all other feelings. Your majesty has heard from that drunkard's mouth the avowal of his crime and the proof of my wrong. There needs no counsel, and can

be no delay. Here, on this spot, and at this moment, your majesty will order the Count Pappenheim to espouse my daughter, whom he has seduced and dishonoured."

There was a moment's silence, during which the guests whispered with each other. The grand marshal gazed by turns on the Emperor and the knight, and seemed suddenly to comprehend what was passing: for, bursting into a drunken laugh, he exclaimed, "I! — I marry Ida! — Ha! ha!"

The Emperor darted on him an indignant look, and for an instant seemed uncertain how to act. At length he turned towards the knight, with that air of princely dignity which he could assume upon occasion, and thus addressed him: "Lord of Lueg — were it even fully demonstrated that your complaint is well-founded — that all the blame is on the side of the grand marshal alone — that your daughter is, in truth, the victim of seduction, carried on by artifice and crowned by perfidy — and were I — overlooking all the difficulties which stand in the way of this unequal union — to employ all my authority in compelling him to contract it — he could not obey me. Pappenheim *is* married."

As he spoke, a sudden and deadly paleness overspread the face of Herrmann of Lueg, and his teeth chattered as with mortal cold. A violent spasm shook his whole frame; and a sort of growl struggled from his throat, which made the assembly shudder. Even the intoxication of Pappenheim seemed to vanish

before the savage aspect of his furious accuser. He half rose from his seat, and gazed on his foe with a livid lip and a quailing eye. At a sign from the Emperor, two of the guards had placed themselves by the side of Herrmann, who struggled fearfully with the feelings that for many seconds were his uncontrolled masters. At length, and after terrible efforts, he succeeded in regaining articulation; and his voice, broken and interrupted at first by the strong contest of the passions, grew clear as he proceeded, and, before he ceased, was loud, and wild, and shrill, as when he shouted his war-cry in the rush and whirlwind of the fight.

"Married! — monster! — my poor, poor, Ida! — lost! — for ever lost! — no more then of reparation! — no more appeals to justice! — but blood! — vengeance! — vile seducer! To the sanctuary of this palace thou owest it that this moment is not the last of thy life! But I defy thee! — Count of Pappenheim, I defy thee to mortal combat, afoot or on horse, with lance, sword, and dagger! Take my battle-gage — and be it a presage of thine overthrow!"

While thus speaking, Herrmann had loosed from his arm a heavy gauntlet of iron, and, as he finished, he hurled it with prodigious force in the face of the grand marshal. The blow was so violent that Pappenheim, overthrown, fell on the breast of the Emperor, bathing the royal garments with his blood. His left temple was beaten in by the stroke of the terrible gauntlet.

A momentary spasm convulsed him—his limbs stiffened —and there remained in the arms of Maximilian only the corpse of his favourite.

The spectators rushed forward with cries of horror and affright, and the next movement was to seize the murderer. But he was gone. One of the guards was rising slowly from the floor, on which he had been flung; and the other yet staggered under a blow which Herrmann had dealt him as he retreated. Some of the party hurried into the hall, in the hope of overtaking the knight before he could pass the guards stationed at the palace gates; but it was soon discovered that he had entered these apartments by a door communicating with the exterior of the palace, which, being usually kept closed, was left unguarded, and that he had thus effected his unobstructed escape.

On the following morning, the trumpets of the heralds sounded in the streets of Vienna; and they proclaimed a reward of four hundred golden ducats to any one who should bring in, dead or alive, the knight Herrmann of Lueg, murderer of the grand marshal. Orders were also dispatched to the governors and councils of the different towns of the empire, to seize him wherever he might be found. The funeral of the Count Pappenheim was celebrated with great pomp, and the mausoleum raised to his memory may still be seen in the cathedral of St. Stephen.

A month passed away without tidings of the knight of Carniola. At the end of that time, the following

report from the commander of the district of Laybach was transmitted to the imperial chancery: —

According to intelligence which I have obtained, it appears that the knight Herrmann of Lueg passed through this town about three weeks ago. In his company was a young girl, who travelled on a pillion behind him. They were met by two inhabitants of Idria, in the morning, a few miles from this place, on the mountain. The horse, worn out with fatigue, had broken down; and Herrmann was in the act of abandoning it, carrying in one hand his cloak-bag, and with the other supporting the young girl, who appeared to be very weak and ill, and whom the peasants believe to have been his daughter. They lost sight of the travellers amid the winding paths which lead to the castle of Lueg.

On the receipt of this information, I sent a sergeant and ten men-at-arms to seize the murderer in his den. The sergeant has not returned, and one only of his ten companions has this morning come back, bringing the following extraordinary particulars: —

Though the castle of Lueg is but a day's journey from this place, the men were unable to reach their destination before the second evening. The difficulty of advancing at this season of the year, by paths buried in snow, cut through gloomy forests and along abrupt precipices, was partly the cause of this delay; but it was greatly increased by the absolute necessity of seeking guides and the great difficulty of procuring them. The peasants of the neighbourhood, apprised of the purpose of the expedition, fled at the approach of the soldiers; and the women only remained behind, who assured them that the castle was impregnable, and defended by unearthly powers. In the end, however, a young peasant was forcibly placed at the head of the detachment, and compelled to show the way to the fortress. Arrived at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands,

the soldiers began to climb the narrow and dangerous road which conducts to its principal entrance; but, before they had proceeded far, they were stopped by a wall of snow, of fearful height, and extending directly across their path. Whilst they were seeking some means of passing this barrier, their attention was attracted by a sound overhead; and, looking up, they saw (says the soldier) a troop of bears, furiously pawing amid the snow, and growling defiance, as it were, against the assailants. While their attention was riveted upon this strange sight, the terrified guide fled, and the surviving soldier was directed by his sergeant to pursue. This order saved his life; for, at the moment he overtook the peasant, the wall of snow was shaken behind him, and an avalanche, huge as a mountain, overwhelmed his miserable companions. He affirms that at this moment he heard the hideous roar of the bears rise up like a shout of victory, and that he saw the animals fly like shadows toward the pinnacle of the rock. The dreadful and momentary scene was succeeded by an awful silence; and the two sole survivors returned to make their report of it to me. Every where on their route this singular catastrophe only served to confirm the terrified peasants in their previous belief—that the castle of Lueg is protected by supernatural agents.

Upon receipt of this report, the Aulic Council of War dispatched immediate orders to the military governor of Carniola, to invest the castle of Lueg, to destroy it by fire and sword, and to seize all, without exception, who should be found within its walls. But, before this order reached him, circumstances still more extraordinary than those which we have narrated had occurred to strengthen the belief of the neighbourhood in the magic resources of the castle.

On the morning which succeeded the mission of the former expedition, the inhabitants of Wipach, a village in Upper Italy, situate to the left of the road leading from Udine to Laybach, and more than twelve miles from Lueg, discovered on the entrance-steps of their church, in the public square, ten sleeping men. They were recognised by their dress as soldiers of the imperial guard; but, on awaking them, it was found impossible to learn from them the motive of their entering the states of Venice, then in profound peace with the Emperor. As they appeared to be suffering and exhausted, the local magistrate ordered refreshments to be distributed to them, and furnished them on the following day with a conveyance to Adelsberg, the nearest imperial town, where they were taken before the commandant of the castle. To his unbounded astonishment, they turned out to be the sergeant and the nine soldiers who were believed to have been lying for two days beneath the snow in the gloomy valley of Lueg.

No rational or satisfactory account of their strange adventure could, however, be extracted from the men. They were separately examined, and unanimous in declaring that they were ignorant of the means by which they had been brought to Italy; having no consciousness of any thing which had happened to them since they were stricken insensible by the falling snow. They appeared to be quite as much astonished at the event and at their present situation as their interro-

gators. One of them related, as the confused and wandering recollection of a painful dream, that he had been in hell; where he had beheld demons dancing round a huge fire, and been forced to swallow burning liquids; and all were firmly persuaded that they had been under the influence of evil spirits, who had ultimately carried them through the air, and laid them down in the square of Wipach.

The governor, however, despising the popular rumours, set about executing his orders, and, in person, led a body of troops to the siege of Lueg. He took with him two very light pieces of artillery, of a kind then recently come into use, called falconets; and made all possible arrangements for supplying his camp with provisions as amply as the severity of the season and the sterility of the country would permit.

The castle of Lueg is built in an immense hollow, formed by nature in the face of a perpendicular rock, at about two thirds of its height, the sides of which shelter it in every direction, except towards the east. From the almost inaccessible summit of the mountain which overhangs it a stone would fall to the bottom of the hollow, passing in front of the castle, but without striking it. It cannot be seen from the foot of the rock, or from the valley which it commands, and is visible only from the surrounding heights, which are at too great a distance for artillery planted on them to bear upon the fortress. At the time of which we speak, a narrow path, cut in the face of the rock, and winding

in many zigzags, was the only one which afforded access to the castle; and it was at the entrance to this path that the soldiers first sent against Herrmann had been overwhelmed by the falling snow.

Having reconnoitered the fortress, and decided that it was inaccessible by any other way than the winding path in front, the governor signified his approach to the besieged by a discharge of arquebuses and artillery. The balls broke off some splinters from the rock; but not one of them reached the castle, which, at this point, as we have said, was invisible to the engineers. Guards were placed on all the adjacent heights; the neighbouring forests were in vain explored in all directions, to ascertain if no other road than that which we have described could be discovered; and, as this only path was completely choked up with ice and snow, and a single man could, under such circumstances, have readily stopped the advance of an entire army along its narrow and sinuous defiles, the governor deemed it advisable to convert the siege into a blockade, and endeavour, by the aid of famine, to conquer those whom nature had taken pains to defend by so extraordinary a position.

It was drawing towards the close of December; the cold was piercing, and the tents of the besiegers afforded very inadequate shelter. Their provisions, brought from a considerable distance, were mostly frozen on the way. At the same time, the thick smoke which rose from the castle overhead indicated that its

occupants possessed all the requisites for defending themselves against the severity of the season. To the shouts of menace which were directed against them they had only replied by mocking cries. Each evening, the echoes of a falconet, discharged by the besiegers to awaken the attention of their outposts, resounded through the valley; and it was invariably replied to by a similar discharge from the castle; after which the soldiers occasionally fancied they could hear the sentinels relieved on the Alpine platform overhead.

Things continued in this state till towards the beginning of March; and the governor felt assured that the besieged could not possibly hold out much longer; for he had learned that the castle was but slenderly provisioned at the moment of its investment, and that Herrmann had not had time or opportunity for collecting stores. His conjectures appeared about to be realised, when, after a siege of more than sixty days, he beheld, one morning, a white flag planted at the summit of the path which led to the castle, and two or three unarmed men waving handkerchiefs over the parapet of the platform. Convinced that the besieged were making signals of surrender, he sent two officers to meet their flag of truce and conduct the bearers into the camp. At the same time, he perceived advancing down the tortuous path a superintendent and four men, bearing large baskets on their shoulders, which they finally deposited at the foot of the rock. Their leader at the same time delivered a dispatch for

the governor, and then with the rest of the envoys immediately began to reclimb the precipice.

The baskets and the dispatch were carried to the camp. The latter contained a letter from Herrmann to the governor, counselling him to abandon his useless enterprise, and save himself and his soldiers from perishing with cold, in the attempt to blockade a fortress defended by a power mightier than that of the sovereign who had sent him. It condoled with him on the numberless privations to which he had been subjected in the discharge of his difficult duty; and knowing, said the letter, how much the governor must suffer from the scarcity of provisions in this rude season, the writer requested his cordial acceptance of the little present therewith sent — which present he undertook to renew, during the continuance of the inclement weather, as often as the governor would do him the honour to accept it.

After the reading of this singular epistle, the baskets were opened. The first was filled with Cyprus wines, Italian liqueurs, and choice confections; the second, with fish of various kinds, which appeared to have left its native element but a few hours; the third, with oranges and lemons of great beauty and excellent quality; and the fourth enclosed green herbs, salads fresh gathered, and strawberries and raspberries in full ripeness.

The surprise which this extraordinary gift excited in the camp soon resolved itself into a participation,

by no means equivocal, of the popular terrors on the part of the soldiers, who could not help attributing to sorcery that which it was impossible to account for by natural means. A few days afterwards, the governor, having determined to accept the challenge of Herrmann, for the purpose of ascertaining how far it might be mere bravado, requested a supply of fresh provisions for the festival of Mid-Lent, which, he reminded the knight, was a *flesh*-day; and to this demand Herrmann replied by sending him the four quarters of an ox and a dozen roasted lambs. The murmurs of the soldiers rose louder with their increased conviction of the magic defences opposed to them; and there was great reason to apprehend that the panic which had spread among them would render the further prosecution of the enterprise useless. The governor, however, had come to a different conclusion; and, on the same day, he wrote to his court the assurance of a speedy and successful termination to the siege, in consequence, he said, of circumstances which had just been communicated to him.

The severe season was drawing towards its close. The snow yet covered the whole of the Julian Alps, amid which the castle of Lueg is situated; its streams and lakes were still frozen. But, at the southern foot of this chain, the soil of Italy had begun to put on its garb of greenness. The wood-cutters of Carniola were still shut up closely in their smoky cabins, while the dwellers on the banks of the Isonce, at only a

few leagues' distance, had already spread themselves abroad over the fields, and, cheered by the earliest beams of a March sun, resumed their rustic occupations.

In the little town of Gorice, the capital of that happy country, had, for many years, resided an honest disciple of Esculapius, who, in the quiet and benevolent exercise of his useful art, had conciliated the respect and affections of the simple people amongst whom he dwelt. And truly did the Doctor Belgarbo deserve the reputation which he enjoyed, and which had somehow spread beyond the neighbourhood which might have seemed to be the natural limit of its influence. An exterior somewhat rude, and manners which had taken their tone and forms from the mountains, were combined with an upright spirit and a gentle heart. To his skill as a physician he added the fidelity and the judgment which made him a sure and fast friend, and, in cases of difficulty, a safe and prudent counsellor.

It was towards the close of Lent, in the year which witnessed the events just narrated, that a servant in livery, and leading by the bridle a riderless horse, richly caparisoned, stopped one morning at the doctor's gate. He was the bearer of a letter, written in the most pressing terms, which intreated Belgarbo to set out without delay for a castle in the neighbourhood of Idria, in order to employ the resources of his skill in behalf of a lady of rank, who was severely indisposed. Not unaccustomed to such summonses, the doctor at

once took his cloak and case of instruments; and, having delivered a few instructions to the assistant, who supplied his place during his short absences, he mounted the horse brought for him, and set out with his guide in the direction of Germany.

After a few hours' riding, they passed through the village of Wipach, and about sunset arrived at the extremity of the valley leading to the foot of the mountains, over which lies the road into Carniola.

During their ride, the doctor had time to remember that the letter mentioned neither the name of the sick lady nor that of the place to which he was thus suddenly summoned; and he had more than once endeavoured to extract some information on these subjects from his guide. But the man either could not or would not give him any further explanation than the assurance that they should reach the place of their destination on that same evening.

At length, at the entrance of a very confined gorge, and on the brink of a stream whose noisy waters were crossed by a rude bridge, his guide turned aside, and struck into a narrow and difficult defile to the right, following the edge of the torrent in a direction contrary to its course, and penetrating among steep and abrupt rocks whose bases formed its rough bed. The doctor could not help feeling some surprise that such a path should lead to any habitation; in fact, after a few minutes of travel, the by-road itself disappeared at the foot of a perpendicular cliff, whose lofty and abrupt

front was separated by a kind of esplanade, only a few fathoms in breadth, from a precipice, at whose dark foot the torrent flowed with a dismal sound. Here his guide paused and dismounted, directing the doctor to do the same. "The rest of our journey," said he, "can be performed only on foot."

The doctor threw a distrustful and uneasy glance around him. The sun had sunk below the visible horizon; but, by the imperfect light which still lingered in the heavens, he perceived, at a few paces' distance, the entrance of a low cavern. While his eye was fixed upon it, two men issued from its mouth, and began silently busying themselves about the horses, the bridles of which they tied to the hanging shrubs which clung to the face of the rock. Their spatterdashes of leather, and caps made of the skin of the wild-boar, gave them the appearance of miners; but they wore, besides, over their shoulders, each a bear-skin cloak, reaching down to the waist.

By the time, however, that he had completed his hurried survey, his guide had struck a light; and, the men who had issued from the cavern having kindled two torches, he turned to Belgarbo, and, with a motion of the finger, directed him to enter the subterranean passage. The doctor was a man of resolution; and, without giving way to unnecessary alarm at the somewhat extraordinary position in which he found himself, he resolved to break its mystery. Turning to his conductor, he addressed him in a firm tone and manner.

"I came here to visit a sick lady in a knightly castle," he said, "and not to explore gloomy caverns with unknown companions. Unless the object for which I have been brought hither, the place to which it is proposed to conduct me, and the names of the parties having need of my services, be explained to me in clear terms, I refuse to proceed further, and will at once endeavour to retrace the road by which I have been led into this wild place."

"You are wrong," said his guide, in a mild tone, "to distrust us. No danger awaits you. The master whom I serve has, in truth, placed himself in *your* power, since I have conducted you, without taking any precautions for secrecy, into a place, which it is of high importance to him that no stranger should know. My orders are to lead you into his presence; but I am forbidden to employ any means of compulsion. If you persist in your refusal to follow us, it will be my duty to conduct you back to Gorice, without further condition on your part than your word of honour never to point out to living man the spot on which we now stand. But, trust me, should you complete the journey, you will find no cause to repent it. My master is generous, and will freely requite the services he seeks at your hands — to say nothing of the urgency with which humanity calls on you to exert the powers of your art for a beautiful and unhappy lady, whose real danger alarms all who love and grieves all who serve her."

During this harangue, the doctor fixed his eyes searchingly on the open countenance and composed features of the speaker; and the deep and earnest gaze appeared to satisfy him. As the man proceeded, his reluctance seemed gradually to vanish; and the concluding words determined him to pursue the adventure at all hazards. Though past the age of passion or enthusiasm, the image of a young and suffering woman had still a powerful interest for the doctor; and the sentiment of manly pity was, on the present occasion, strongly reinforced by that of curiosity, which, also, the doctor had not outlived. After a short pause, therefore, he expressed his willingness to follow his conductors.

They then entered the cavern. The miners led the way, one of them carrying a torch, and the other a plank, which served as a bridge for passing over the gaps and fissures, which in many places crossed their path. The doctor followed, and the order of march was closed by his travelling companion carrying the other torch.

After a progress of a few minutes, the vault seemed to terminate; and the two leaders, having removed with great effort a huge block of stone, which turned on a secret pivot, discovered a low and narrow passage, which could only be entered singly and in a stooping posture. This inconvenient path, after some hundreds of paces, opened into an immense hall, whose sides, embellished with stalactites of varied and grotesque

forms, reflected in all directions the glare of the flambeaux, and produced the effect of a thousand lights.

The floor of this immense cavern was traversed in its centre by a torrent which flowed through a fissure in the rock. Having crossed this melancholy stream by means of the plank, the path passed at some little distance from its banks over a narrow ledge, suspended, as it were, above a dark precipice, whose depth could only be guessed at; and, after having led them painfully up a steep and toilsome ascent, terminated, at length, in a series of caverned halls of different dimensions, whose varied incrustations and transparent columns, startled into splendour by the lights which they carried, almost blinded them with their sudden and dazzling brilliancy. Their progress continued long amid the windings of this vast and splendid labyrinth; and the amazed doctor would gladly have paused more than once both for rest and that he might examine more closely these natural wonders. His guides, however, walked silently and steadily on; and the echoes of their footsteps died solemnly and mournfully away amid the far recesses and beneath the vast and gloomy vaults.

The wearied doctor at length began to think that this subterranean maze was to have no end. It appeared to him, judging from the fatigue and hunger which he began to feel, that he must have walked for many hours along this damp and dangerous floor, when he found himself at the entrance of a corridor, whose

sides, hewn and wrought with care and regularity, indicated, at length, the handiwork of man. At the further extremity of this artificial passage, a thick, iron door creaked on its massive hinges, and disclosed a flight of thirty or forty steps, at the foot of which the two peasants stopped. Up this staircase his first guide alone preceded him, carrying the light; and, on arriving at its summit, a small door, invisible without, was opened from within: and Belgarbo found himself in a saloon, magnificently furnished and warmed by a blazing fire, and in presence of a man of noble appearance, who advanced to meet him.

* * * * *

"By my faith," said the doctor, setting down his glass on the table at which he and his host were seated, "the honest fellow was right when he said that I should not repent following him, since I find myself once more in companionship with an old acquaintance — I think that I may venture to say a friend — of my youth. But why was I brought hither with such mysterious precautions? — and why by that infernal route? — A word of yours, Lord of Lueg, would have drawn me to you by the highway, which — unless I am out in my reckoning — must pass very near this hill-fortress of yours."

"I could not be sure," replied Herrmann, "that the memory of our ancient ties would suffice to determine you upon this expedition; and, in the event of your refusal, prudence required that my name should

not be disclosed to you. As for the way, it was impossible for me to select a more commodious one, the troops which besiege me occupying all the other approaches to the castle."

"You in a state of siege!" exclaimed the astonished doctor: "wherefore? — by whom?"

To these questions Herrmann replied by a recital of the events with which the reader is already acquainted, adding some particulars which he has yet to learn.

"The ten soldiers," said he, "who were buried beneath the avalanche which my people had prepared in front of the castle terrace, were speedily extricated from it. They were brought, in a state of insensibility, into this hall, and restored to life. Scarcely had they regained the use of their faculties, when we administered to them a sleeping potion, which, in their exhausted condition, soon reconsigned them to unconsciousness. In this state they were carried, by the same route which conducted you hither, till they reached the frontier of Italy. There, a faithful agent, with two covered cars, awaited them, conveyed them to Wipach, and laid them down in the market-place, while its inhabitants were buried in slumber. Thus did I contrive to get rid of these inconvenient guests, without the necessity for more bloodshed, and without compromising the important secret of my defence. With the exception of you alone — of the three men whom you have seen, and of whose fidelity and prudence I am assured — and of myself — no living being

knows the avenue by which you have reached this castle."

"And now," said the doctor, after a moment's pause, "what is your intention? Do you reckon upon holding out, with a dozen peasants, against the forces of his imperial majesty?"

"It would be mere madness!" said the knight. "A month hence, the ice and snow which render this castle unassailable will be dissolved, and the vigorous attack of a few hours would force an entrance. My design is to withdraw into the state of Venice, to which city I have already transmitted all that I can realize of my property."

"Then the sooner the better," said the doctor. "I marvel that, having a sure retreat at your back, you have not sooner taken the wise step on which you have resolved."

"Ten days ago," replied Herrmann, "I should have abandoned this castle but for the illness of my child, who appears to me too weak to bear removal. It is precisely to assist me in overcoming this difficulty that I have need of your skill. When you have seen my poor girl," continued he, ringing a bell which stood on the table, "you will tell me if it be possible, without destroying her life, to transport her by the route which you have travelled this evening. If not, I must stay here, and perish with Ida."

The large door of the saloon opened, and a servant appeared. "Tell my daughter," said the knight,

"that the physician whom I expected is here, and ask if she is ready to receive him."

The servant seemed scarcely conscious of the order which he had received; he remained as if turned into stone, with his eye fixed upon the doctor. The strangeness of his demeanour excited the notice of Belgarbo, who met the stupified gaze of the man, and in his turn began to scrutinize his features.

"Well!" cried Herrmann, "why do you linger there? — Did you not hear my commands?"

The servant left the room without uttering a word; and Herrmann was about to resume the conversation which his entrance had interrupted, when he was stopped by Belgarbo, who, laying his hand solemnly on the arm of the knight, inquired, in an earnest tone of voice, "Who is that man? — is he well known to you?"

"He is an old servant of our house," replied Herrmann, "who, since the siege, has discharged in this castle the functions of major-domo."

"Beware of him!" earnestly answered the doctor. "I have looked well upon the lines of his physiognomy, and they speak of no good."

The smile of an instant passed across the features of the knight of Lueg. "You must forgive me," he said, "if I suffer many years of faithful service to outweigh in my mind the loose and experimental rules of a conjectural science."

"Despise not those rules, though you know them not. I have been rarely deceived in their application.

Again I say, beware of that man! I have read him closely. The prominent cheek-bones, the thin lips, the pointed chin, the sunken eyes, the triangular forehead —these, when they come together, are the unfailing indices of treachery and crime."

"I will not dispute with you," said Herrmann. "I have, however, nothing to fear from that man. He is not one of those whom I intend to make the companions of my flight; and the secret of the subterranean outlet is entirely unknown to him. To this circumstance is owing the grotesque surprise which he exhibited on seeing you here, without being able to divine whence you could have sprung: and the place which I shall select for my retreat will remain equally unknown to him."

Belgarbo received these assurances as an homage paid to science by one whom he had succeeded in convincing; and the conversation returned to the subject which this incident had interrupted. "I have told you," said the knight, "that the declining health of my unhappy child is the only obstacle to my immediate departure. Since her arrival in this castle, my fair girl has drooped daily, and our coming was too sudden for me to make the necessary arrangements for her comfort. I am almost her sole attendant; and that circumstance has forced me to see, more closely than I can well bear to think of, the bloom daily withering on her cheek, and the light fading in her eyes. My poor Ida, the sole remnant of my house, droops her

head like a dying lily. To all my representations of the necessity of our immediate removal she answers with looks which seem to assert its utter impossibility in her own case; and, when she implores me to leave her here, those same looks add, what her tongue spares me — to die! Doctor! the fortunes of my ancient and unstained house have waned with that sweet and, I fear me, dying girl. But I cannot leave her here to the chances of that which must ensue upon my departure; and, if her removal cannot be effected with safety, then must Maximilian avenge his minion, and I must remain and perish with the blossom I have reared in vain."

"It shall go hard," said the doctor, after a pause, which did not redeem his voice from faltering — "it shall go hard but we will contrive to remove her as far as my dwelling at Gorice, where she can remain in safety and secresy till the soft breath of our Italian air has enabled me to restore her to her father, with the roses of the south upon her cheek."

"Could that be effected," said Herrmann, straining the hand of his old and kind friend, "I should owe you a larger debt of gratitude than I could ever pay. But see my child, and judge for yourself. This man will conduct you to my daughter."

The major-domo had just entered, with a lamp in his hand. The doctor rose, and, approaching him, sought to resume the course of his physiognomical observations upon the repulsive features of the man;

but the major-domo escaped further examination for the present, by turning round to lead the way towards the apartment of the Lady Ida: and a moment afterwards the doctor found himself alone with his young and beautiful patient.

When Belgarbo returned into the saloon his cheek was pale, and his eye rose not to meet the glance of the anxious father.

"What think you of my daughter's state?" said the Lord of Lueg, earnestly. "May we prepare to depart?"

"I have arranged with the Lady Ida," said the doctor, "for our departure on the second day from hence.—Lord of Lueg!" he continued, looking quickly up, as he heard the deep and long-drawn inspiration which proclaimed that a heavy weight was taken from the listener's heart—"Herrmann of Lueg! I have no consolation to offer you. We will, at all events, try this journey. It is, on all accounts, necessary, and may be so conducted that Ida shall be no great sufferer from its fatigue. In my quiet dwelling she will be better than amid the anxieties which beset her here on your account; and remember, my friend," he concluded, as he took the hand of the knight, "remember that I speak of both hope and fear when I say that the soft air of the plains is essential to the Lady Ida."

There was a long pause: and the doctor was relieved from a silence which, understanding as he did its meaning, was growing painful to him, when it was

at length broken by the tolling of the castle bell. The knight raised his head at the sound, and, as he returned the grasp of Belgarbo's hand, his face was calm, and his voice clear, but mournful.

"Eleven. It is the hour in which this arm unintentionally but most justly slew that villain. He perished amid a debauch, all unprepared for the tribunal to which my rash hand dismissed him. That crime, each evening, at this hour, I strive to expiate. Go with me! let us pray for the soul of Pappenheim! — And," he added, after a moment's pause, but in a voice that had lost its clearness and trembled sensibly, "we will pray, too, for my daughter."

On leaving the hall, they were met by the majordomo, with a flambeau in his hand, who conducted them to the door of the chapel, a small edifice, of which it is indispensable, for the understanding of the subsequent events, that we should give some description.

At the extremity of the platform, or forecourt, of the castle of Lueg, on the side fronting its entrance, the rock is rent by a vertical fissure, visible from the outside, and descending to the level of the plain below. At the foot of this chasm, there existed, in ages prior to the time in which our narrative is laid, a reservoir fed from some neighbouring springs; and, as the castle was, in summer, ill supplied with water, its ancient possessors had taken advantage of this accidental circumstance to remedy that inconvenience.

Over the summit of the fissure, and on the margin of the castle terrace, a little building had been erected, projecting over the edge of the precipice, and furnished with a windlass and pulley. The floor had in its centre an opening like that of a well — and in truth this building was made to serve the purpose of a well, by the help of two buckets and a rope some hundred feet in length; by which water was slowly raised from the reservoir in the plain, when the supply from the hills was insufficient for the wants of the castle.

But for many years this slow and laborious mode of supply had been superseded by the discovery of a spring in the side of the rock which shelters the fortress. Herrmann's father, on giving up the well, took it into his head to convert the building which covered it into an oratory. A strong floor was laid down over the opening of the former well; and on the spot was erected an altar, before which a lamp, suspended from the roof, was kept burning. Such was the chapel of Lueg, which exists to this day, although now devoted to profane purposes.

The knight and Belgarbo, having performed their devotions, quitted the chapel. The brow of the former, though sad, had recovered all its serenity. They spoke together like friends of many years, and Herrmann pointed out to the doctor the singular situation and explained the peculiarities of the castle. At this moment they had reached the grand terrace. A parapet, of no great elevation, separated them from the edge of

the precipice. From the platform on which they stood they could perceive, at a fearful depth, the lights of the besiegers in the valley, and the watch-fires of their outposts on the distant heights. To their left was the difficult path which led upward to the platform, with its numerous windings. At their backs the buildings of the dwelling, reared against the rock, seemed to form a portion of it. The air was sharp, and the night dark, although the sky was studded with stars.

Suddenly the knight paused, as if startled by an unexpected sound, and leaned over the parapet, in an attitude of attention. "Who can it be," he said, "that disturbs at this hour the watch of my sentinels? Some one is ascending the path. Come — let us meet him!"

They approached the gate, which was guarded, as usual, by four soldiers, under the orders of the warden. In a few minutes, a breathless man presented himself outside, gave the pass-word, was admitted, and stood before them.— It was the major-domo!

"Whence come you at this hour?" abruptly inquired his master.

"I was going — I thought —" stammered out the terrified servant — "I fancied I heard — give me time to breathe, and I will explain to you."

"Bring a light!" exclaimed the doctor; "let me look once more upon the face of that man! His voice seems parched and husky to me — the truth will have great difficulty in making its way out of his throat!"

The doctor's examination was unfavourable to the major-domo. In vain the latter, having gained time to recover from his surprise, endeavoured to persuade his hearers that he had merely left the castle to discover the cause of some sounds which he asserted he had heard. Belgarbo interrupted his explanation. "Thou liest!" he said. "God knows what has been the motive of thy sally! But I am prepared to swear, by the principles of the science which I profess, that thou art hatching some treason. Lord Herrmann!—I have said it before, and I say it again—beware of that man!"

"By my faith, and I intend to follow your counsel!" said the knight, who had been an attentive spectator of the scene. "His nocturnal ramble, without any plausible motive, is quite enough to confirm your suspicions, and to justify the precautions which I design to adopt.—Frank!" continued he, addressing the warden, "this man is henceforth a prisoner within the precincts of the castle; and you will not allow him, on any pretext, to pass beyond them.—And thou!"—to the major-domo, "go and fulfil thy functions within; and remember that thy conduct will from this moment be strictly watched. If thou attemptest to pass the limits of this terrace, I will have thee thrown over the precipice!"

On the evening of the following day, the knight and the doctor, seated by the fire, occupied themselves in arranging for their departure on the morrow. The

three trusty servants of the cavern, admitted secretly into the saloon, received orders to prepare a covered litter, adapted for passing easily along the various defiles of the subterranean route, and warmly lined with skins, for the conveyance of the youthful invalid. A darker cloud than usual rested upon the brow of Herrmann; there was a look of deep melancholy in his eyes, and an almost imperceptible motion about the muscles of his mouth, which told of some gentler feeling, whose influence redeemed and controlled his sterner thoughts, and perhaps prevented some wild outbreak of his rash and fiery spirit. In truth, Herrmann had cause enough for all these emotions, the ruder of which were awakened by the thought that he was about to abandon for ever the castle of his ancestors and his place in the land; and the gentler by fears for his child, who seemed altogether unable to endure the fatigue of removal, and whose farewell to him that night had been spoken in words and darkened by forebodings which had almost broken his strong heart.

The doctor saw and understood all that was passing in the breast of his companion, and strove to lead him into the discussion of projects for the future with some success. The two friends sat long together; and it was not till the turret-clock struck eleven that Herrmann rose to proceed to his accustomed devotions; and, pressing the hand of the doctor, intreated him to visit the couch of the invalid once more before he retired to rest.

As he left the hall, the knight found the major-domo waiting at his accustomed post with his lighted torch. For a moment he hesitated how to act towards this man, whose presence had become odious to him; and he almost resolved to take the light from him and proceed alone. But, after an instant's reflection, he determined to let him discharge his ordinary service for that night, and motioned to him to lead the way.

When he reached the gate of the chapel, the Lord of Lueg turned suddenly round to look upon the face of his servant. The sinister expression of the man's features struck him more forcibly than it had ever done before. All the doctor's suspicions flashed strongly through his mind, and he came to the resolution of having them cleared up on the spot. Whilst he was meditating on the means to be pursued for this purpose, the major-domo had left him as usual; and, imagining that his master would at once commence his devotions, he proceeded stealthily to place his flambeau on the edge of the parapet. The knight, having repassed the door of the chapel, followed the man's steps, and seized him by the arm as he turned to leave the wall on which he had left the light.

"Listen!" said he, as he dragged him forcibly back towards the chapel, and compelled him to kneel before the altar; "listen!—I have somewhat to say to thee. Here, in the presence of the God who hears and sees all things, will I be satisfied from thine own lips as to

the designs of which thou art accused. I will trust thee again if thou wilt swear to me here, by thy hopes of eternal salvation, that thou art not a traitor!"

"Here!—oh! not here!" screamed the wretched man, in a voice shrill with terror. "Fly!—fly!—take me from this spot, and you shall know all!"

"Ah! villain!" exclaimed the knight, as with a strong arm he held down the struggling wretch, "thou wert then about to betray me!—Go on!—Confess all—*here*, before God, who is listening to thee!"

The screams of the major-domo rose wilder and shriller, and the hair stood straight up on his head. "I am guilty!" he cried: "but, oh! fly!—fly!—or we are both lost!—the abyss is about to open beneath us!"

But his desperate efforts were vain. The knight, attributing the terrors of the writhing villain to religious horror, held him forcibly down on the fearful spot in front of the altar. At this moment a loud explosion arose from the foot of the rock. The lamp of the shrine was extinguished, and a deep silence succeeded the shrieks of agony which terrified the warders. The nearest sentinel on parade fancied he heard after some moments the sound of groans, and at length gave the alarm. The chapel was entered; and a frightful spectacle presented itself.

Herrmann had died instantly. A ball from a falconet, guided by a line and lead, descending through a hole bored for the purpose in the floor to the foot of the rock,

had passed through his lungs. A splinter from one of the beams, broken off by the murderous projectile, had pierced the entrails of the major-domo, and mangled them frightfully. Some gold pieces, the fruits of his treachery, which he carried concealed beneath his garments, were buried in the dreadful wound. He lingered for an hour in hideous torments; and confessed, before he expired, the horrible means which he had concerted with the besiegers for the destruction of his master, and to which he had himself become the victim.

The Lord of Lueg was spared, by his own dreadful fate, the bitter pang of learning that his daughter was dead. The young and beautiful Ida had expired in the arms of the Doctor Belgarbo at the very same moment that her father was so suddenly cut off.

The Lordship of Lueg, on the extinction of the family of its ancient owners, devolved to that of Cobentzel, in whose possession it still remains.

The ball which terminated the life of Herrmann of Lueg is still shown to the curious who visit the castle. It is half buried in the vaulted roof of the old chapel; and the traces of its progress have never been effaced. The peasants of the neighbourhood yet tell many a tale, which tradition has handed down to them, besides this fatal one, of THE BEAR OF CARNIOLA.

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THE LOVE-SUIT.

THE LOVE-SUIT.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

> Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
> Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
> And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

BELOVED and lovely Brenda!—earth's most treasured
one by me!
My soul, with all its fervency of loving, clings to thee:
And boundless is my bosom's joy when thou to it art
press'd,
For I feel in those bright moments as by Heaven's
own fiat bless'd.

But there is even a happiness that makes the heart
afraid *,
And by its very fulness are the feelings oft dismay'd;
'Tis like the cup of mantling wine we wish unspill'd
to sip,
Yet fear the trembling hand may fail to guide it to
the lip.

* For this true and beautiful line I am indebted to Mr. Hood and, indeed, it suggested the poem.

My dearest! I have felt the dread which springs from such excess,
And boding thoughts have come to turn my rapture to distress;
When I have held thee in my arms, how deep hath been the pain
To think, Perchance, I never may enfold her so again!

When on me full thine eyes of light and purity have beam'd,
And more like angels' radiant eyes than earthly ones have seem'd;
I 've thought how wretched were my fate if after-time should prove
That they could ever gaze on me without that look of love.

And in those blissful moments when thy lips to mine have press'd,
And thou hast leant all trustingly and fondly on my breast,
I have trembled, and been giddy on that very height of bliss,
To think, If there should ever be more coldness in her kiss!

'T is thus that something still of grief alloys our happiest hours;
We mourn their early drooping when we gaze on blooming flowers:

We cannot view a glorious sky, in some calm vernal eve,
But we must think how soon the storm may not one
beauty leave.

Nay, see! — the happy, happy hours we have together
pass'd
Have fled, because they were too bright, too exquisite,
to last:
And still the curse that we must part will mix the joy
with pain,
When hours like those of happiness shall visit us again.

But yet there is one brightening thought that cheers
amid them all:
Although we feel that flowers must droop, and leaves
and blossoms fall,
We look with full hope to the time when they again
shall bloom,
When laughing Spring shall chase away obdurate
Winter's gloom!

Oh! bright, as cheerless now, my life in future years
will be,
If thou wilt share its humble lot and trust thy peace
with me;
If thou wilt gild Fate's darker clouds with thy endear-
ing smile,
And with thy voice of music still my worldly cares
beguile.

Like that bee* which seeks with amorous strain the
lotos every day;
Like the child that fain would reach the arms which
guard its tottering way;
Like the wearied man the distant spot he knows a
home will prove;
So strives my heart to win the goal of thy most hal-
lowed love;

To see that clear, expressive eye — that orb of gen-
tlest blue —
Upon me beam with fondest gaze, and know *thee*
happy, too;
To have that hand enshrined in mine, and fondly
nestling there;
To feel upon my happy brow *thy* straying ringlets fair—

Oh! can it be, my idol girl! that Fate will e'er bestow
Those best and dearest joys on me that man can hope
below?
Alas! I feel how poor the prize *thy* love would gain
in me,
And blush, all conscious as I am, to proffer it to thee.

* I gather from a poetical volume by Kásiprasad Ghosh, a young and high-caste Hindoo, of Calcutta, (who, long before he had attained his twentieth year, had written English poetry of a superior order,) that a species of bee, called the *brahmar*, is fabled by his countrymen to be enamoured of the lotos flower, as the bulbul is said by the Persians to be of the rose.

Poor recompence—indeed, most poor!—for all 'twould
make thee lose!
The home thou must resign if thou *my* distant one
wouldst choose;
Thy parents' night and morn caress, thy sisters' hearts
of glee—
Oh! could my love repay thee if thou left'st them all
for me?

Yes!—if every hour devoted, through my destin'd
term of life,
To thy sole happiness, when thou shouldst be my
cherish'd wife;
If watching o'er thee fondly, more than words of mine
can tell,
Might pay thee for the sacrifice—then I can pay thee
well.

If studying to anticipate thy yet unbreathed desire;
If never swerving from the love those azure eyes inspire;
If to fold thee to a breast which will with pure affec-
tion swell;
Might pay thee for the sacrifice—then I can pay thee
well.

If to soothe thy hours of sorrow, shouldst thou e'er
have cause for tears;
If to share thy wildest gladness, or allay thy bosom's
fears;

If to dote impassioned on thee, in love's unweaken'd
spell,
Might pay thee for the sacrifice — oh! I *can* pay thee
well!

THE RIVER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Thou art the Poet of the Woods, fair River,
A lover of the beautiful! — and still
Wand'rest by wildest scenes, while night-stars quiver,
The only voice that haunts the desert hill: —
Thou art the Poet of the Woods, whose lay
Charms the dim forest on thy sylvan way.

Thou art the Artist of the Vale, bright River,
That paint'st the glowing hues of earth and sky
On thine own pure and placid breast for ever;
Two worlds of beauty on thy waters lie!
Thou 'rt Nature's boldest Painter — broad and free —
And human genius ne'er surpasseth thee!

Thou art the Minstrel of the Fields, sweet River,
Whose music lingers like an angel's tongue —
A voice that sings the glory of the Giver!
Creation's first, sublimest, birth of song!
Still let my soul thy liquid music hear,
Oh, sweet Musician! — voice for ever dear!

THE FORTUNES OF ALICE LAW.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Of all the melancholy abodes of the poor and unfortunate, the depths of our metropolis, the lanes and alleys, involved in other lanes and alleys with the intricacy of the most artful labyrinth, where they herd together in crowded and yet unsocial misery, seem to me the most fearfully hopeless. Around them moves the never-ceasing stir, the single-aimed activity, of commerce; around them stand the ten thousand magnificent homes of opulence, where the children of dissipation live amid every bright enchantment of artificial existence —

> Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress;

and they, unknowing and unknown, struggle on, removed from the observation of the powerful, and, by their very multitude, from the sympathies of each other.

In this awful state of metropolitan society, the only hope of reaching the depths of poverty seems in the association of numbers; in dividing the mighty expanse into districts: and well is it that this has been done. Numbers of benevolent institutions have arisen, some

taking under their care one kind of popular wretchedness, some another; and by such means the only light which falls into the darkness of these hidden regions of vice and woe is diffused. But still, what power shall grapple with an evil so enormous! — what scheme shall reach the need where thousands on thousands of strangers are for ever pouring into this swarming and almost boundless human hive, where the wicked secrete themselves in the very heap of moving life, and where the proud heart of the fallen seeks to hide from the searching eye of compassion!

These thoughts have been forced upon me by making some rounds with a friend — a member of a benevolent society — in the alley allotted for his visitation. The scenes and characters, the mingled loathsomeness of vulgarity, atrocity, and uncleanness, which I saw existing there, God wipe out from my memory! But the painful interest awakened by finding in this mass of vileness and degradation instances of singular fortune and singular virtue may I never forget!

There is one story which I must relate. We entered a cellar beneath a dismal-looking shop. It was an abode of a single room; and such a one as is generally the most disgusting and depressing scene imaginable: but here I was instantly struck with the difference. All was clean and bright. The weather, though in summer, was showery, and a fire was burning cheerfully in the grate. The bed, neat and clean, stood in one corner, enveloped in its large checked curtains; every thing

around had an air of comfort, which one would previously have said could not exist in such a spot. By the fire sate, in her elbow-chair, an old woman of a slight person, who rose actively at our entrance, and, with a manner that struck me in strange contrast with the sluggish stare of the generality of those we had visited, courtesied respectfully, and set us chairs. My friend took a seat without ceremony, requested me to do the same, and addressed the old woman in a manner which showed me that they were old and familiar acquaintances. I gazed upon her attentively, and was as much struck with the intelligence of her countenance as I had been with the superiority of her address. The wrinkles of age, and, if I mistook not, the ravages of misfortune, darkened and disfigured a face which must once have had considerable pretensions to beauty; but that air which is given by a cultivated mind alone lit up those wan and worn features, and filled me with wonder.

"Well, Alice," said my friend, "and what is Arthur doing?"

"Oh! sir! he is about his old employ; looking out at the docks amongst the American captains for news of the judge: but a weary life it is; we hear nothing yet."

"You have promised me, Mrs. Law, to let me hear your history, and, if you have no objection, let it be now; this is a friend of mine who will take as strong an interest in it as myself."

The old lady, for so I must call her, had by this time resumed her chair; as my friend spoke she gave an upward motion of her hand, and a simultaneous slight shake of her head, expressive of the painfulness of the task; but, without any pause, she replied:

"Mr. Hemming, you ask a melancholy thing for me, and, I fear, for yourself; but, dear sir, what is so precious to people as their own misfortunes! and what so flattering as to be asked to relate them by one like you, who have shown so much kindness to two poor old creatures that nobody else cares for! From the very day you entered this house there was something in your tone that gave me comfort; and when you familiarly called my husband by his own name, Arthur, I know not how it was, and I hope you will excuse me, but I could not help looking upon you as a friend and almost as a relative. Oh, sir! what years and years have rolled over us, while every one has called my husband Mr. Law, and nobody has shown him more kindness than he would to the strange dog that lies in the street! But, sir, the bitterness which neglected poverty creates in us you have half done away with; we will let these things pass, and I will tell my story.

"My earliest recollection of life is of living with my father and mother, a younger sister, and two brothers, in a beautiful place in the country. Oh! how sweetly beautiful does that place seem! We were all young: myself the eldest, perhaps not more than ten years of age; the rest each a year younger than the other. My

father was the son and heir of the ancient family of St. Barbe. The house we lived in was, in reality, the parsonage; the living to which it belonged being held nominally by the clergyman of the next parish till my youngest brother, Henry, should be old enough to take it. It was a small but delightful residence; and over the great woods we could see the towers of the old castle of Dunwold, where my grandfather resided, and where we were told we should some day go to live. My father, as I remember him, was a tall and handsome man; the family of the St. Barbes was always said to be distinguished for its noble-looking men and its beautiful women; and, in truth, my father's sisters, of whom there were four, seem to my recollection to have been amongst the loveliest females I ever beheld.

"My father led the life of a country gentleman who had great expectations. He was fond of field sports, and, with other young gentlemen of his acquaintance, was zealously engaged with anglers and gamekeepers, and catchers of otters, and polecats, and such wild creatures, for the greater part of the summer days, and often took us into the fields and woods with him on our little ponies. In autumn and winter he shot and hunted, and came home with stories of exploits that made our dinner hour full of a strong country interest. The intellectual character of my mother redeemed him from the utter devotion to such pursuits, which absorb too many of his class. In the evening, as he reposed his weary limbs on the sofa, my mother

read many new books to him; and often they and their friends who came in talked of what they read with a vivacity and enthusiasm, which, though we could not comprehend the scope of their conversation, made us feel that they were very wise and very happy. My mother was a lovely, gentle woman, of a thoughtful and most domestic disposition. She was an orphan heiress: the death of her father, a general officer, in battle, and the consequent rapid decline of her mother, had made a sad impression upon her, which induced her to seek her enjoyments in the still delights of home, and caused her to shrink from the gaieties and bustle of town life.

"Our house, I have said, was not large. It was situated in the midst of shrubberies, and, in front, a green lawn sloped away to a brook, which ran on, clear as crystal, amidst overhanging grass and flowers and drooping trees, always beautiful, and abounding with endless objects of curious wonder to us. Adjoining the garden was a paddock, surrounded with an old stone wall, in places overgrown with ivy, where various birds built their nests. Here our ponies grazed, and here we continually played, at once safe and happy. Oh! that delightful old paddock, with its thorn trees, and its shed, where the ponies lay in the heat of summer noons, and where the swallows built under the rafters! We had a governess, who was our perpetual companion, our playfellow, and the inventor of a thousand pleasures; and in this simple happy state our time rolled on. Our

lives were a strong contrast to that of the castle. There all was splendour, bustle, and gaiety, for one part of the year; in the rest all was solitude. My father went thither occasionally, but always came back sad and fretful. My father's sisters were rarely amongst our visiters. They were beautiful; but we did not love them, for they seemed to us proud and cold. We were often told by the servants that we should some day remove to the castle; and we always asked—'Shall we be like our aunts?—Will there be such numbers of carriages and people all about then?—and shall we sit up at night, and have the whole castle turned into a fairy-land, with lamps, and bowers, and garlands, and gay people feasting and dancing till daylight?' We once asked these questions of my father; and we were frightened to see how he looked, and to hear the tone in which he said—'God forbid!'

"But the time came: our grandfather died; the castle stood in a manner deserted. The hatchment was seen by us, as we rode at a distance through the park, fixed to the front of the castle above the great hall door. We were now told that we should soon go to live there. But we observed that our father had lost his usual cheerfulness; he was grown gloomy and passionate; and one day, when we innocently asked—'Shall we go to live at the castle?' he answered fiercely—'Never!'

"These things were then mysteries to us; but I know them all now. My grandfather was a proud but in-

considerate old man. He had a seat in parliament, and, living much in London, he was seized with the desire of emulating the style of those who had tenfold his income. With a rental of six thousand a year, he lived at the rate of sixteen thousand. He married three times, and obtained with each wife some fortune, but also an extension of expensive connexions that only hurried him deeper into debt. By these means my father found the estate when it fell to him utterly lost. He had all the pride of the St. Barbes; and you may easily imagine what were his feelings on discovering that the ancestral estate was irremediably forfeited. His pride had influenced him so far, on the marriage of his sisters, as to induce him to unite in cutting off the entail, in order to raise their fortunes on the property — fortunes, too high in justice to himself. Bitterly did he now regret it; not that he would have defrauded any one of sixpence, but, had the entail existed, it would have enabled him to hold the estate till, by unwearied exertions and parsimony, he had paid off the debt. The rapacity of creditors made this impossible. It was determined that the estate, which had been in the family for ten descents, should be brought to the hammer, and his spirit would not let him remain in the country to witness the sale.

"Oh! never shall I forget this beginning of all our sorrows! never shall I forget the moody and strange man he was now become! Our doors were closed against all comers; the longest acquaintances, the

nearest friends not one was admitted, to counsel or condole. He could not bear their presence. Never shall I forget how gloomily he paced the house; how gloomily he lay for whole days on the couch, in the room where we had been accustomed to sit with open windows, a happy family, breathing all the fragrance of the garden: — it was now darkened with nearly-closed shutters. Never shall I forget the groans which burst at times, as if unconsciously, from him; the loud and angry words — oh! I trust they were not curses — with which he mingled his own and his father's name. Never, never, can I forget how I saw him snatch up my brother Vincent, and press him to his bosom with a convulsive energy that threatened to stifle him; and then, how he set him down, and gazed at him with a long strange look, and said solemnly — 'Young St. Barbe! my pride and my folly have ruined thee! I have driven thee from thine own domain. A St. Barbe, and — a beggar!' and then how he stooped down, and swayed to and fro, and burst into an hysterical passion of grief that terrified us nearly to death. Oh! that was a dreadful time! The quiet conversations between him and my mother were now changed into silence — a silence broken, ever and anon, by a quick, vehement dialogue, that might have seemed to a spectator who did not hear the words as passages of high quarrel. But it was not so.

"My mother, who felt not less the force of this misfortune, had, however, far more temperate views. She

attempted, by all possible means, to sooth my father's desperation of mind; and when she saw it give way in some degree, she would say — 'Dear Charles! what is the real amount of our troubles? — Have we not all that we have had for these last ten happy, happy, years? — Have we not this sweet home? — Have we not our children? — have we not our friends? — and wealth enough to live as we have done? — and what need we more? I could indeed have beheld with pride our children in the abode of their ancestors; I could have seen them with pride take their distinguished station amongst their affluent neighbours: but never could I have been happier than I have been with you in this house from the hour of our marriage. Let us not forget God's goodness in our disappointment: all will then go well, believe me, Charles. These dear ones will not be penniless: they will have their mother's little wealth; and in this noble country the road is open, with God's blessing, to even higher honours and usefulness than our ancestors have ever attained.'

"Such was the language she repeatedly employed. But his heart was wounded beyond healing; a dark and desperate design had now seized his brain. He would not remain in England to meet contempt from the eyes which had once honoured him, he said; there was a wide continent open to receive him. He would pass over to America, and his children should begin a new career. What here was but a pittance would there purchase the breadth of a kingdom. He

would be a patriarch amid the woods and plains of the New World; his children should strive to place themselves amongst a new and noble race of statesmen and legislators.

"At the avowal of this scheme, my mother shrunk with terror. Her heart and soul were knit to her native land. Her manners, her tastes, her friendships, were all formed to its life and its enjoyments. She could bear the thought of lying down on the block for her husband's or children's sake; but she could not bear the idea of living in exile from all that she had ever regarded as the very breath and vitality of human existence. To leave this great and illustrious country, which their ancestors had lived and died to raise to the pinnacle of moral glory — this country, to which all nations looked as the marvel of the earth — this country, in which Religion had assumed her shape of maturest beauty, and where Literature had breathed over its paradisaical fields and ancient woods the spirit of intellectual enchantment, and touched the purified affections as with the glow of heaven! — to leave this country! — it was to her in prospect a dreary and lingering death.

"Oh, sir! I must not pause here. There was a long time of deep and uncomfortable, though affectionate, contention; and it ended as such contests usually end between the wilful strength of man and the reluctant weakness of woman — my mother yielded to the project of emigration; and we prepared to depart. We had

all our family pictures packed up, our family plate, and many a testimony of the antiquity of our line in the shape of furniture or jewels. We took with us our old steward, our governess, dear Miss Raidon, and many of our servants: for we were to build a house exactly like our Dunwold castle; to lay out our park and woods like those about it; and to live in the midst of our kingdom of an estate in a sort of happy persuasion that we had carried our old domain across the waters.

"Alas! alas! but let us go on. We were now on the seas. The effort had been made by both my parents: the one had seen the land to which he was bound by pride, the other by affection, recede from sight; and the natural agony of the time was over. They were neither of them happy, but they were more resigned. My father had an air of something like cheerfulness, like exultation. He would talk rapidly and often. He expatiated on the rising greatness of the country to which we were going; on the beauty of new institutions, raised on the wisdom and experience of a world; he dwelt on the fascinations of a new life, in new scenes, where we had enough to make us rich as princes, and more free and more happy than princes could possibly be: and when he saw that all this failed to raise an equal glow in my mother's bosom, or rather, failed to deceive her, because he did not deceive himself, he turned to that last poor consolation of unsatisfied experiments — and exclaimed — 'And let what will

come, we go not as thousands go; we have the means, any day, if we like not the people or the country, to return.'

"We had been at sea a week: the wind was favourable, the weather beautiful; and our young minds were full of amazement at the novelty of the objects around us. Another fortnight, and we should probably see America! At this crisis a vessel appeared to windward; as she drew near, we observed that she occasioned amongst us a marked alarm. It was just at that time when, after the American war, our fleets had so far restored the credit of our arms by their victories, that our vessel, a merchantman, had ventured on her voyage without convoy or companion. The vessel drew nearer, and fulfilled the worst apprehensions of the captain — it was a French sloop of war. The terror of that moment is not to be described. All was bustle and confusion, for it was determined to offer resistance, our vessel carrying guns. The women and children were hurried below; and, in an agony of suspense, we listened and conjectured, as we heard the running and the stir above our heads. I remember the terrible burst of thunder from the cannon, which made our vessel stagger and reel with the shock; the shouts and screams, and the darkness of enveloping smoke. I remember the rush and the gloom, as of sudden midnight, when the hostile vessel came close alongside of us, and there was a cry amongst us that we were taken; and a sudden paroxysm of desperate anxiety

to know the truth, overcoming all other terror, seized on the women, and, with a fearful shriek, they tore open the cabin-door, rushed up the steps, now unguarded, followed by the children clamouring after them. I have a confused jumble of awful recollections, of streaming blood, of mangled bodies, some dead, some rolling in terrible agony; of strange men crowding on board our vessel, and our captain and crew delivering up their arms: but all these circumstances, dreadful as they are, are faint in my memory from the far more dreadful events which followed.

"Our captain speedily explained to the enemy that, though ours was an English vessel, she was freighted by Americans, a fact which several American merchants on board soon verified; and the French commander, with much politeness, disclaiming any intention of injuring their good allies, the citizens of the United States, called his men to order, and prepared to take his leave of us. As he was bowing and smiling amid all the blood and death which surrounded him, as if no such things were present, he suddenly cast his eye on my youngest sister, who stood holding the gown of her mother, and exclaimed — 'What a little angel! This is English, and this, Monsieur le Capitaine, is mine by right of conquest. She is my prize of war: she shall be my daughter — my trophy; and, when I see her, I will remember this day.' At the same moment one of his men snatched her up; in the next, she was handed, struggling and screaming, over the heads of his com-

rades, and was lowered into the boat. My mother sprung forward with a terrible shriek, and, clasping the captain's knees, implored him with all a mother's wildness to give her back her child. My father, with the fury of a tiger, rushed upon him, and aimed a blow at his head, which, had not a dozen swords of his followers interposed, would have laid him prostrate on the deck. With the utmost coolness, with a bow and another smile, the captain at once commanded the men not to return my father's blow, and, seizing my brother Henry, who, filled with an indignation equal to his father's, had advanced with a burning and frowning face and struck the captain on the knee, 'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'a little hero! and you, too, shall be mine.' The little fellow was instantly caught up, and handed over the side of the vessel, when an exclamation of horror burst from the captors: in his determined resistance he had slipped through their hands, and was lost for ever in the waves! It is not for me to describe what followed. My father was only restrained by the efforts of our whole crew from rushing on the robbers, and, when that was hopeless, from destroying himself. My mother was lost in a succession of swoons, and in that condition was borne below.

"Our vessel pursued her way. During the remainder of the voyage we saw not our parents; we were told that they were very, very ill. But oh! the laughter, the wild, terrible laughter, which burst at times from my mother's cabin! My father's voice we never heard,

and we imagined that he was dead. Oh! that long, awful voyage of misery! For six weeks we were driven about by contrary winds, and all that time we saw not our parents, but were still told they were very ill. At length we reached land; and, the night before we disembarked, we were told that our parents were better, and we must go and see them; but we were warned to be as quiet as possible. We went in, and were speedily clasped in the arms of our father with most passionate but speechless caresses. Oh! terrible, terrible, was that interview! Our parents were both strangely altered. My father seemed shrunk into an old man. He had a yellow and withered aspect, and sate embracing us and weeping. But our mother — O! what a change was there in her! She was become thin, and her fingers were grown bony; her hair was turned grey; and there was a wildness in her eyes that made us tremble, and chilled us to the heart. She, who would fain have remained in her own beloved land—she, who lived in her children—thus to have been torn from the one, and thus to have lost two of the other! — it was too much! — her mind was gone for ever!

"We landed next morning on this shore of promise: alas! what a land it was to us! Our old steward and Miss Raidon took the management of every thing. They procured a carriage, and conveyed us to lodgings in the city. My father sate silent and sunk in the depths of his affliction; my mother continually in-

quired if we had not reached heaven, and why her other two children did not come to meet us.

"Gentlemen, I must pass over eight melancholy years. We advanced into the country: we bought a large and beautiful estate; we had a house built, and the old paintings and other relics of our English home disposed about us. All this the old steward and Miss Raidon did, because it was what my father had said should be done; but he took no interest in it; and, as for my mother, she gradually faded and declined, like a plant at whose root is the cankerworm; and we buried her under the great locust-tree in front of the house.

"After her death a gleam of light — motive to action — seemed to break in upon the mental darkness of my father. As he looked on us, his remaining children, now growing to manhood and womanhood, he seized on the idea that such as I was his daughter had become in France. From that hour he had an object which never lost its interest. He made it his business to seek out French emigrants; to learn from what part of France they came; and, after telling them again and again of his misfortune, to weary them with questions about his daughter. So frail, in fact, so utterly next to nothing, was the clue of his inquiry, that he obtained vague conjectures, false stories, but no real intelligence. Such was the object of his life for several years: ours, under the guidance of Miss Raidon and a tutor whom she found for my brother, was to gain the best education

we could, and to endeavour to make him forget by our attentions the dear ones whom he had lost.

"One evening in autumn, a stranger traveller requested admittance for the night. It was readily granted him; and well do I recollect the astonishment which marked his features as he entered the room where we sate, and turned his eyes first on us, then on the pictured walls, then on the furniture, and, lastly, on the dogs sleeping on the hearth. When his amazement allowed him words, he exclaimed—'What is it I see!—Am I suddenly transported into England?—Do I gaze on a venerable English 'squire and his family?—Do I see the portraits of his ancestors, and some other paintings, master-pieces of the Italian and Flemish masters?—I could swear it is so, and that peculiar breed of dogs strengthens my impressions.'

"My father advanced, and, shaking the English youth cordially by the hand, told him his surprise was natural. The youth was one who had travelled through many countries; and, gentlemen, however you may wonder, it was no other than Arthur Law.

"Arthur had at that time a good property, and an inquiring mind, that led him to see much of men. My father and he soon fell into discourse, and almost as soon became strong friends. His abode with us was made as pleasant as all parties could make it; he seemed to linger willingly with us; and at length he endeavoured to persuade my father to return to England. The attempt was vain. Pride, the cause which

had led him forth on his disastrous journey, forbade him as powerfully to return. Could he go back thus, shattered in mind, body, and fortune, to become the finger-mark of universal scorn? — No! time went on; and fresh force was added to Arthur's arguments. An attachment had grown up between us; Arthur was desirous that we should live in England; Miss Raidon was anxious to return: all our servants, except the old steward, had deserted us, lured away by American freedom and American speculation: my father became discontented and disgusted with his situation. There wanted but one more motive, and that was found: Arthur represented to him that to seek successfully for his lost daughter we must return to Europe. It was enough; our departure was determined.

"In less than six months we had disposed of our estate, recrossed the ocean, and sate down in a secluded little villa not far from the metropolis. Arthur and I were married; my father and brother lived with us; Miss Raidon went to reside with her friends in the west of England. Our property had sunk wonderfully by our emigration. Arthur had money, but he was anxious to increase it on our account: he, therefore, embarked with some of his own friends in trade. During the day he was occupied in the City, where my brother Vincent was also engaged in the study of the law. In the evening they returned together; and by our pleasant little fireside we again began to taste some degree of English happiness.

"But the only object of my father's existence seemed to be the discovery of his daughter. It was a scheme in which, almost hopeless as it appeared, we could not avoid deeply sympathizing; and our interest evidently strengthened his. Innumerable inquiries were set on foot, most of which ended in nothing: some grew into shapes approaching to probability, and then were lost in inexplicable confusion; others seemed drawing nearer and nearer to important developments, and yet never arrived so far. For three years this wild and feverish pursuit was kept up. Arthur had crossed the Channel, but could make out nothing; and at length my father's strength and spirit appeared spent; he became fretful and desponding. One morning, as we sate together after breakfast, he in his tall easy chair, Vincent in the cushioned window-seat, poring over one of his law-books in his usual way, and I comparing the bowed weakness of my father with the youthful grace and fresh bloom of my brother, suddenly the old man gave a loud sigh, seized his stick which stood beside his chair, struck it sharply on the ground, and exclaimed—'I shall never see her! no! never! never!—I am old and worn out, I cannot follow her; and those askings—askings—they end in nothing. I shall never, never see her. And yet she is somewhere at this moment, the very picture of her mother. Ay, she was always said to be just her image. And now, O God! how exactly she must be like her! Oh! if I had but the strength and activity I once had—land

and water, land and water — what would they be to me! — I would see her! I would see her! and not all France should withstand me!'

"We were startled at this sudden outburst of agonized affection. I gazed on my father; I turned to my brother; he, too, had fixed his eyes on the old man. His book rested on his knees, and his cheek was flushed with a rosy red, that mounted up to his very forehead, as with the strength of some noble emotion. At once he rose from his seat, stood tall and erect by my father's chair, and, in a voice which might be called calm for its steadiness, but showed itself full of the stirred spirit by its depth, he said — 'Father! if you are old, I am young; and, by heaven and earth! if my sister lives, and the power and perseverance of man can find her, you shall yet see her, and in this house!'

"I involuntarily rose as he spoke. My eyes were fixed on my father. As he looked on my brother and heard those words, his pale features grew still paler; he bent forward suddenly in his chair; his lips opened as if he would speak, but there was no voice; his hand was raised as to second his words, but he had no words. I saw that the words he would fain have uttered would have been — 'Bless thee, my son! thou hast made me happy! fly to find thy sister!' But he could not utter them; and, as my brother stooped towards him, he clasped his head to his bosom with a faint convulsive embrace, and wetted his dark beautiful locks with tears.

"In less than an hour my Vincent was on his way. He was a youth well calculated to make his path easy: he was but in his twentieth year. He had all the manly beauty of the St. Barbes; and the air of generous good-nature that animated his features made a ready impression of favour on the hearts of all to whom he addressed himself. We soon began to hear from him. One after another, the stories which had excited and perplexed us were dissipated before his inquiries. After a while nothing remained, not even the slightest trace to guide him right or wrong. Anon, he came upon something like probability. It become more so. He had fallen upon the track of a French captain, who commanded a vessel of the same name, at the very period in question. He had one daughter; or, at least, a girl who passed by that name. She was every where described as a prodigy of beauty; the professed father guarded her with the utmost vigilance. He traced them from place to place. It soon appeared that, during the early revolutionary movements, the captain had made himself obnoxious to the democratic party, and had passed into Spain. Thither Vincent proceeded without delay. It was some time before he regained the trace of them, but, when hope almost failed him, he discovered her as the wife of a Spanish noble; the captain was dead. Every mouth was filled with the beauty, the wit, the gaiety, of Donna Morella; she resided with her husband at Madrid, and formed one of the most brilliant points of attraction in the most brilliant so-

ciety of the capital. Vincent prepared to approach her; but he determined to do it with such caution as should prevent any mortifying mistake. He sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of some young hidalgoes, through whom he had the opportunity of beholding her without coming too suddenly under her eye. All his inquiries proved her to be the reputed daughter of the very man in question. He wrote us eloquent accounts of the exquisite beauty of her person, the fascination of her manners, the youthful gaiety of her disposition. He declared that he beheld in her a strong resemblance to the miniature of his mother, which he had with him, and a strong resemblance to himself; nay, a lady of her establishment had, in conversation with Vincent, suddenly remarked with astonishment, as he was making a merry compliment, the strong resemblance that his features then bore to those of the Donna Morella. All things seemed tending to such a crisis as we desired. Here his letter ended with the declaration that he should speedily give us, he trusted, the fullest assurance of our fondest hopes.

"A few weeks afterwards, another letter arrived; he was on his way home, and would tell us further when he came. There was a strangeness and abruptness in this announcement, which startled and alarmed us. Had he found her, or had he not? In either case why not be explicit? We waited with indescribable impatience for his arrival. Now we hoped all, now we feared all. This moment we feared he had found him-

self mistaken, and waited to break the disappointment in person; the next, we confidently imagined that he was hastening to burst upon us with the joyful intelligence of his long-sought sister. The old man was seized with the most decided anticipations. He was bringing her with him! he was preparing a most electrical surprise! He would have his chair placed at an upper window, so as to command the most extensive view of the road. All day, and every day, there he sate, saying, as every traveller came in view—'Is that he? yes! yes! it is!—No! I see it is not!' At length a chaise drove rapidly up: it stopped at our gate, and Vincent himself, all travel-worn, stepped from it. We stood fixed as statues, our eyes riveted on the chaise, but no one else descended. Vincent came with a hasty step into the house: the old man fixed on him a hard inquiring look. He would have said—'What news?' but his voice, his powers, failed him; his eager eyes only spoke. Vincent, too, had no voice; he stood still at the entrance of the room, his gaze fixed wildly on the old man: his face was dim and ghastly, as with excess of grief or of passion; his lips quivered convulsively, his whole frame trembled, and he burst into tears. I ran and clasped him in my arms. When I looked up at my father, the spirit of the old man had passed away! For a moment, his countenance, calm and noble, recalled to my memory his look in younger days, then sunk, and exhibited all the characters of death.

"Gentlemen, this is a melancholy but most true relation: one sorrow more, and I have done. We spoke not for a time of our sister. My father was at peace with his fathers; we were left to deeper trouble. My husband's mercantile speculations had proved disastrous; we were becoming every day poorer. Scarcely was the funeral over when I said to Vincent—'You have no good news of our sister, but, for God's sake, tell me *what* news!' He looked at me for some time; his face grew strangely dark. 'Alice,' he replied, 'I have none. Let us think no more of *that woman!* If there be no bond of kindred between us, what matters it!—If there be, she is worthless—she denies it. She ridicules the claim; she treats it as the dream of a madman. Alice! I have seen her; seen much of her: she is beautiful as an angel; but a vicious education, an education calculated to mould her into a creature of splendour, has ruined her beyond redemption. She lives but to breathe—to breathe did I say?—to banquet, to luxuriate, upon flattery, and the worship of a base and bewildering passion. I know not what she saw in me, unless another devotee; but I was admitted to her most secluded conversations, and I employed them to arrive at the object of my mission. I will not say more than that I laid before her, in the most favourable moment, the whole substance of my belief in her origin, the whole evidence I had accumulated. While the very image of my sainted mother rose before me in her form, and glowed with more than

all her remembered beauty, she laughed with scorn at the idea, and even breathed upon me words of Circean sorcery. I appealed to her better nature; I held before her the miniature of her mother, whose youthful features seemed but the mirrored image of her own; I appealed to her memory; but it was vain: I saw myself looked upon as a deluded fool, and I turned away with indignation and loathing. Before I awoke from my dream of wrath and disappointment, I had reached the heart of the Pyrenees. I am here, Alice, but that only for a moment. Poverty and trouble are gathering fast about us: let us cease not, however, to struggle against them. For me, I will no longer add to your burdens. I will seek a better fortune in another land. Dark as were the years we passed in America, my heart turns with fondness towards its mighty forests. In that land I will seek my fate, and, till you hear of me with honour, you will hear no more!'

"It was in vain that I hung round him, and implored him, as the last of our name, to abandon this scheme. He departed. For forty years I have lived a life of hope and anticipation; yet to this day I have had no syllable from him. You will say, as all say to me, he is dead: but my heart will not believe it. We have sunk from poverty to poverty: my husband, overwhelmed with his misfortunes, seems dulled into a dreaming and premature old man. We live amid misery, destitution, and crime, and oh, sir! I doubt we do not entirely escape from the contaminations that surround us. But yet we hope,

and hope, and within these three months we have had such news as makes us desire to live yet a little longer. We have heard from a most respectable American that there is a judge in Connecticut—a judge—Vincent St. Barbe! a man having just such an appearance as my brother would have if now alive. Many and many a letter have I sent across the great water, but no reply ever came back; yet this must be my brother. Vincent St. Barbe! and a judge! the very name! the very profession! it must be he! Oh! surely he will not deny his own and only sister! I have written to him; I have asked him if he does not remember our parsonage, our croft, with the old stone wall, and the thorn trees, and the ponies: if he does not remember my poor dear father and mother and their fearful voyage—and how my sister was lost? Oh! I have asked him all. Surely, surely, he will not disown us; it is not in flesh and blood to do it. And if you could but see how Arthur and I sit and wonder when we shall hear: and how I sometimes say to Arthur—Suppose the judge sends us fifty pounds to carry us to him? and then how Arthur draws himself up in scorn and says, 'Five hundred, more likely!'—God send that it may be Vincent after all!"

The old lady had finished her story, and, visionary as her hope appeared, I could not help feeling the contagion of it. We thanked her cordially for her relation, wished her speedy news from her brother, and took our leave. But for some weeks I never failed to look in

and ask — "What news?" Her answer was a shake of the head. One day, however, she came herself in haste to find me. She threw down a letter in great agitation, which I took up and read as follows:—

White Cedars, Connecticut, U. S. March 4, 183–.

Madam,

I have read your letter with the surprise it is calculated to excite. I wish to God I was indeed your brother; but, unfortunately for this affinity, I am a native of this state, where my father also was born. To mitigate your disappointment, accept the enclosure of five pounds, English money.

Your obedient servant,

VINCENT ST. BARBE.

P. S. Mr. Anthony Welldecker, merchant, residing in your city, in Goswell Road, can give you every explanation and assurance on this subject.

My surprise and chagrin were equal to those of Alice. To put the matter beyond a doubt, I instantly sought out this merchant, and was speedily convinced that, however amazing the coincidence, this Vincent St. Barbe was not the brother of Alice. No! Arthur must yet haunt the American captains for news; and Alice go dreaming and hoping on, till she finds her brother, if not on earth, at least in that land where all mysteries are solved and all the lost restored.

THE PARENTS TO THEIR CHILDREN.

ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1824.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

In the oblivion of afflictions past
May this new year shine happier than the last!
But vain, (though echoed from the lyre of Pope,)
Prayers without zeal, or wishes without hope!
Ah vain, 'midst greetings of the season told,
The salutation where the heart is cold!
If gracious Heaven appease the throbs of pain,
From fainting give us to ourselves again,
Bid doubts that dim the vision fleet far hence,
And calm the anxieties of sick suspense,
May we bow down in fervent gratitude
To thee, O God! the fountain of all good!
  But, if our lot be yet those ills to bear,
In anguish pining, or perplext by care,
Is it for us, poor reptiles, to repine?
O righteous Father! mortals' doom is thine.
  Yet, yet remember!—many a heavy grief
In mutual tenderness finds sweet relief.
And say, dear children! what can more assuage
Youth's wild desires, the impatience of old age,
Than the kind look, the soft confiding smile,
That speaks a bosom "above guilt or guile;"

Than mild forbearance, ever prompt to prove
The brother's and the sister's cordial love;
Than heavenly harmony, that binds the whole
In golden links — "one body and one soul?"
Ah! what can more the selfish passions still,
Than meek submission to a parent's will;
Than fond affection sedulous to cure
A parent's morbid weakness, or endure;
Assiduous to sustain declining years;
To chase distrust, to wipe off sorrow's tears;
And, whilst the storms of life may chafe and rave,
To smooth our passage to the quiet grave!

THE CHILD OF GENIUS.

BY G. MORINE.

I saw him musing on the mountain's side
  In life's fresh spring, a solitary child,
  By dreams of waking reverie beguiled,
While yellow broom his dainty couch supplied.
The steepy path of Fame was all untried,
  But Fancy, like the fabled giants piled
  Her airy forms, fantastical and wild,
Across those fields that heaven and earth divide.
O Youth! ecstatic Youth! of "Truth that seems"
  What thoughts of rapture and of joy are born!
Can sober manhood analyse the dreams
  That take the colour of the orient morn —
Its purple, azure, and its golden streams —
  But leave the after-day all desolate and forlorn!

J. Wright del. London Publ.d by Ackermann & Co.d 1835. E. Bacon Sculp.t

NOW OR NEVER.

BY MRS. GORE.

It afforded a topic for endless discussion to the narrow circle of High Dutch nobility which furnished courtiers and sycophants to a certain northern prince of the empire, (whom, for distinction and discretion sake, we will style Duke of Saxe-Rothenheim,) when his Serene Highness's Master of the Horse thought fit to dispatch his only son into the Duchy of Brunswick, for the completion of his education. Instead of following the custom of the country, and retaining Count Emerich within reach of his lady mother the Countess's apron-string at Schloss Edelstein, during the summer months; or, imprisoning him in one of the gloomy apartments of his Teutonic palace at Rothenheim, during the winter, under the nominal tutorage of a household pedagogue; it was Count Edelstein's pleasure to submit his son and heir to the discipline of the humble pastor of the obscure village of Eichwald, a few leagues distant from the city of Brunswick. Nay, instead of recalling him to the court of Rothenheim and the memory of its prince by frequent visits to his family, Emerich was permitted to quit the Presbytery during one month

only of the twelve, and that in the autumn season, when Count Edelstein was enjoying his annual relaxation from the duties of his appointment, at a favourite hunting-seat on the banks of the Oder. It was plain that, whatever else the gallant Master of the Horse might intend to make of his son, he entertained no purpose of rendering him a courtier.

Did such an instance of dereliction from the habits of the place occur in the humdrum Duchy of Saxe-Rothenheim at the present moment, the innovator would doubtless incur the suspicions of his caste, as a liberal in politics, or a freethinker in religion. But, during those latter days of the seventeenth century we are describing, a Saxon *Durchlaucht* ran greater risk of being denounced as a Cabalist or Rosicrucian than as an enemy of church or state. Voltaire, Beaumarchais, and the Encyclopedists, had not then brandished the flaming sword of irony at the gates of Paradise; and the gossips of Rothenheim, in the utmost vehemence of their strictures upon the proceedings of Count Edelstein, made him accountable for no greater sin than that of inspiring his future representative with principles and prejudices of Anti-Saxon tendency. They had not a word to hint against Eichwald or its ways; but they conceived that the heir of Schloss Edelstein might have picked up a sprinkling of Greek and Latin nearer home. In the remote Presbytery of the Lutheran pastor he could not but become a boor, a votary of Brunswick beer,

and pompernickel—*enfin*—"*que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"

Among the noble personages of the court of Rothenheim by whom this query was in secret most frequently hazarded, was the gentle, undemonstrative, Saxon-haired, Saxon-hearted, mother of Count Emerich. But, if so wedded to the customs of her country as to find matter for dismay in the foreign education of her son, the Countess was also sufficiently endowed with the national virtues of her sex to exhibit implicit obedience to the will of her husband. It was hard, indeed, to be estranged from the society of her only child. But Edelstein was not a man to be trifled with. The humblest and most submissive of courtiers, within the sanctuary of his domestic circle he was despotic as a Turk; and the Countess, as she imprinted a fervent kiss upon Emerich's fair forehead on his first departure from home, did not even venture to express her sympathy in his regrets at quitting the familiar scenes of his boyhood. If she redoubled her prayers that the youth might survive to return to her and grow up to manhood an honour to his generation and a blessing to her old age, the earnestness of the gentle lady's aspirations remained a secret between Heaven and a mother's heart.

The young exile, meanwhile, found little enough under the roof of the pastor of Eichwald to obliterate his recollections of the lofty grandeur of Schloss Edelstein, or of the homage and attendance of which its

young heir was the chief object. The Presbytery was a rambling, ill-distributed dwelling house, situated on the outskirts of a village so low and so depressed in its construction, that (like the post-waggons, which occasionally traversed its dreary ways, buried up to the nave of their wheels in loose and shifting sand,) it appeared to have sunk deep into the arid soil. An avenue of silver-stemmed white poplars formed a sort of landmark and approach from the vast corn-fields covering the wide-spreading plain; and, had it not been that, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the house, flourished one of those virgin forests of ancient oaks occasionally to be met with in Northern Germany, not a trace of sylvan beauty or an adjunct to rural enjoyment would have presented itself to soothe the discontent of the young Saxon. Even the common joys of life seemed more scantily distributed at Eichwald than elsewhere.

Old Armfeldt, the appointed tutor, was a cold, reserved man, almost as dry as the sandy soil out of which he might be supposed to have arisen; while his worthy wife, a diligent knitter of lambswool and stewer of prunes and pears, fulfilled in these avocations the chief duties of a motherly, matronly Brunswicker, unconscious that the world afforded higher pleasures or heavier obligations. Emerich did not pass four-and-twenty hours under their monotonous roof, without twice as many times protesting against the absurd caprice of his father in condemning him to adopt the

homeliness of its habits; nor did even the society of the Fraulein Helena, his tutor's only daughter, hold forth much promise of companionship or recreation. She was in the first place two years older than himself, demure as a nun, and unremittingly employed in thrifty reparation of the household and canonical linen of the Presbytery. Count Emerich soon began to class her with the rest of the old-fashioned furniture of the place, and to treat her with as little ceremony as one of his tutor's high-backed ebony chairs. Nay, when, on his return from his first annual visit to Saxe-Rothenheim, the Countess his mother entrusted him with a massive golden cross to be presented in her name to Helena Armfeldt, in token of gratitude for the kindness of her parents towards their pupil, Emerich was so little interested in the donation as to leave it behind, ensconced among his hunting accoutrements at Edelstein.

All this might be natural enough, so long as the surplice-darning damsel was sixteen years of age, and the Count a headstrong lawless lad of fourteen; but before the expiration of another twelvemonth things had taken a different turn. On Emerich's second visit to the Saxon castle, his father took occasion to reproach him in such harsh terms with undue attention to the charms of his tutor's daughter, as well as to interdict under such severe penalties all future intimacy between them, that, upon returning to Eichwald, the idle pupil of Jacob Armfeldt began, for the first time,

to busy himself in investigating the merits and attractions of Helena. The forbidden fruit already gained a considerable portion of his attention. Nor were his researches infructuous. Emerich soon ascertained that the tresses habitually hidden under her nunlike veil of snowy cambric were bright and glossy as the delicate flax of Magdeburg; and that the eyes, usually downcast upon her work, could be animated to the utmost vivacity of girlish coquetry. The tight sleeve of her velvet boddice betrayed the outline of a well-shaped arm, terminating in a hand of taper form and dazzling whiteness; nor did the little foot of the fair Brunswicker leave so much as a fairy-print upon the green moss of the old oak forest, over which she rambled merrily on the autumnal mornings, collecting acorns for the little menagerie of squirrels, which afforded the sole diversion of her uneventful life at Eichwald.

But if Emerich felt surprised by these discoveries and eager to turn them to account, the pretty Fraulein seemed fully prepared for such a *denouement*. Far from receiving with wonder or humility the attentions of which she now became the object, she amused herself with rallying her new adorer upon his protracted blindness and former discourtesies. Every syllable breathed by the Count in illustration of his growing passion was answered by Helena with fits of inextinguishable laughter. Even the Master of His Serene Highness the Prince of Saxe-Rothenheim's Horse, could he have been an unseen spectator of the wooing

of his son, would have admitted that the filial rebellion of Emerich threatened no future pollution to the pure blood of the Edelsteins; and that there was little danger of the plebeian name of Armfeldt being conjugally engrafted upon the tree of his flourishing genealogy. None, however, but an ear or eye-witness was likely to yield credence to the fact that the suit of a young nobleman of Count Emerich's prospects in life afforded mere matter of jest to the portionless daughter of a village pastor; and it is not to be wondered at that the old Count, moved by Armfeldt's private representations of the excited state of his pupil's affections, should have suddenly recalled him from Brunswick, and forced upon his acceptance the appointment of page in the establishment of the Duke their master.

And now it was poor Emerich's turn to bestow as tender a regret upon the sandy deserts of Eichwald as ever he had lavished upon the more dignified haunts of Schloss Edelstein. In the ante-chambers of the palace of Rothenheim, amid trophies of arms and hangings of Arras, his thoughts were constantly reverting to the low chamber of worm-eaten wainscot, where Helena sat at her work, with the garden flowers gadding in at the open window, as if to play the spy upon her maidenly industry. Helena's joyous eyes seemed ever glancing upon him; Helena's heartful happy accents ever ringing in his ears; those accents which, though simple in their attunement, were pure

from all contamination of the rustic dialect. It was enough that, among the bejewelled and beplumed beauties of the court of Rothenheim, none rivalled the native elegance of the pastor's daughter; none boasted a lighter foot, a fairer hand, a more high-bred brow, than the humble little housewife of Eichwald.

And soon this tenderness of retrospection was enhanced by a still holier sympathy. A letter from old Jacob acquainted his pupil and his pupil's father that the helpmeet of his old age had been gathered to her native sands; and, although the worthy woman's tenderness towards her daughter had been displayed during her lifetime in a somewhat lukewarm degree, even for the phlegmatic nature of a Brunswicker, there was something so sacred, so scriptural, so patriarchal, in the phrase by which the venerable Jacob announced his loss, and mourned for the Leah of his early servitude, his heart-companion of forty years, that Emerich could not but extend his compassion from the bereaved husband to the motherless child. Besides, however circumscribed in mind or affections, the departed was at least a woman, and of a nature more congenial with Helena's than that of her surviving parent; for poor old Armfeldt might have withered out the remnant of his days amid the dust of the Ptolemies in the Great Pyramid, without any external demonstration of life or liveliness to disquiet the slumber of the surrounding mummies. And what was to become of Helena, consigned to perpetual companionship with such a man!

—she, who was so much better fitted to enjoy and adorn the gay festivals of the court of Saxe-Rothenheim—she, whom Emerich would so gladly have aided in transplanting to that more congenial sphere!

Scanty, however, was the time allotted him to ponder over these things. His duties in the prince's household, his attendance on the prince's hunting-parties, his participation in the prince's *fêtes*, already formed a fatal interruption to his solitary musings. His father, too, was apt to intrude into the sanctuary of his apartment, and cast a jealous eye of paternal scrutiny upon its arrangements; and often, when poor Emerich had been pouring forth his sentiments in a letter to Helena, or his sorrows in a sonnet to the moon, he was compelled by Count Edelstein's sudden approach to consign both prose and verse to the embers of a huge Silesian stove which adorned his chamber, to secure them from the inquisition of the iron-hearted Master of the Horse. The boy-lover sighed, moaned, and even wept in secret: but all this caution and all this condensation of feeling served only to render more intense the hidden flame within his heart.

Was it calculation, therefore, or miscalculation, on the part of the Count, when, in the course of the first autumn passed with his son in the comparative seclusion of Schloss Edelstein, he contrived, by the intervention of his lady wife, to wring from Emerich the secret of his soul, the mystery of his troth-plight to Helena Armfeldt?—Alas! who can presume to calculate upon

the calculations of a courtier of sixty years' experience, an *intrigant* of half a century's dexterity; even though assisted in the operation by intelligence of Edelstein's subsequent concessions, concessions wholly unanticipated by his son! Instead of meeting Emerich's admission of disobedience with threats and menaces, instead of raging or storming at the announcement of such signal rebellion against his authority, the Count simply exacted a promise that, till the following year, (when the pastor's daughter would attain her majority, and the pastor's daughter's lover complete his nineteenth year,) Emerich should hazard no attempt to revisit Eichwald, but address himself to the fulfilment of his duties at court, and to the enjoyment of the gaieties of the city. Not so much as an interdiction was laid upon a correspondence between the young people; nor did a syllable of disparagement fall from the lips of the Count respecting either Helena or her father. With exemplary magnanimity, he at once imputed to his own parental shortsightedness the misfortune of Emerich's misplaced attachment.

The grateful heir-apparent of Schloss Edelstein and its honours could do no less than reward its master's forbearance by the most implicit compliance with these conditions. No sooner, therefore, was the family reinstalled for the winter at the Residenz, than it was noticed by the courtiers of the Duke that they had acquired an active and alarming rival in the younger Edelstein. Earliest and latest in the ante-chambers of

His Serene Highness, the prince could not form a wish but it was fulfilled by the assiduous and enterprizing zeal of his handsome page; and Emerich, who could ride, run, wrestle, shoot at a mark, hunt, hawk, or dance the lavolta, with the best of them, was universally admitted to be, like Sir Lancelot of the Lake, "the curteist knight that ever bare shielde; and the meekest man and the gentillest, that ever among ladies eate in hall!" Haunted by happy reminiscences, reassured by blissful hopes, he had not a desire unfulfilled. His father and mother had consented to welcome home Helena Armfeldt as their daughter; Helena had at length pledged herself to become their daughter and the wife of his bosom; wealth, honours, domestic happiness, were before him; how could he be other than the lightest-hearted of mortal men?

Now, there is something in the intoxication of joy almost as dangerous in its results as any other species of inebriety. Emerich was, in fact, no longer master of himself. Resigned to the domination of a master-passion, he seemed to consider all his proceedings sanctified, all his follies privileged—like the nobles of the chivalrous court of Spain, of the olden time, who, on confessing their enthralment in amorous bondage, were permitted to wear their hats in presence of their sovereign, on the supposition of being all-engrossed by the thought of their liege lady and mistress. A thousand indiscretions, a thousand inconsistencies, betrayed the pre-occupation of Emerich's mind.

Even in His Serene Highness's presence, he was often heard to break forth into wild hilarity of speech and gesture, wholly unbecoming the time and place; on one occasion, he was said to have addressed the grave High Chancellor of the Duchy as his "best and fairest Helena;" nay — there were persons at court malicious enough to insinuate that the young Count had been even known to lavish the same familiar terms of endearment upon a certain Countess Waldenfeld, the loveliest lady of Saxe-Rothenheim.

Yet every thing prospered with him. The more uncourtly his demeanour, the greater his favour at court. The Duke, weary, perhaps, of the sycophantic and monotonous humility of his household, seemed to take delight in the aberrations of his favourite page, and would tap him on the shoulder, or pull him facetiously by the ear, in guerdon of his manifold infractions of the laws of Saxon etiquette. Why, even the High Chancellor himself, with his grizzled beard and furrowed forehead, would willingly have played the buffoon, to be pulled familiarly by the ear by His Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Rothenheim! — and, as to Countess Waldenfeld, who had, perhaps, most reason to wax indignant at the antics of the bewildered page — she could do nothing but laugh whenever his indiscretions were pointed out to her reprobation.

The young Countess might possibly be aware that frowns appeared to sit uneasily upon her lovely countenance; for, even during the mourning year of her

widowhood, (a period from which she had just emerged on Emerich's arrival from Eichwald,) she had been taxed with displaying a less gloomy frame of feature than is held to be accordant with the sable hood and wimple. It is true the lord she had lost was somewhat of the oldest and ugliest to have boasted the possession of so fair a bride. But then his age and ugliness had rendered her an object of general commiseration at the court of Rothenheim. Even his Serene Highness the Duke had not withheld his sympathy from the miseries of her social position; and, of the whole court, Emerich von Edelstein was alone ignorant of the extent to which His Highness's sympathy was supposed to have been carried. He had in fact been busy squirrel-snaring for Helena Armfeldt among the oaks of Eichwald, during the period of Countess Waldenfeld's afflictions and of the consolation administered by her sovereign prince.

The lady was still but in her five-and-twentieth year; tall, beautiful, graceful, accomplished; a delicate musician, mistress of several languages, dancing like a woodnymph, and singing with the fascination of the Rhenish *Lureley;* and it was but natural that, when a creature thus bright and thus gifted condescended to bend her smiles upon a mere page of the household, the page should requite her graciousness with his unbounded gratitude. Countess Waldenfeld soon became the confidante of Emerich's tender passion, of his happy prospects; and, if any thing could exceed the lady's

admiration of his *naïveté,* it was her wonderment at the disinterestedness of the noble Master of the Horse, whom her experience had hitherto pointed out as the basest and most venal of courtiers. She espied a mystery in the business, (a mystery which is so piquant a thing to a satiated woman of the world,) and, in addition to the pleasure hitherto afforded her by Emerich's frank and graceful homage, she now began to court his society for mischief's sake, for the sake of fathoming old Edelstein's designs and discomfiting his manœuvres. No pains, no arts, were spared to allure the fascinated boy to her house. He was her constant partner in the dance, her frequent cavalier in the princely hawking parties. Scarcely a day passed without their meeting. But, when she did not see him, she wrote to him; and her perfumed billets again and again assured the captivated page that, when she was not writing to him, she thought and dreamt of him alone. To be written to and dreamed of by so beautiful and accomplished a being as Countess Waldenfeld was certainly enough to turn a head of nineteen, already somewhat wanting in equipoise.

His gentle mother was the first to discern his infatuation. "Beware of that woman," she had whispered one day, while bestowing her benediction upon him previously to his departure with one of the grand hunting-trains of the prince. "Beware of her, for her heart is hollow, and her friendship will lead to evil." But how to beware of an enchantress of five-

and-twenty, with a skin as smooth as alabaster, tresses of the hue and glossiness of the raven's feather, and a smile that might have created a soul under the iron ribs of old Jacob Armfeldt of Eichwald!

Countess Edelstein even judged it necessary to extend the expression of her surmises and apprehensions to her husband; and, during the absence of the page and the court on the aforesaid *partie de chasse* (from which the Master of the Horse was surprised to find himself for the first time excluded) she set forth her maternal anxieties in terms so touching and convincing that, on his return home, Emerich encountered his father pacing his own particular chamber, in the most wrathful excitement of mind and body. But the time for warning was over: and, had not the Count been absorbed by the fervour of his fury, he would at once have discerned an accusing consciousness in the young man's countenance — a certain recklessness indicative of mingled triumph and remorse, calculated to apprize him that his expostulations came too late.

The explanation between the son and father was intemperate on both sides, and mutually painful. Emerich had to learn that he had been betrayed into infedelity towards his plighted wife, by the arts of the neglected mistress of the prince; and Edelstein, in the vehemence of his rage, was tempted into the admission of twice as much as he had intended to disclose; raving against the folly, the idiotism, the madness, of his son's infatuation, as if upon the accomplishment of his union

with Helena Armfeldt depended all the advancement of his fortunes, as well as all the happiness of his life. But, although these insinuations were incomprehensible to Emerich, the accompanying injunctions laid upon him were intelligible enough: that he was instantly to quit Rothenheim, repair to Eichwald, and accelerate by every means in his power the period of his marriage with the pastor's daughter.

To fly from the presence of the woman of whose unworthiness his exasperated father had afforded him incontrovertible proofs, and who was now the object of his contempt, was an easy task. But, Helena! — to approach the pure presence of the unsuspecting Helena, contaminated by the recent endearments of a wanton! — his soul rebelled against such sacrilege; more especially while his father laboured to impress upon his mind that to complete his engagements with the object of his early attachment was to appropriate to himself a mysterious but overflowing source of worldly prosperity. He did not, indeed, as yet apprehend that the Count's former interdictions had been designed to stimulate his boyish obstinacy into opposition; it was enough for him to learn with amazement that, but for the remote chance of his alliance with Helena Armfeldt, he had never beheld the white walls of the Presbytery of Eichwald.

If any thing, meanwhile, could augment the conscience-stricken penitence of the faithless one, it was the frank cordiality with which he was welcomed

back by his affianced bride. There was an alteration, indeed, in her demeanour towards him. During his absence, all her former spirit of coquetry and scorn seemed to have forsaken her; she was gentleness and humility itself: and, even when he sat in her presence, embarrassed and abashed, studying for words in which, in spite of his father's prohibition, to embody the confession of his faults, she appeared to discern no cause for mirth in the awkwardness of her trembling lover. She was surprised to see the courtly page grown so timid, so reserved; but, instead of seeking to add to his embarrassment, Helena took up one of her interminable specimens of housewifery, and waited patiently an explanation of his unlooked-for return.

"Emerich!" said she, at length, looking up from her work, and bending her sunny eyes inquiringly upon his face, when she found that his difficulty in addressing her increased rather than diminished—"something disastrous has surely befallen you; for it is not thus we should meet, after what has chanced since we parted. You cannot fear to bestow your confidence upon your old playmate, your old friend?—Speak, dearest, forget all other ties that may have been projected between us: look upon me only as the most attached and indulgent of sisters. Speak, Emerich, and set my heart at rest!"

And, thus encouraged, Emerich *did* speak; but not alas! to "set the maiden's heart at rest." He spoke to acquaint her that, although his father was all

eagerness for the immediate solemnization of their nuptials, it was now his turn to sue for delay. "I know myself to be doubly unworthy of the happiness in store for me," he exclaimed; "nor will I pretend to your hand till I have earned the gift by the expiation of many a repentant month, affording renewed proofs of devotedness and love. My father has urged me to deceive you; to accept your confiding trust in my honour. But, this must not be, Helena!—Even at the risk of forfeiting your precious tenderness, NOW OR NEVER will I avow the miserable truth, that absence, which has diminished nothing of my admiration, has betrayed me into the vilest of shames. Yes! dearest—I have loved another. Another hand has been pressed in mine; other smiles have constituted my happiness; other——"

"Not another word!" cried Helena, shuddering and turning deadly pale. "I, who have sacrificed so much for your sake, who *would* have sacrificed my very heart's peace, my very life-blood—I have not courage to listen to the confession of this black ingratitude!"

"I have deserved my sentence!" faltered Emerich.

"And such, then, is the stability of human affections!" cried Helena, wringing her hands, and apparently unconscious of his presence. "And his father, too, the scion of a feudal line, a magnate of the empire, a noble of Saxony—his father, to whom was known the secret of my birth, of my claims—to have prompted

him to deceit and fraud, for the furtherance of his own base projects!"

"You wrong him, Helena," cried the page. "Revile *me* as you will, for I, indeed, am an offender. But how, I beseech you, are the *interests* of Count Edelstein to be advanced by the union of his heir with the daughter of a village pastor?"

"*You*, at least, thank Heaven! are innocent of participation in his schemes!" exclaimed Helena Armfeldt, with bitterness. "*You* know not that illustrious blood is flowing in my veins; you know me not as the daughter of a sovereign prince. *You* know not that a few short months will endow me with claims upon the reigning Duke of Brunswick, such as might tempt even the ambition of a noble of Saxony;—nay!—that the laws of the Duchy, as a fief of the Empire, alone exclude me from the throne!"

"As Heaven hears and judges me," cried Emerich, "this is my first indication of these mysteries; nor am I yet assured but that you are practising on my credulity!"

"Your father, (long years ago representative of Saxe-Rothenheim at the court of Brunswick,)" resumed Helena, "was the only depositary of young Duke William's secret, when, during the lifetime of his father, he gave his hand clandestinely to the daughter of Count Rechberg. Time, they trusted, would afford some auspicious occasion for the disclosure of this rash marriage. But, within a few short months,

my father fell upon the field of Lutzen; my mother survived but till my ill-starred birth: when Edelstein, sole confidant of the event, removed me hither to be reared in humbleness and obscurity, as the avowed offspring of the pastor of Eichwald. Even Armfeldt and his wife were kept in ignorance of my real condition, and attributed my origin to him who, for his own sordid views, had hired their protection for my infancy. Nor was it till the death of my foster-mother that I became accidentally placed in possession of a sealed packet, the bequest of my dying mother, acquainting me with the secret of my origin."

Helena paused for breath; while Emerich, humiliated by the consciousness of having been rendered the instrument of his father's machinations, drew towards the open window to conceal his emotions.

"And what was my first impulse on the discovery?" pursued his companion. "Joy, Emerich!—*joy!*—at the discovery that I was in truth the equal of one who had generously stooped to my supposed indigence; joy, in the belief that I was about to augment his dignities and confirm his future fortune! But, soon, alas! reflection convinced me that, once acknowledged as a princess of the house of Brunswick, my hand would be destined to some prince of the empire, and my heart severed from its early affections. Emerich, I did not hesitate.—Having forwarded to the investigation of the Duke, my kinsman, those proofs of my legitimacy which endowed me with unanswerable claims upon his

protection, I at once abjured my rights, my title, my inheritance; proclaiming myself, with delight and pride, the affianced and contented wife of Count Emerich of Edelstein!"

"Helena," involuntarily exclaimed the page——

"Tell this to your father!" she continued, gasping with emotion. "Tell it him as a sufficient consolation for the intelligence that his projects have crumbled into dust; that the orphan of William of Brunswick rejects the alliance of his son; that Helena Armfeldt is about to seek, where worldly ambitions prevail not, a compensation for her blighted affections, a solace for her wounded spirit. Return, therefore, to Saxe-Rothenheim—return to her for whom you forsook me; the same roof must shelter us no longer!"

Vain were the attestations, vain the intreaties, of the young Count; who, by the princess of Brunswick's noble relinquishment of her rights, felt himself released from all suspicion of interested motives in the renewal of his suit. His mere presence appeared to be a source of torture to one, who, reared in seclusion and pure from the contamination of the world, had risked her hopes of happiness upon his fidelity, and, "having forfeited all by the wreck of that frail bark," was now utterly heartbroken. The only remission he could obtain of his sentence of exile was Helena's reluctant consent that, at the expiration of six months, he should return to Eichwald, once more to plead his cause, and ascertain what miracle solitude and abandonment

might have wrought in his favour. And, on his arrival at Saxe-Rothenheim, the discomfited Master of the Horse did not fail to anticipate wonders from the result of this apparently slight concession.

"Courage, my son!" whispered his compassionate mother, after listening to the first ebullitions of poor Emerich's despondency; "it is not in the heart of woman to be thus bitterly estranged by a first offence."

"Courage, my boy!" rejoined his father; "Helena of Brunswick will yet be yours; and, once wedded as your wife, trust to *my* efforts to secure the re-establishment of her birthright."

But the regret of Emerich dwelt neither upon Helena of Brunswick, nor upon her birthright. The object of his love was Helena Armfeldt, the poor, the noble, the high-souled, the tender and true companion of his unsullied years. It was no princess of the empire, but the pastor's daughter, at whose feet he hastened to throw himself, at the expiration of his period of banishment.

But, when he arrived at Eichwald, his old tutor was alone, wifeless, childless, comfortless; and all that remained of the betrothed of Emerich of Edelstein was a white tablet standing ghastly and alone in a secluded nook of the sandy grave-yard of the Presbytery, inscribed with the humble name of "HELENA!" A single shaft from the overflowing quiver of human afflictions had released the true-hearted village maiden from a world of probation.

VOWS.

BY LEONTINE.

THE world of Feeling! — Oh, how lie
  Within its charmed span
The torment and the ecstacy,
  The hope and faith, of man!
Truth's angel-presence, sent to guide,
May hardly stem the stormy tide,
  On whose unholy shore
The voices of the passions rise,
To taunt the patience of the skies,
  And bid them smile no more:
But, moving onward, still to save,
Awaits him by the calmer grave.

Alas, the hour! — the evil host
  Sweeps in its tumult on;
The very heart that shrines them most
  May not command its own:
Or, if its fettered force may dare
To struggle into tortured prayer,
  'Tis but to bid them go,
A life and purpose to assume,

Made up of Passion's pride and gloom,
And dying in its glow,
A glow whose latest embers roll
Upon the silence of the soul!

The birth of Vows! O human will!
The fragile — yet the stern —
The cradle of our unborn ill,
And of our bliss the urn!
Alas! that Evil in its power
Should leave the soul a bitter dower
Even when it glides away!
Alas! that Joy, in its excess,
Should waste itself to nothingness,
And feed us with decay!
The heart! how can its cells contain
So much of pleasure and of pain!

The Vow of Hate! Upon its front
Sits that we dread to know—
The dew of an unearthly font
Has touched the scathed brow!
There is no rest within the eye,
Upon the heart rides agony,
Whose blackness is of death:—
The past is stain'd with burning tears,
And Vengeance, grasping future years,
Consumes them with its breath.
Woe! woe! that aught of human race
Should follow on the demon's trace!

The tortured one! — his passage lies
Across that iron shore,
Whose burning points beneath him rise,
To pierce for evermore.
He resteth not — the poisoned well
Before him rolls its stifling swell;
And from the whirlwind's cloud
The ghost of unredeemed Sin
Upon the soul looks darkly in,
And wraps it in its shroud:
While Horror, with its earthquake-tread,
Lays bare the mansions of the dead!

The Vow of Love! the radiant bloom
Caught from the sunset heaven,
To tempt us trembling to a doom,
Too frail — if frankly given —
The eye, whose tranced homage falls
Deep on the wishes it enthrals —
The lip that dares not part —
Lest Joy, defeated of its dream,
Should perish, like a sunset-gleam
Upon the conscious heart.
Ah! fatal force of pleasant things,
Why have such precious moments wings!

The charmed one! Thus softly crown'd,
Behold her presence rise,
A mystery in that haunted round
Whose ring is form'd of sighs!

Her winged passage who may trace?
Yet, perfume fills the panting space,
  And light falls from her brow:
We worship in our joyfulness,
And feel that had we worshipp'd less
  She had not blest us now!
Even Thought itself forgets to move,
The spell-bound slave of Hope and Love!

Thus passeth life! And thou, O man!
  Poor jest of all that Fear
May press within thy bounded span,
  To poison — startle — sear —
And eager plaything, too, the while
Of Hope's intoxicating smile,
  And of the proffer'd joy!
A creature, whose delicious hours
Seem watch'd afar by demon-powers,
  Who linger to destroy!
Ah! where may then thy refuge be,
Unless Religion stoop o'er thee!

The sainted one! Lo! from the wreath,
  That round her forehead beams,
Falls Inspiration's holy breath,
  To soothe Life's fever'd dreams:
Within her zone the starlight lies,
To speak to us of distant skies,
  And light us on our way:
And to her spotless hand is given

The chalice Faith retrieved from heaven,
To vivify decay:
While from her cloudy vesture steal
Dews that the soul springs up to feel!

O breathe her Vow, thou wearied one!
A vow, whose presence bears
Reproof to Passion's frenzied tone,
And pardon for its tears;
A Vow, within whose essence rest
Those holy hopes that calm the breast—
Hopes laid upon a shrine,
Around whose censer'd perfume float
The angel-echo—seraph-note—
Sent on a deed divine!
Then, wearied one, pronounce her Vow,
And Heaven shall visit thee even now!

THE FORSAKEN.

BY DELTA.

Oh mine be the shade, which no eye might discover,
Where in silence and sorrow alone I may dwell;
Give scorn to the maid who is false to her lover,
A tear unto her who has loved but too well!
Alas for the heart, when, affection forsaking,
It turns from the vows it hath cherish'd for years!
For no refuge remains to that lone heart but breaking,
The silence of grief, or the solace of tears.

Though the skies of my youth are now dark and o'er-
clouded,
Though the chill wind of misery withers my heart,
Though his fond vows of truth in oblivion are shrouded,
From me shall the glow of faith never depart:
As the sunbeam that glitters, to vanish for ever,
As the snowflake that meets with, to melt in, the wave,
As the wind-severed leaf, that is swept down the river,
In the springtide of life I descend to the grave!

Then welcome, thrice welcome, the long wakeless
slumber,
That wraps in the bands of its silence the tomb;
Nor misery pierces, nor sorrows encumber,
The turf where the cypress-tree waves in its gloom:
And, perhaps, if long-smother'd remorse should awaken,
And affection return to the heart it hath fled,
The pity denied to a maiden forsaken
May be lavished in vain o'er the turf of the dead!

Farewell the gay prospects which once could allure me,
To think this poor earth was a promise of heaven:
Since he who once doated no more can endure me,
Too much with the darkness of fate I have striven;
The flowers with their odours, the birds with their
singing,
The beauties of earth, and the glories of sky,
Dear, sad recollections are constantly bringing,
And all that remains in this world is — to die!

THE OAK OF ST. PIERRE.

A LEGEND OF THE VOSGES.

BY GEORGE AGAR HANSARD, ESQ.

Of all those happy smiling villages that lie scattered over the verdant, undulating slopes which form the base of the lofty Vosges, or decorate the romantic valley of the Moselle, there is none in the whole province of Lorraine that can be compared to St. Pierre. Situated at the mouth of a narrow glen, and watered by a transparent gravelly stream, it lies embowered in trees, and appears to lose itself in the vines and orcharding by which it is encompassed. Around the small gothic church, whose slender, graceful spire glitters in the sunbeams with the brilliancy of silver, are the snow-white dwellings of the inhabitants, each constructed with an external gallery, around the pillars of which the clustering vine, the jasmine, the honeysuckle, and the rose, entwine themselves, with a luxuriancy peculiar to the soft and genial climate of this distinguished portion of France.

Near the church, and in the centre of the village green, (the joyous scene of many a rustic *fête*,) stands an enormous oak, which has probably withstood the ravings of the blast during a thousand winters. Its

history is intermingled with the annals of the province; for the records of the commune make frequent allusion to public documents which were attested, to lands granted, and leases signed, under the shadow of its giant branches, which, springing horizontally from the trunk, effectually shelter the verdant spot beneath from the scorching effects of the noontide sun. But there are other and less pleasing recollections connected with the history of this venerable relic of past ages; and tradition still points to the rude form of a cross, deeply carved, and to appearance burnt into its knotty, hollow trunk, which perpetuates the memory of a tragic circumstance that occurred near the spot, about two hundred and fifty years ago.

The village *auberge,* the beautiful oak, numerous gardens, a fountain, and the little church, encircle and decorate the pleasant green of which I have just been speaking. There is, however, another and a graver object, which intrudes itself on the attention of the stranger, whom curiosity and admiration of these simple, tranquil scenes may induce to linger within their precincts — I mean the ancient village cemetery, now overgrown with thorns and briars, intermingled with long, dank grass and tall nettles, which would seem to owe their rank luxuriance to the mouldering remnants of mortality that have here for ages been intermingled with their parent earth. Upon the heavy stonework, which forms the entrance to this deserted spot, is inscribed the following mournful and impressive

inscription: *Siste, Viator, eris quod sumus* *. There, undecked by "storied urn or animated bust," are ranged, side by side, in touching and impressive equality, beings whose petty feuds forbade all intercourse in life; in short, it forms the resting-place of all those whom the gothic church and the ancient tree have seen born and die.

Those, however, who, like myself, may sojourn in the neighbourhood of St. Pierre, will recognize a single and striking exception to the general air of neglect and desolation which characterises this burying ground. In the eastern corner, and close to the boundary wall, here thickly overgrown with ivy, is a sunny spot of about eight feet square, on which the frequent use of the scythe has produced a fine, short, velvet, turf. A large moss-grown slab reclines half buried in the centre, surmounted by a small iron cross, nearly consumed by the action of the elements, on which a garland of the choicest flowers the village gardens can produce is constantly renewed. Of the ample inscription which appears originally to have been engraven upon this stone, the words, *Ci gite*, and the date, 1582, alone remain to reward the researches of the curious antiquarian.

The sun poured down his rays with a fervour and intenseness unknown to the hottest days of an English summer, as my carriage pursued its slow and toilsome ascent up the steep road that winds round the Ballon

* Stay, Traveller — remember, as we are, so shalt thou be.

d'Alsace, the loftiest eminence of the mountainous district of the Vosges. Not a single cloud stained the deep azure of the heaven above; not a breath of air agitated the branches of the tall forest trees springing from the flower-enamelled turf that skirted the magnificent road by which I was proceeding, and which has in some degree immortalised the memory of the monarch by whom it was constructed*. Even the graceful foliage of the tremulous aspen tree had ceased its almost incessant quiver; while the buzz of innumerable insects that exist only in the sunbeams, and the tinkling bells of a small herd of white goats grazing under the shadow of the foliage, alone interrupted the delightful repose in which all nature appeared to be sunk.

The foamy bits, distended nostrils, and panting sides, of the generous animals which drew me sufficiently indicated the difficulty of the task; and a sudden rupture of their rope-traces brought them to their knees. As the extraordinary-looking personage who performed the duties of postillion leaped from the enormous jack-boots which hung as fixtures on either side of the saddle, in order to repair the damage his harness had received, I opened the carriage door, and, desiring him to follow at his leisure without distressing the horses, proceeded on foot to St. Pierre, at which the next posthouse was situated.

I passed the rustic bridge, and, reaching the village green, hastened to repose myself on the seat which

* Louis XV.

encircles the old oak tree. It was already occupied. Two beautiful children, a boy and girl, about eleven or twelve years of age, were busily engaged in forming a chain of freshly-gathered flowers, a portion of which encumbered the bench on which the latter was seated, while the former lay upon the grass at her feet. She arose as I approached, and attempted to sweep away the fragrant materials. "Let them remain," said I, gently patting her rosy cheek; "I shall find a place on the other side." As I walked round, the figure of a cross, to which I have before alluded, arrested my attention. The singularity of its position, its rude, rugged form and apparent antiquity, all conspired to excite my curiosity, and I eagerly questioned my little companions as to its history. "Ah, monsieur, is it of the Black Cross you are speaking? — It is an old tale, and a very dismal one, too. Though I and Jaques have often heard it, we cannot relate it half so well as my grandfather."—"And where is your grandfather?" —"At the cemetery, behind the church; he is the village sexton."

The low, arched doorway lay half open. At the corner opposite to the entrance, his person, half concealed by the progress of a newly-made grave, was he whom I sought. I quickly made known my errand. With that courtesy which frequently distinguishes the manners of the lower classes in France, he suspended his melancholy employment, and gave me a narration, of which the following is the substance.

Towards the close of a sultry day, in the latter end of June, a single horseman, having a young female mounted on a pillion behind, was slowly proceeding along the wild and rocky defile through which the river Jaude winds its rapid and devious course. He was journeying from the town of Champagney to that of Altkirch, with the intention of placing his daughter, who rode behind him, as a boarder in one of the numerous religious houses with which the latter city then abounded. The prospect of a long separation from an only remaining child had given a deep interest to the conversation of the father, and prevented his observing that the shades of evening were rapidly settling on the stupendous cliffs, that rose like a wall on either side of the scarcely perceptible bridle-path by which they were proceeding. Striking his horse with the spur, the rider soon quickened his pace to a hard trot, when his attention was attracted by a sharp, shrill noise; and, almost at the same instant, the good gray horse on which he rode was pierced in the chest by an arrow from a cross-bow, and, after plunging desperately, fell to the ground in the agonies of death. The violence of the shock precipitated the young lady into the rocky but shallow torrent; the horseman, however, retained his seat, and, hastily disengaging himself from the expiring animal, prepared to fly to the rescue of his child. He placed her on the green bank, and, drawing his sword, fearlessly awaited the termination of this mysterious assault. The low notes of a bugle now ran

echoing along the cliffs; and the unfortunate travellers, on looking in the direction from which these sounds had proceeded, discovered five fierce and savage-looking figures clothed in steel caps and leather jerkins rapidly descending, by swinging themselves from crag to crag with all the agility of the chamois. The stranger, encircling his daughter with one arm, and placing his back against a tree, fought desperately. The contest, however, was too unequal to be of long duration; and the robbers, after pillaging him of his money and arms, hastily retreated by the way by which they had approached, leaving both their victims in a state of insensibility.

The father, though greatly exhausted from the loss of blood, was the first to experience a return of consciousness; and, raising his child in his arms, proceeded, with all the haste his feeble condition would allow, towards the village of St. Pierre, whose spire was at intervals faintly visible in the moonlight. He at length reached the ancient oak; and, overcome by fatigue and the pain of his wounds, he placed his burden at its foot. It was now midnight. While busy in exertions for her restoration, his fears were again awakened by loud shouts from behind; and in a few minutes he recognized his plunderers, who, with fierce execrations, commenced tearing the ornaments from his daughter's person. The pain of his wounds, the hopelessness of the contest, were forgotten in the impulse of paternal affection. To start from his kneeling posture, to rush upon the

foremost of these savages and fell him to the earth, was but the work of an instant. His own destruction, however, was the result; and the remainder of my tale may be comprised in a few words.

On the following morning, as some peasants were proceeding to their daily toil, their attention was arrested by the sight of a young female, her countenance pale and her dress torn and disordered, sitting at the foot of the village oak. She supported in her lap the head of an elderly man, whose person exhibited traces of recent and brutal violence. The unhappy lady returned no answer to their inquiries, nor betrayed the slightest symptoms of consciousness, except by occasionally regarding the bloodstained pallid countenance which lay upon her lap: she then, with a deep sigh, relapsed into her former state of stupor.

They were borne to the residence of the benevolent curé; and, though the unhappy daughter revived sufficiently to narrate her tragic story, she lived but a few days, and lies buried in the same grave that covers the mangled body of her parent. The villagers still point to the ruins of a castle, which crowns a beetling cliff overhanging the Jaude, as the retreat of the murderers; and, with a feeling of superstition common to the lower classes of all countries, will put themselves to considerable inconvenience rather than pass the spot, when once the setting sun has sunk behind the lofty peaks that distinguish the summit of the Ballon d'Alsace.

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EULIONE.

EULIONE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

Ye, who delight in beauty, come and gaze:
  View, if ye dare, the lightnings of those eyes,
  Whose glances seem like meteors in the skies —
And feel the magic of their passion rays.
Look on her brow of thought — her clustering hair
  Of glossy darkness — see her peach-like cheek
  Carnationed like an infant's — mark how meek,
Yet proud, withal, appears her winning air,
As if its spell would fix its victim there!
  Or — ye who measure by the critic's art—
To analyse the thoughts of one so fair,
  Read, in her looks, the feelings of her heart —
See all the woman's power in her eye —
Hear all her weakness in that low, sad sigh!

WAR SONG.

FROM THE MODERN GREEK.

Shall we gaze upon the height,
  Leonidas, that saw thy spear
Flash, like Freedom's beacon-light!
  Shall we still thy trumpet hear;

Though a thousand years are gone,
Though are voiceless wave and hill;
With one proud, immortal tone
Echoing in our bosoms still?

No, by all the memories
Haunting old Thermopylæ,
Freedom once before our eyes,
We will live, or die, like thee.

Now, let Music wake the string;
Now, let triumph gild the soul,
Now, the grape's rich beverage bring,
And bid myrtle wreathe the bowl.

And be lovely woman nigh,
With her kiss the draught to crown,
Flashing from her sapphire eye
Light that leads us to renown.

Who would linger life away,
Sowing anguish, reaping shame,
When the struggle of a day
Might be Freedom — must be Fame!

Who would wither in the chain,
When a touch might set him free;
When before him lies the plain,
Where the prize is Liberty!

THE PILOT AND THE PRINCESS.

A SCENE IN THE BOSPHORUS.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A TRAVELLER.

I had agreed for my passage with the captain of a Greek polacre, who was to sail in the evening for Odessa. The polacre was a remarkably pretty bark, but with what the sailors call a roguish look, and, unless I shrewdly misconceived appearances, had played her part among the islands in the days when the sabre did more than the invoice, and Greek captains traded in more matters than they would acknowledge at any custom-house in the Mediterranean. But all was now innocent. The polacre had been purified from all her pirate frolics; her destination was legitimate; and my baggage, valet, and leash of Anatoly greyhounds, were put on board. The cabin was sufficiently small, and I had taken it to myself, with the fair additional stipulation that neither more goods nor passengers should be taken on board than the vessel would be able to carry. The captain, a showy, bronzed, tall Greek, shook me by the hand, in token of being charmed with all my stipulations; pledged himself by the image of the Virgin, which hung prominent and propitious over his forecastle, to fulfil every condition with accuracy unequalled by any navigator of the seas; and finished by promising me a passage worthy of an emperor.

The evening was a June evening of the Mediterranean. This is saying enough for its beauty. But it was, besides, an evening of the Ramazan. This, all the world knows, is the only thing wanting to make a Turkish summer evening the perfection of beauty. As I was standing on the quay of the Golden Horn, I heard the evening gun fire from the seraglio, and the whole famous exhibition rapidly followed. Mosque after mosque blazed out in light, as if it were roofed with jewels. Towers hitherto invisible suddenly shot up, like fixed flames of all heights, shapes, and colours. Broad sheets of lamps covered the chief structures of the city, and above them rose and shone the Santa Sophia, like the central coronet in a colossal jewel-chamber. All was glittering, glowing, and magnificent. Above this, the sky was one vast expanse of the deepest violet. Nothing could be more fitted to show off the infinite lustres below. Nature never contrived a lovelier setting for the most brilliant display that could have been wrought by the powers of man.

The wind was now blowing right up the Bosphorus, and I became impatient to begin my voyage. But Captain Callistrato's impatience threw mine totally into the background. He ranted, raved, and flung out his whole vocabulary of seanames upon his crew, his passengers, and all things else within his memory. Yet, to my surprise, there lay our gallant vessel yet with her grapnels to the quay, and her anchor fast in the ooze. As I gazed at the reflection of the moonrise in the mirror

of the waters, I hinted to the captain that the first preliminary to movement was connected with hoisting his anchor. He struck his ample forehead in utter astonishment at the stupidity of his crew, and gave instant orders for the handspikes to be in readiness. The orders were echoed and re-echoed round the deck. Yet, by some singular mischance, neither grapnel nor anchor stirred. After observing this strange neglect to the captain, who instantly darted away to have it rectified, I went down to my cabin. Imagine my indignation. I found it half full already, my trunks occupied as ottomans, a pair of Greek ladies, one or both of whom were said to be dying of a fever, tenants of my cot, and half a dozen long-bearded Osmanlis quietly preparing their pipes for a final treat, before they lay down on their carpets. This was intolerable. It was now my turn to rave. I rushed upon deck, determined to abate the nuisance in the most summary manner, by compelling the captain to clear my cabin of every interloper at once, and to leave Turkish Effendis and Greek Venuses alike on shore. But I was too late for this part of the performance. I found the deck a pile of goods of every kind; the polacre overloaded to such a degree that the first gale would in all probability blow her over; and the captain wringing his hands at 'the trick which had been played upon him by the knavery of his crew.'

But by this time it was night; the grapnels were loose at last; and we were rapidly gliding up the Bosphorus. To put the intruders on shore was, of course, now out of

the question. But it was quite another affair to prevent further accessions to their numbers. On the contrary, we had scarcely passed the seraglio half a league, when some confounded accident to our mast compelled the captain to shorten sail. This was instantly taken advantage of by some adventurers on shore; and we were boarded by a felucca containing Greeks enough to have founded a colony. The wrath of the unfortunate captain was boundless. But, by some means or other, all the live stock of the felucca made their footing good. Their bark dropped suddenly away; and we were forced to make the best of our misfortune by that patience which is the virtue of the unlucky.

The night was magnificent, but the moon's horns portended a gale. I had been long enough learning my trade in one of his Britannic Majesty's frigates to know that a gale in the Euxine in an overloaded polacre, with a Greek captain and a deck full of the mongrel population of the suburbs of Constantinople, would be any thing but a matter of amusement. I communicated my notions on the subject to the captain, who received them with every mark of gratitude; was full of regrets, even almost up to the point of anguish, at the incursions which had been made into my cabin; and, on the whole, exhibited such overwhelming sorrow, that I thought it a matter of mere feeling to console him. This I found difficult. Yet he was not incapable of listening to reason; and, when we parted for the night, I left him loaded with obligations. My last advice was,

that not another ounce of freightage should be suffered on the deck; for, the moment the vessel felt the wind at the chops of the Bosphorus, the result would probably be our turning mast-head over into the other world.

The dew and the gusts together at length overcame my repugnance to venture into the stifling atmosphere of my cabin, possessed as it was by interlopers; and down I plunged. But what was my astonishment to find that a new invasion had taken place during my absence! Whether the invaders had come through the port-holes or from the moon, they had come invisibly to me; and, as the captain, whom I now roundly tasked with this new infraction of our compact, swore, by all his saints, unexpectedly to him. On my proceeding to the length of telling him that I was not to be swindled by any scoundrel who wore a beard in the Mediterranean, and promising him that half an hour should not elapse from our arrival before the whole affair should be submitted to the consul—a promise which argued nothing but my own absurdity, for it might have cost me a plunge into the bowels of the Black Sea—the gallant Callistrato only protested the more against the ill luck that constantly pursued him. But 'what could a Greek do with those brutes of Turks? If they boarded his vessel, any attempt to keep them out would be answered by a carbine full of bullets or a push of a poniard. He wished them from his soul, root and branch, in the bottom of the sea. Yet, what was to be done?' He aided his eloquence by wringing his hands, tearing his hair, and, above all, as

an evidence of his genuine affliction, promising to refund the passage-money the moment we touched the shore. What more could be done by man? From a Greek, whose soul is beyond that of all others on earth the temple of Mammon, it was miraculous. I now tried the cabin again; was fortunate enough to reach the door, though not a step further; found a snoring Turk for my pillow; and, wrapping myself up in my cloak, waited to be trampled on by the next importation of the disastrous captain.

I might have lain about three hours in the most uneasy of all possible slumbers, dreaming of wrecks, skirmishes with Osmanlis, as tall as the sky, and with sabres flashing like the dog-star; when, in the midst of a furious sea-fight, in which I was performing prodigies of valour, I felt the imaginary deck quiver under me, and was hoisted into the clouds on a burst of fire, which shook my visionary ship into ten thousand fragments, and sent my gallant crew to the bottom of the blue sea. I awoke, heard a gun fire, and was instantly on my legs, delighted to find, like Clarence, that it was "but a dream," that my ship was but some half dozen Osmanlis, of whom I had made my bed in the dark, the tumult of the heady fight but the rattling of feet on the deck above my head, and the explosion but a musquet fired by some of the crew. But, to sleep was now impossible, and I left the Turks to settle the matter with each other, and went above. There what a scene met my eye! If I had seen the polacre over-

loaded before, what was I to make of her now! She was actually a pile of goods. Stem and stern were equally undistinguishable. The gale was increasing: in half an hour we must be in the Euxine; and in half a minute after that it was fifty chances to one but that our story was told.

My first business now was to find the captain. But he had, I suppose, exhausted all his pathetics, for he was not to be found. He had ensconced himself among his bales, and he might as well have been looked for in the billows that were now beginning to tumble about us in a sufficiently menacing style. As I was rather angrily continuing my search, the mate of the ship, a little Maltese, with shrewd eyes and the air of a humourist, addressed me. "You may as well give over your trouble for the night, sir," said he, "for when the captain does not *choose* to be found, it will not be very easy to find him."—"Is the rascal hanged, drowned, or run away?" was my impatient exclamation. "The last should be first," coolly replied the Maltese. "The others may come all in good time. But, if you expect to see Captain Callistrato until the moon is down, and we are fairly out of the Channel ——" The speech was concluded with a look which told me at once that the captain was a smuggler. "But this loading — where does it come from, and for what, when the polacre is already at the water's edge?" was my question.— "Where it comes from," said the mate, "those know best who brought it, honest fellows as they all are;

where it goes to they probably think they know best, for the owners have taken good care to come along with their property. Some is intended for the mountains, some for the Danube, some for Sebastopol, some for Trebizond, but not the value of a piastre of it ever to pass through the hands of a custom-house officer."

The Maltese seemed to enjoy my surprise at this account of his cargo, and proceeded in his communication. "The passengers are as little pleased with the sight of daylight as the captain would now be pleased at the sight of your excellenza pricking him out of one of those bales yonder with the point of your sabre. Some are Jews, some Infidels, some Greeks, and some Italians; and I'll pledge the chance of my wages for the trip that no two of them differ more than any two galley-slaves in Marseilles; that if the whole muster of them were to strip, you would find their history written in the bastinado on the feet, or the lash on the back, of every man of the party. And, between ourselves, *carissimo*," said the fellow, with a look of the impudent familiarity that belongs to his countrymen, "the brave Captain Callistrato is as much a ——"

Here he was interrupted by a loud voice from the water, hailing the vessel. "What, more passengers!" I exclaimed; "is the captain out of his senses? We cannot find room to stand already." — "He is not accountable for those that are shoved overboard," was the cool reply; "he is paid alike for all. But," as he looked over the side, "this seems a cargo of another

calibre." A rope had been already thrown from the felucca which followed us, and a stately Greek, magnificently attired, came up the chains. His arrival had evidentlybeen expected, and the captain now appeared, as if he had started from the sea along with him. A young and very lovely female was next handed up the side, and conducted along the deck to a sofa, which a couple of female attendants covered with cushions and shawls, and where the young beauty was waited on with peculiar attention.

My curiosity was a little roused; and the Maltese, with whom I had become quite confidential, on the approved merit of being a good listener, told me in a whisper, and with a visage worthy of a privy councillor, that our new passenger was no less a personage than the Hospodar of Wallachia. "He was summoned to Constantinople," said he, "to give some account of his proceedings with the Muscovites; in other words, to leave his head and his money in the seraglio. Some unknown friend found means to let him know that to-night was to finish his earthly troubles; and the Greek, perhaps thinking that his share of troubles was not enough yet, hired the polacre at an hour's notice to carry him to Odessa."—"And hired my cabin too, I suppose, among the rest," said I.—"Yes," was the answer. "The captain never refuses money—that is the first point: and, as you paid handsomely, and the Greek paid handsomely also, it would have hurt his feelings to have disappointed either. This, too, accounts for the

state of the deck: he would not deprive so many poor fellows of their market for a few scruples of conscience, and so, giving way to his compassion, and pocketing their money, he has fairly left the Turkish custom-house behind, and carries them, smugglers, goods, and all, to the north of his highness the Sultan's line of fire."

A sudden sound of oars interrupted the dialogue. "By our Lady," exclaimed the Maltese, "the officers are on our track! I should not give a ducat for the life of any man among us by sunrise if we suffer them to catch us." The captain was evidently quick-eared to the sound; for I saw the rascal struggling his way, in infinite haste and terror, through the boxes and piles that almost broke in our deck. A blaze of musquetry alongshore, followed by the booming of a heavy gun, showed that the Turkish fort astern was on the *qui vive*. We had nothing for it now but to hoist every strip of canvas, and distance the Moslem if we were able. But the polacre could scarcely move; the sails could not be handed, and the men could not stir upon the deck, from the enormous compilation of merchandize which the roguery of Callistrato had suffered to gather there. I was not totally indifferent to the result, for a Turkish scimitar or knife was not likely to be a very discriminating judge of nationality at midnight. But, even if I were, I should have been made zealous by the evident terrors of the Hospodar's daughter. In moments of general alarm, all the world becomes communicative; and I learned from one of the Greek attendants that there was a little

romance mingled with the public part of his highness's flight. A young Italian, an officer in the Austro-Venetian squadron lying in the Propontis for its summer trip up the Mediterranean, had contrived to establish an interest in the heart of the fair Princess; which, as happens in other cases, was by no means entertained with the same cordiality by her father. A bullet and the scimitar were the promised rewards of the Italian's further attentions; and the young beauty, disconsolate of course, but not the less handsome for her melancholy, as I could attest, on the visible evidence of her magnificent eyes and lovely expression, was whirled away from Constantinople, never to see her worshipper more.

In the mean time our clumsy attempts to get up the sails proceeded, and, though the wind was now blowing a gale, and we began to feel the swell at the mouth of the Bosphorus, the polacre crept on at a snail's pace, while the Turkish guard-boats were evidently coming up at full gallop. The Hospodar's anxiety was obvious enough, but it was at least within the line of manliness; but Callistrato was the grand performer of the hour. He was in an agony, and his agony had now the advantage of being perfectly sincere. With such a weight of contraband upon his soul, no man was more likely to be bastinadoed out of the world on his first capture, if he were not sliced like a cucumber by the first Turk who got footing in the polacre. He ranted and raved, recounted all the sins of his life,

an extraordinary exhibition of memory; harangued, whined, wept, and made himself so abjectly ridiculous, that I could not help alternately scorning and laughing at the fellow's depth of distress. I was fully revenged for the plunder of my passage-money. The whole cabin was in the same confusion. Jew and Turk, the sly Smyrniote, whose soul is made of oil and figs, the smooth Peraite, who lives by European robbery in all shapes, and the Rabbi, to whom nothing Christian or Infidel comes amiss, were all gathering up whatever they could abstract most precious from their bags, and preparing plausibilities for the remorseless ears of the Doganieri.

But what was the Englishman doing at this crisis? Why, nothing! for what was to be done at midnight, with a vessel which lay like a log upon the water, loaded twenty feet above the side, with all kinds of tumbling packages; with a craven crew and a half-mad captain? I took it for granted that our fate was sealed, if ever we ventured outside the Channel; and, as the shot of a Turkish pistol was an easier death than drowning, I was better content to take the latter alternative, if it must come, in the *melée*. But the story had now spread to the attendants of the Princess, and the terrors which it excited round the sofa gave a fillip to my expiring gallantry. There was no time for ceremony; I introduced myself to the Hospodar, acquainted him briefly with the nature of the case, kicked Captain Callistrato out from the centre of a fortification of

bales, which I verily believe he was pilfering at the moment; sent him by the same summary process to the feet of the Hospodar, and there insisted on his surrendering the command of the vessel to his mate. But the Maltese was not ambitious of an honour which promised little more than promotion to the rope or the axe, and he left the affair again in my hands.

The sound of the oars was becoming still more audible; and even the long phosphoric flash from their stroke was beginning to show itself on the water. They could not be more than a third of a league off; when, seeing the urgent necessity of coming to some determination on the subject, I held a council with the Hospodar. The point in question was, whether he considered that our being overhauled by the Sultan's barges would be likely to involve himself in any inconvenience. On this view he gave his opinion gallantly and promptly; that he could not conceive any pursuit to be made after him at so short a notice, and that, on the mere chance, it would be cruel, and even criminal, to expose so many people to the hazard of the Turkish laws.

But this view of the question differed vastly from my own. I ventured to doubt his highness's prudence in trusting anything to the mercy of a gang of Turks, let loose, in the darkness, to do just as they liked with a ship and cargo. I equally doubted that, if they once found a man of his rank on board, they would not at least detain him until intelligence from the capital had decided his fate; concluding with laying down sailors'

law on the case, namely—always to escape where we were not strong enough to fight—and always to fight where we were not quick enough to escape. In the present instance my advice was—to ask no questions, but fire away, to the last cartridge among us; then to make terms, if we could; and, if we could not, to make up our minds to go to the bottom, all standing. My rough advice was suited to the time: the Hospodar made an oriental obeisance in token of submission, sent to his cabin for his carbine and pistols, and went to take a last embrace, if such it was to be, of his beautiful daughter, who lay like the personification of the Tragic Muse, clasping her hands, and turning her fine eyes alternately on her father and on heaven. The glance decided him, as it might have decided the most inveterate stoic that ever had a stone instead of a heart in his bosom. It perfectly rekindled all my ardour against Turks and Doganieri; and we began a general muster of our military means. The Hospodar drew up the unwilling *volunteers*, whom I had enlisted under penalty of throwing overboard every man who refused to handle pike or pistol. I gathered the crew, and laboured to set them about working the ship. The first step was, of course, to clear the deck; and my hand was the first to fling a huge toppling bale of Salonica cottons plump into the water. But the howl of wrath and wonder that followed, from every corner of the ship, satisfied me of the metal of which its defenders were made. The crew, to a man, instantly

deserted me, and dropped sail and tackle out of their hands. One half ran down into the cabin, and the other fell on their knees before the Virgin and her lantern in the forecastle.

All the work was now at a stand. While I was attempting to force two or three of these slovens to the ropes again, I was surprised by a voice from one of the ports. My first idea was that the Turks had fairly come up with us, and that the affair was to be ended in the national style. But the voice told me that the Doganieri were still at some distance, and that, seeing the vessel in distress, a boat's crew from the pilot-station had come off to inquire what was the matter. Nothing could be more welcome: for the pilots at the mouth of the channel are Greeks, and their help is always to be looked for against the Osmanlis, right or wrong, when it can be given with impunity.

The cause of our embarrassment was briefly communicated to the speaker, a tall and handsome son of the sea, who caught it at once, and recommended our getting off the coast as speedily as possible. Still those confounded bales were not to be moved by my single hand, and the crew were too busy with their genuflections to assist in the operation. But the pilot-boat settled the whole affair in a moment: at a whistle, a dozen stout fellows sprang up the vessel's side like cats, and began clearing the decks in a masterly style. Away went box and bale, away went trunk and package; all flew over the side with the speed of

light, and the polacre began to feel the wind and give way in gallant trim. The pilot next threw his men out upon the rigging; the effect was marvellous, and we soon felt her shoot away like an eagle.

In a few minutes the sound of the oars began to die away, and all that we heard was the rush of our own cutwater through the rising waves. The lightening of the deck was not accomplished without many a growl and many a curse on the part of the owners. But the pilot's crew were formidable fellows, and, if they once fell to, the grumblers might have followed their floating property. I remained looking out for the lighthouse at the entrance, while the pilot went aft, as he said, to ascertain the nearing of the boats in pursuit. But I was speedily startled by the sound of a tumult; loud voices and the clashing of swords followed. The disturbance, however, was over before I could reach the spot, and I saw the Hospodar issuing from the crowd, sword in hand, and in great agitation. He explained the cause, by saying that he had found the scoundrel pilot actually kneeling at the Princess's feet, kissing her hand, and making the most extravagant declarations of his insolent and unaccountable passion; that, in consequence of his attempt to punish this insolence, the fellow had forced him to draw his scimitar, and that finally, in the struggle, he had been thrown overboard. This was the first hasty version. The Hospodar was in a flame; from him I could learn no more. But the Greek attendants, who kept their

senses a little cooler, had recognized in the pilot the Italian lover! — who, it appeared, by his declaration to the lady in that brief interview, had been the conveyancer of the original warning, which prompted the Hospodar's escape; had been watching in his boat off the coast for the passing of the vessel; and, after assisting so effectually in the general escape of the vessel and crew, was to find his career so speedily and cruelly extinguished.

As the story transpired, the general sympathy for the death of this gallant fellow reached even the Hospodar, who now expressed the deepest regret for his rash violence; especially on its being known that the chief purpose of the Italian's coming on board was to tell him that the boats in pursuit were sent expressly to bring *him* back, dead or alive, to wait the Sultan's pleasure. The feeling now took a totally different turn. The proud Greek wrung his hands and tore his beard, at the memory of his intended preserver; wept with his daughter over the sudden death of a being, whom he now characterized as possessing every excellence of man; and wished only that he had a hundred daughters to illustrate his line by a hundred such sons-in-law. But all lamentations were now fruitless; and there was nothing to be done, but to make the best of our way, and fight or fly as we could.

The intelligence of the actual pursuit of the Hospodar had completed my determination; and, taking

the helm in my own hand, I steered right for the open sea. But, though we had left our pursuers some leagues behind, a shower of rockets, which fell directly ahead of the polacre, soon taught us that signals fly faster than sails. The gun from the fort had alarmed the shore, and the whole line of guard-boats were out in our front to bring us to. Another fit of terror now seized my Mediterranean heroes, and the ropes and carbines were equally dropped together. One or two black-browed knaves, with their hands on their knives, even attempted to get up a mutiny, and it was not till a handspike well applied to the os frontis of the foremost put an end to his oratory for a time, and a few peltings of the round shot that lay at my feet dispersed the rest, that I felt secure against being sent to feed the tunnies for which the strait has been so renowned. This demonstration on my part ended with a solemn promise to blow up the vessel, smugglers and all, on the first disturbance among my rabble of poltroons. The people of the pilot-boat, too, were on my hands. For the Italian, as not one of themselves, they exhibited no extravagant sympathy; but they by no means wished to come into actual contact with the Turkish musquets. There was no time for parley. To a man they went over the side, wished me a lucky escape, and rowed shoreward. The situation was perplexing. But, when I walked towards the spot where the Hospodar, now helpless as a child, according to the custom of oriental

repentance, was sitting on the deck with his hands clasped over his brows, and the groupe round his daughter were kneeling, praying, and weeping, in every form of anguish and fear, my wits began to clear a little, and I resolved to try the effect of a piece of that manœuvring which I had learned in the Archipelago.

A swarm of the Turkish boats were now coming up close, yet in their usual clumsy manner of clustering together; but two or three were lying astern of the rest, and about as many more were taking a sweep, evidently to cut off my retreat. On being hailed by the foremost boat to lie-to, I answered that they had only to send an officer on board. This intelligence was received by the Turks with a shout of triumph, for naval victories are rare in their annals; but in my bark the public feeling was directly the reverse. The knaves, whom no persuasion could have hitherto induced to pull a trigger, now bounced with all the angry heroism of Alexanders. I was declared to be the blackest of traitors, the basest of dastards, and openly charged with selling the ship, at a moment when every man in her was ready to resist to the last drop of his blood. Even the Hospodar, roused by the near approach of his fate, and probably still more by the miseries to which his daughter must be exposed, came hastily towards me, and asked, in a voice struggling with emotion, whether I could think of surrendering. I was disrespectful enough to laugh in

his face, and, bidding him draw his sword, and cut down the first man who flinched, called upon the Alexanders to stand by me, and fight, at least, till I bade them give in. I still held the helm in my hand. The enemy, a little lulled by the expectation of an easy victory, had laid by their oars, and were preparing to jump on board for a glorious harvest of robbery. They were mistaken, at least, for the time. A single turn of the helm brought the polacre into the very centre of the swarm. The shout was turned into a universal howl of terror. Successive crashes, followed by successive howls, told us that the prow was doing its work in good style; and a scattering of turbans on the waters, and the phosphoric splash of hands striking out for the shore, satisfied me of the success of my stratagem, simple as it was. The cluster was broken, scattered, crushed, and swamped, in five minutes. The shout now was ours, and we bore on for the mouth of the strait with furious speed. Little harm, however, was done, except to the boats, for the Turks swim like fishes, and they were within a few hundred yards of the shore.

I was now the hero. Popularity is a fine thing, and I enjoyed it to the full. Every smuggler on board was ready to die with me. The females came in a transport of gratitude, and flung themselves at my feet. The Hospodar offered me his diamond-hilted poniard; and even the Princess, though dissolved in sorrow, lifted up the lustre of her eyes, and gave

me a melancholy moonlight glance of unspeakable gratitude.

But our night's work was not yet over. The boats in rear of the broken cluster were still to be passed; and here came the tug of war. The Turk, fighting in a fleet, is the most helpless of animals, but, fighting alone, is by no means to be despised. An unlucky shift of the wind, at this moment, threw our huge, unwieldy, latine sail aback; and, in the confusion, nothing could prevent the Turks from getting alongside. Of the crews of the three, every man was, in the next minute, creeping up our unfortunate vessel, from stem to stern. Our situation began to be awkward. The night, stormy and dark from the beginning, was now blowing in furious gusts which threatened to send us all to the bottom together, and was as dark as Erebus. An unlucky shot, which went right through the binnacle lantern, next put an end to steerage, and the only light was actually from the sparkles of our cutlasses and daggers. Musquets were out of the question, for, after the first shot or two, the whole affair was hand to hand. The confusion was horrible. Yet, after all, the darkness was perhaps in our favour; for we at least knew something of the ground, and our crew, who would undoubtedly have thrown down their arms at the first sight of an Osmanli in daylight, fell to, by the necessity of the case, and did their business very handsomely. Circumstances make the hero all the world over. The hubbub itself was worth

all the drums and trumpets of a royal guard. Every man struck without fear of retaliation; and the point of the Jew pedlar's knife was as sharp as the Janizary's scimitar. Besides, men's blood warms by this exercise, and the discovery that they could be warriors without being sabred for it on the spot was wonderfully animating. The Turks at last gave way, and, between being tossed overboard and leaping overboard, they began to leave us a clear vessel. We should now have sung Io Pæan, and left our enemies far on the beam, but for the remnant of the squadron, which we had already run down. The delay occasioned by the fight enabled them to come up, and we found ourselves unexpectedly boarded by a fresh crowd of ruffians. Our resistance on this emergency sorely stripped us of our laurels. Three fourths of our warriors instantly ran down into the cabin or tumbled into the hold. The Hospodar, with two or three Albanians alone, retreated to the poop, where he defended himself desperately. As to remain by the helm was useless, I made my way to him there, luckily found an arm-chest, and, by firing, kept off the enemy for a while. But they seemed to be receiving a continual increase to their numbers, and at length they made a general rush, and completely closed in. A blow on the head brought down the Hospodar, while a shot through my arm disabled me for anything but a looker-on. The appearance of affairs was gloomy. I thought that the time for blowing up was come, if I could but be

suffered to creep down to the magazine, and away I went.

But, while I was in the act of stretching away on my hands and feet for the purpose, I heard a wild cry among the crowd of Turks, and felt them scattering and tumbling round me in all directions. Lanterns were now run up to the rigging by a new set of comers, and half a dozen stout fellows were seen hewing their way towards the poop. The Turks, taken by surprise, fell like straws, and the fight was done almost as soon as it had commenced. I now thought no more of the magazine, and made my way back, to see what was become of the Hospodar.

The whole scene was like a theatrical *finale*. There knelt the Italian, with the Hospodar's hand on his head, and the arm of the Hospodar's daughter round his neck. There was no time for etiquette; all was nature. The young officer, when thrown overboard, had swum to the shore, had collected some Genoese, and come up just in time. We certainly owed him our lives; and the Hospodar especially would have been headless in the court of the seraglio within twenty-four hours but for his following us. We were, of course, all gratitude. Even the Jew pedlars voted him a contribution, and Captain Callistrato, creeping out from his rat-hole in the hold, produced his best anker of brandy as a propitiation. The deck was cleared. We dashed into the Euxine. All were happy, Jews, smugglers, and Smyrniotes. The Princess and her hero

were the happiest of all; and, three days after, I saw them marching, the handsomest pair in the Russian dominions, to the foot of the high altar at Odessa. The Hospodar had now done with Turkey; the Italian had done with the sea: and the hands of the priest united, in my presence, two hearts which promised as glowingly for long delight as any that ever bound themselves in the golden links of a MARRIAGE FOR LOVE.

ALCMÆON.

THE COTTAGE IN THE HEBRIDES.

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE SAXON'S DAUGHTER," "WOMAN," &c.

BENEATH a rock o'er which green aspens bent
Stood the sweet cot of quiet and content;
Around the porch did no rich woodbine bloom,
But mountain roses breathed as sweet perfume.
A crystal streamlet bubbled from the bank,
Where willows wept, and lilies stooped and drank.
Wild shrubs fenced in the garden's holly bowers,
Green all the year when Winter nipt the flowers;
Beyond was seen the blooming cowslipped field,
Producing all those rocky isles might yield;
While roved around on crag, by torrent's fall,
The half-tamed goat that came at Edith's call.

A. Skitsholme del. Pub by Ackermann & Co. 96 Strand. 1835 S. Davenport sculp.

THE VILLAGE TOMB-CUTTER.

THE VILLAGE TOMBCUTTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROTHER TRAGEDIANS."

THE funeral train, slowly retiring from the churchyard of Chewton Queens, a village in one of our south-western shires, spoke little of the dead, but much in pity for the surviving kindred, rather on account of their poverty than of their recent loss.

Fifteen years before, Reuben Maize, then a very boy, had stolen a love-match with the still younger and equally handsome Sarah Baker; who, giddy and fond of power as she had been, soon learned both thrift and obedience; but, alas! the farmer had not mind enough to emulate her virtues. Circumstances had piqued him into a zest for field-sports and sylvan gaming; but he proved every way, and in every thing, unlucky. Beaten, literally as well as figuratively, at the choice pursuits for which he neglected his duties, he retorted the fond pleadings of his wife with brutal violence, and strove to "drown care;" till, ruined in character and fortune, he sunk prematurely to the grave.

And now — what was to become of the three blameless beings left behind? Almost every body was willing to serve them, but lacked the means of effecting any

thing permanent or satisfactory for their relief. Even "the Doctor," who had attended Maize gratuitously, and furnished his last hours with many comforts, after subscribing towards the interment, and bidding his own son support the widow through that painful scene, sincerely sighed forth, "I can do no more!"

Sorrow had long subdued the brightness of Sarah's face; the widow's cap, that shaded her red and swollen lids, obscured its remaining attractions; but to every feeling heart she was still interesting, as, in humbly decent weeds, she walked beside her first-born, a meek steady girl of fourteen, who carried the youngest of a once numerous flock. 'T was a cheery vernal day; the "fair exposed" necks and arms of the young nurse and her little charge sadly contrasted with their coarse black. No one had thought to deprive the baby of its rattle, to which it cooed and crowed in blest uncon sciousness.

Many a neighbour asked the mourner to his house; and, on her mute refusal, offered to see her home. This also she gratefully declined, even from Charlton Hunt, "the Doctor's son;" and, tightly grasping something which she concealed in her bosom, she turned towards an open shed, connected with a mere cabin, that stood near the church.

There dwelt one long paid for attempts to perpetuate the names of those who had returned to their native dust. This homely sculptor, though constantly occupied with scriptural texts, was any thing but solemnly pious.

Some said his heart, familiar with death, had hardened into a living tombstone; but, though his words were sharp as his own chisel, they often wounded himself, in striving to make an impression on insensible blocks. His age was about five-and-fifty; but, in spite of a portly frame and good features and complexion, he passed for much older, thanks to a bald and wrinkled brow, long grey hair, and fashionless threadbare garments.

Many a matron, nevertheless, remembered Ralph Ruddock as a worldly-wise yet buckish farmer, much patronized by his superiors for his grace and daring at all manly exercises; moreover, a professed conqueror among the girls, though not in the artful and immoral way that he might have been. In vain he vowed that he 'would always be loved, but never be married;' the simpletons hoped he 'was only joking,' and threw their peace, their liberties, at his feet.

Thus passed his life, till he neared his fortieth summer, and had realized a substantial property. Then, by degrees, he ceased to boast; his actions and intents were no longer open to general scrutiny. Gossips were wondering if even *one* person now knew his mind, and *who* it was that had caused this change; when their favourite suddenly sold his all, and with its price gaily departed, none knew why or whither. This topic was discussed by every Chewton Queenite, save Maize and his bride. Dissimilar as they were on other points, they agreed in professing their ignorance

of Ralph's motive for flight; though Sarah did so timidly, and Reuben with boisterous mirth, not unlike the mood in which the adventurer himself had set forth. This subject had exhausted the conjectures of the curious, and was well nigh forgotten, when, after an absence of three years, its hero returned to his birthplace, an altered, and, as he avowed, "a broken man."

Too proud to be hired by those on whom he had formerly looked down, he took a hut beside the burial-ground, and commenced his labours in a trade which no one knew where or how he had learned. Unromantic as these facts may seem to you, reader, mystery lent them a charm for the rustics of "our parts." They let their ex-idol remain a solitary, taciturn being, but they talked of him more than ever. Vain as he had been, he enjoyed these tributes no longer.

The widow trembled as she drew near the penthouse, beneath which the churl stood bareheaded and without his coat, at work in the spring air, that fanned the climbing plants, and robbed Ralph's one flower-pot of its fragrance. As he recognized his visitant, he paused for a moment from his toils, peered at her through his spectacles, shook his head, with a half quaint, half apathetic air, dropped the corners of his mouth, and resumed his employment. Her tears flowed afresh; she sunk on a bench beside him, covering her face with her handkerchief, while the fatherless girl looked gravely on, and the infant still murmured to its toy.

Sarah could not speak, but Ralph, without looking at her, began in a strong hard voice, and dialect, which, though preserving the idiom, I will soften for the uninitiated, in order to be intelligible—but beg my county-men to suppose it.

"Well, Madam Maize! and so you do think I be a fit comforter for good-looking widows of three and thirty,' eh? And now—what shall I say? the *best* on us must die, ay, sometimes the young, the sprack, the darlings, afore such as me; but your *good* man's where he ought to be—in heaven, I do mean, bless ye! So dry your eyes, missis; you can't cry him back again now.' There's one way of consolation; 'tother—but that bottle's got nothing better nor oil in't, or, may be, you'd follow my *friend* Reuben's example."

"Don't speak so crabbed to me *now!*" sobbed Mrs. Maize.

"*Now!*" he repeated, bitterly; "why 'tis n't so often I speak to thee at all, or look at thee, even. Crabbed, forsooth!"

"Mister Ruddock," she said, "I come to you in the way of business."

"Ha," snarled Ralph, "you *might* have given a poor old man somewhat to do, as your *heirs* died, one after another. I suppose I am to carve *their* names now, since you're so well off, and *he* was so good, that you must needs set up a moniment—Take your choice, dame! Shal't be like this of 'Squire Chisholm's, and have railings and flowers round it? that 'll cost next to

nothing. I'll make a nice job on't, for the trouble will be a *pleasure* to me."

"Look here," cried the bereaved one, taking from her breast a paper, in which some silver was folded; "that's all I can honestly call my own, and there I've writ down the most I want done for it; if 'tisn't enough money say so, and let me go, for my heart's aching fit to burst."

Ralph took the paper, and read aloud: "Underneath lie the sons of Reuben Maize, with their father."

"You may soon have to fill it up with *my* name," commented the widow.

Her hearer gazed on the scrap he held; then, as if thinking aloud, he muttered: "When was't I saw this hand-writing last? Years agone! 'twasn't Mrs. Maize's then: it had nothing to do with death. I *have* lived to take orders for *his* tombstone — as to *yours*— one must not look for too many good things in this world, see!"

"For goodness' sake, Master Ralph!" sobbed forth Mrs. Maize.

"Ha," scoffed the tombcutter. "*His* life, *his* salvation, were worth one of them sighs, to be sure; I always thought so, for my part."

"Will you taunt the dead before his children?" cried Sarah appealingly.

"His children, true," echoed the old man; "but the girls be like you: all that came between 'em, the boys, were *his* images; yet down he went, without

leaving a son to be your stay. Why, one might think a'most that somebody's curse stuck to him; only, as I were saying, he deserved nought but blessings."

"Ralph Ruddock!" she exclaimed, with firmness, and even dignity, "if you be a man, name your price, and have done."

"Price!—why, I'm called a tough one at bargain-driving, a giver of short credit, a rusty *old* screw; but, put up your paltry silver, woman! and pay *his* debts with't. I'll do my last for Reuben Maize, as a free gift, with all my heart. If you won't take my offer, where'll you find another hand at my craft, for miles round? You can't do't yourself, and beat me at my own game this time — 't is a thought too late for that trick now, proud as you be!"

"Proud! God knows I'm humbled enough, at last!" sighed the poor creature; but her daughter, too awe-stricken to venture a word till then, *spoke up*.

"Mister Ruddock," she said, "mother came to throw money in your way, and, instead of thanking her civilly, you've made her more downhearted than ever."

"Hey day, chit!" began the old man, angrily; but, at this instant, the group was joined by Charlton Hunt, who, hearing whither the widow had gone, dispatched his business in the surgery and hastened to her.

"What is the matter, my Dolly?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know, sir," replied the blushing girl; "I can't make out half *he* has been saying to poor mother, but his voice do sound so cruel cold!"

"Never mind, dear!" said Charlton, taking the babe to his agitated friend. "See, Mrs. Maize, how good your Bessy is! 'Mam, mam,' kiss its mammy then! They will both be blessings to you, Sarah, cheer up!"

"What brings *you* here?" growled Ruddock, to whom this youth, though possessed of a fine appearance, good sense, great steadiness, and amiability, had ever appeared an object of aversion.

"Which of 'em be you after, my spark? Thou'lt fancy soon that no wench can say thee nay; but don't be too sure of that, you chap! Make hay while the sun shines, or look out for some ugly mug who may thank ye. Mind I said it. Doll, there, they do say, is a good girl, as yet; mayhap want will keep her so, mayhap not: bid her set no store by her face, nor pit her wit 'gainst her betters, unless she'd *like*, in her after days, to be mocked and trampled on."

"Why, you rude wretch!" fired out the brave stripling, "if it was not for your grey hairs, I'd——."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ruddock. "Hark, Sally! that's just what *he* said. I'm used to those words, youngster; I've heard nothing else these fifteen years. Ha! ha! ha!"

He ran into his hovel, and slammed its door after him.

Charlton questioned Mrs. Maize as to his meaning, but she only shuddered, and bade her protector good by.

In an incredibly short time, the lowly gravestone was placed over the remains of Reuben Maize. His widow's misery received a needless addition, on finding

that, to the words she dictated, the Tombcutter had added this equivocal quotation: "The Lord reward him according to his works!"

Penury now was at its worst with Sarah. She was going to the poorhouse with her little one, and Dolly about to become a parish 'prentice, when, one night, their wretched abode was abruptly entered by Charlton Hunt, who with some emotion inquired: — "My dear soul, have you any relatives in London?"

"Love ye, no, sir! nor any where else."

"Acquaintance, then, well off in the world?"

"Not one, sir; what put such a thing in your head?"

"Why, no bad news, nor any *very* good. This morning I went to Bristol for my father's letters, and found a double one directed to me, which — don't flutter! — concerns yourself. Listen to it."

He read as follows: —

Sir,

A gentleman who has for many years been my client, and is in the habit of secretly exercising his philanthropy, having heard of the situation of Mrs. Maize, and of you as an honourably benevolent young man, empowers me to enclose the sum of twenty pounds for her use. He has the means of learning whether this has been well bestowed. Any attempt at discovering its source would but have the effect of preventing future donations. Be pleased to acknowledge this by return of post, addressing,

Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
T. Shearman, Solicitor.

Chancery Lane.

Who shall paint the widow's surprise, gratitude, and admiration of "Master Charlton's" integrity! Her overjoyed daughter would have deemed the lad himself their preserver, but that she knew had he ought to give he would have done so frankly. His advice and assistance made this "godsend" go farther than such a trifle ever went before. The creditors of Reuben would not touch a fraction of it. The good woman was set up in a sort of general shop. Dolly's needle, and the produce of their garden, soon enabled them to defy hunger, and even anticipate the winter without much dread. Every one seemed to joy with them, except Ralph Ruddock. From the day of his completing Reuben's gravestone, he had sulkily neglected the tasks by which he had been used to earn his bread; and, on Mr. Hunt's telling him of the widow's good luck, he envyingly exclaimed, "I wonder who 'd do as much for me! Look to your slip of a son, Doctor! who knows — after all — he 's as nigh *her* age as he is to Dolly's — who 'll never be as comely as her mother."

"*Was*, you mean, daddy," laughed Mr. Hunt.

"No, I don't; *is*, gainsay 't who dare! She always liked young fellows; a man 's old at thirty-nine with her. Plague on the fool who set her pride up again! say I."

October closed brilliantly, but then the weather changed to cold and rainy. Scarcely had it done so, when a second gift, to half the amount of the first, reached Mrs. Maize through the same channel. The

family wardrobe was replenished; the hearth burned brightly, and cordial prayers blessed the unknown patron, who had "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Dolly would make the little Bess kneel in her lap, and lisp "Amen." How happy ought the being to have felt, who, at so slight a sacrifice, had done so much real good!

One only thought now qualified Sarah's content. Ralph Ruddock had fallen sick, and refused to see the Hunts; few other persons tendered him aid, so disagreeably was his name associated, and so unpopular had he become.

"Dear sir," said Mrs. Maize to Charlton, "he wants help now more than we; do make out his case for the gentleman in London, and get Ralph on *his* list of pensioners!"

The young man complied, but received for answer from the solicitor, that 'his client did not consider the Tombcutter a worthy object for his bounty.' Thus disappointed, Sarah besought Charlton's escort to the churchyard cot: its door opened to their touch, and in a fireless room they found Ralph seated alone.

"Give you joy of your second choice — Mrs. Hunt, junior, as is to be," he sneered.

"Nay, gaffer," answered Charlton kindly, "though Mrs. Maize is not quite old enough to be my mother, yet time may make her my mother-in-law."

"By thy father's marriage with her?" asked the old man.

"No, my father is as true a widowed dove as herself; but, even before she found a friend, he was so pleased with Dolly, that he says he 'd rather see her my wife, when she 's old enough, than any richer girl he knows. But you 've made me frighten Mrs. Maize, by getting at the truth before I 'd even broken it to her."

"God reward ye!" cried the mother, in a trance of delight.

"She don't look vexed," observed Ralph; "but then she can look one thing — mean another — and feel — nothing!"

"Don't say so," she sighed; "I *do* feel for *you*."

"I won't have thy pity, Sarah Baker."

"But hearken, neighbour!" she continued, in a rapid whisper; "all this spite can't undo what 's done; 'tis hard if the *worst* of us may n't make some amends in time. I 'm in your debt; let me pay you your own!"

"No!" he stormed, "I had prayed for years that I might carve *his* epitaph. I sat up all night at it; that was reward enough."

"I forgive thee, Ralph; so, as thou r't a Christian, if ever we hurt thee, speak our pardon now!"

"Ha ha!" he laughed, "*you* forgive me? But how d'ye know I 'm a Christian? If *ever* ye hurt me — *if!* Look here, upon these rags, that no wife do wash or mend — upon this bare doghole, that no child do make a home for me. Think on the house I had till I were driven away, a despert man. Stop, that 's not all — a *mad* man! — Ay, 'twas in a Bedlam I first tried my skill

— they gave me wood and a bluntish knife, when I was quiet enough — there I cut what I do look on every night before I go to yonder lonesome bed. Thou shalt see it some day, too!"

"Oh, Ruddock," she said, "talk no more of that, but come and be nursed, where you can do your work on a warm settle, and, out of its profits, pay me whatever Master Charlton here shall fix as just and usual. Share the widow's cruise, the widow's mite — 'twill be charity in you."

"Where?" vociferated Ralph; "what, live with *you*, where *he* — no, true you're moved, but with his brats, while my name's Ruddock and your's Maize? You think to do a daughter's part by me, do you? and they'd be like my grandchildren. Will that devil never be cast out? must thou go on torturing a man for ever with thy milky looks? If I do live in another world, and thou and *he* be there, ye may call it heaven if you be so minded, but 'twill be hell to me! Ah, cry, do, and wring thy dainty hands! thou couldst always do that at will; but this place, such as it be, is my own: it isn't fine enough for such a tid-my-lady as Miss Baker. Get thee gone out of my sight, this minute, and let me die!"

His look was so wild that Sarah fled from the spot, followed by Charlton, to whom the old man's ravings seemed, indeed, those of a maniac.

Mr. Hunt was absent on a professional engagement all that night. The next day he accompanied his son to the Tombcutter's. Ralph lay on his bed: his stubborn

spirit seemed broken, as, in a husky voice, he faltered —"Boy, I did yesterday what I'd sworn never to do; what even *they*, with all their malice, I believe, han't done—I out with the fact of my own disgrace before thee; so now 'tis fit that ye know all. I don't want drugs—I've not tasted food or rest so long that nought can save me; but what I wished to do's done—so I've lived enough when I've spoken the truth from end to end. I've just strength left for that; fetch Sally to me, Master Charlton, my dear!"

At this unusual phrase the youth gladly set forth, and the inconsistent old man went on:—"He's an upright, kind youngster, that of yours, Doctor! one of a hundred, as times go now-a-days. I always thought so; and thank ye for giving him leave to court Dolly, poor lamb!"

Charlton had found Sarah lingering near the door, and they now entered together. The invalid, in a hollow tone, continued:—"Sally, I've few friends left here now, see. You can't do as much as is your duty by me; if you could give back my youth, my hopes—yourself, as you used to be—you'd not have made up for the past, unless you told me some way to forget it. Recollect what a light-hearted bachelor I was! how many a cherry-cheeked young maid hankered after me—you was the first and last I cared for. Boys may forget, but the love that begins when mine did will never change. Often and long, Doctor, I battled with myself, whether I'd tell her so—whether I'd marry; for I made sure I'd

only to ask and have, Master Charlton. Another made me surer—the only one I trusted—my scholar in every thing, my chosen crony, Reuben Maize! He bade me notice her: I did, and fancied she liked me; that filled my breast with good-will and courage for anything. I asked a private meeting; she wrote, appointing time and place, by moonlight in her uncle's orchard. How beautiful everything looked! my heart beat so fast—every moment seemed an age till she came. I knelt down at her feet, holding her hands, and, stammering through tears, begged her to be my wife—to be rich, for she were poor even then. I called on all that was high and holy to witness that I was in earnest, and cared not who knew it. Then—you can't deny a word on 't, woman!—then—'I 'm glad of that,' says she, laughing at me. 'Here, Reuben, my dear! come and see! I've got old Daddy Ruddock for a sweetheart; he that was never to be caught, much less refused—but if he was Prince of Wales I 'd scorn him—don't beat grey hairs, though, Maize, my love!'—for there, sure enough, stood her buxom boy above me, cudgel in hand. He said after her, 'No, I 'll spare his grey hairs!' 'Twixt rage, grief, and wonder, I sprang upon him, and griped his throat; then she cried, and tore her hair: but I made both of 'em swear they'd never tell of me. In a week our bells rung for their wedding, and I left the place, I thought for ever, cursing them both."

"Oh, Ralph!" interrupted Sarah, "I never believed that you had meant me fairly, and only kept com-

pany with you, because poor Reuben said 't would serve you right if you suffered what you had brought on others."

"And what was that?" inquired Ralph—"shame? no, never! Did I tell lies to the girls? Could I help their silly likings? If I laughed at 'em, I did no worse; but let me make an end on't. The surgeon, who partly cured my wits, advised my coming back and getting used to it all. I'd have no more to do with farming; 'twas made up of promise and increase. I'd not be flattered for wealth here, nor loved for kindness even by those I liked, lest they might worm my secret from me. I knew you had married in haste to repent at leisure! I thought how happy *I*'d have made you; while *he* lived I would not lift a finger to ease your load: but nobody could force me to fare better than *you* did. Yet I tasted sweet revenge! After his death, that were unmanly, and I repented. Fifteen years had we suffered for our faults. Sir, sir! she was the first to forgive; she recommended me to—ha! ha!—*somebody* for relief—ay, ye may stare; I know all about it. She comes this very day to ask my pardon, and offer me a shelter 'neath her roof—I, who had let her hear her children call in vain for food—I, who had let her be threatened with the workhouse!"

"Nay, nay," said Sarah, "don't blame yourself for what you could not prevent!"

"Could n't I?—didn't I, though?"—he gasped—"have n't I proved, to the last, the truth of *this?*"

He drew from beneath his pillow a small square slab, on which was rudely traced:—"Ralph Ruddock, from his 38th year to his death, loved nothing but Sarah Baker, afterwards Maize."

"Put it over my bones," panted the dying man;—"'tis my whole history, and let me lie by Reuben. I can rest at peace with him, in the thought that, at last, *you* 'll come and mix your dust with mine."

"Then you do make friends with me?" she said.

"Friends, child? lay thy dear hand upon my heart—if 't is yet beating, 't is for thee—every bit thine; and, though I hope I've won the mercy of my God, I do grudge leaving thee, even if I may be let look down on the prosperity I have secured to thee and to thy girls!"

"How, how?" asked Mrs. Maize, supporting him.

He smiled, and uttered with difficulty:—"I've no more time nor breath, Charlton—write word to Shearman that I'm gone. Sarah, one kiss—God bless thee! there; the struggle 's over."

He was dead. Astonishment and remorse contested the widow's mind; but her young friend, in a few days, ascertained that Ralph Ruddock's gold had been carefully hoarded for him by his surgeon during his derangement; after which it was vested to accumulate for the woman to whom it was bequeathed. The wayward man, in word so harsh, while barely subsisting on the trifles he had gained by the sweat of his brow, instructed his confidential agent privately to supply the necessities of Sarah, and pretend that his

client was accustomed to do the same for other strangers.

His last wishes were fulfilled. Mrs. Maize, thus elevated to competence, has given her daughters a good education, impressing on their minds the truth that nothing can atone to a feeling heart for having irretrievably pained a fellow-being; and that those who employ deceit, even to avenge the innocent upon the erring, only wrong the cause of justice, and turn its sword against their own breasts. She still lives to see no rural belles more respected for candour and humility than those who will ultimately share the fortune of the Village Tombcutter.

MEMORY.

INSCRIPTION ON AN URN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Of all the early hours I knew,
Hours that so sweetly, swiftly flew,
Why does oneonly thing remain
To turn the lovely past to pain?
'T is Memory.

When all my hopes, like dreams, passed by,
Why didst not thou too, Memory, fly,
Fly from my heart; nor thus remain
To turn hope, heart, and life, to pain?
Oh Memory!

UNCLE ZIM.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

———— The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN one of those pleasant rural villages which chequer the coast of Long Island Sound with their white houses and green window-blinds, not more than twenty miles east of New Haven, lived my highly esteemed uncle, Zimri Bradley, Esq. He was a man of some consequence in his day, having successively filled the office of tything-man, grand-juryman, some time justice of the quorum, and occasionally a member of the General Court, as a legislative body in New England is most generally termed. He would have continued to enforce a wholesome moral discipline among the unruly boys of the congregation as a tything-man, longer, probably, than he did, were it not that there was always a sly laughing devil lurking in his eye; so that, when, with his mace of office, he rapped the head of one mischievous urchin, or attempted to gather a frown as he shook his wig at another for tittering or laughing innocently in

"meeting," instead of checking the one or intimidating the other into respectful silence, he almost always had the ill luck to provoke a giggling titillation in a dozen more.

On one occasion he was deputed as a special constable to serve a *ca. sa.* upon a mischievous fellow, who was always in debt and in troubles of the law, but who was quite certain to give his creditors and the officers and ministers of justice more difficulty and petty vexations than his goods and chattels would have amounted to, six times told. Uncle Zim, as he knew himself, (and so did every body else), was "up to a thing or two;" and he was rather ambitious to make trial of his skill against 'Zeke Fowler — we always called him 'Zeke—for which purpose he volunteered his services in the instance before us. But 'Zeke was too much for him. Not far from the rogue's residence there was a swamp, a mile or so in diameter, and of a circular form. It was deep-tangled with high brakes and alders, and so much of a quagmire as to be exceedingly difficult of access. Into this uncomfortable retreat the delinquent plunged on the approach of Uncle Zim, of whose errand he had been apprized. 'Zeke Fowler was as much of a wag as a rogue; and he took care to let the pursuivant witness his escape. Time after time, moreover, would he show himself on the margin of the fen, or jungle, as they would say in Bengal, and tauntingly call upon the *pro tem.* officer to come and catch him, dodging dextrously back again

at every approach. Uncle Zim might as well have attempted to thread the labyrinth of Crete as to follow him, and would have come out with much drier feet. But 'Zeke cared nothing for the morass, or the leeches, or the snakes; and it mattered not as to the direction taken by Uncle Zim, since he was not enough of an Irishman to surround him alone, and the other could always elude him by emerging from an opposite side of the quagmire; and to chace him within it again was as hopeless as to run after a will o' the wisp. The result was, that my worthy uncle was obliged to "give it up;" but he abated the laugh raised against him not a little, by endorsing the return upon the precept *non come-atibus in swampo*—which was thought to be pretty clever.

As a "select man," Uncle Zim was kind to the poor; and, as in duty bound, he had, more than once, several common drunkards put into the stocks. As justice of the quorum he held the scales with a steady and impartial hand, though he was not much of a lawyer — believing, as he honestly did, that the scales, in the hand of the blindfolded representative of Justice, were intended for something else than to try the weight of the gold offered as bribes. Indeed, the public would not so soon have lost the benefit of his services on the bench, had he not fallen into one or two unlucky mistakes, in attempting to use technical language. He used always to sign his legal instruments "Zimri Bradley, Esq. Quorum *Eunice;*" as his

gender was never brought into question, this was passed over in silence; but it once devolved upon him, to charge the jury in an action on a promissory note, to which the defence set up was a want of consideration. Uncle Zim advised the jury to find for the defendant, "as the *alibi* was clearly made out."

Uncle Zim, however, would have encountered no rebuff from any of the "gentlemen of the jury;" for his *alibi* sounded as sweetly in their ears as *Mesopotamia* in those of the old lady, who could give no other reason for crying at a sermon but 'that blessed word Mesopotamia, which continued to ring so sweetly in her ears.' But Lawyer Daggott and Lawyer Wagstaff took occasion to make themselves merry at the expense of his worship. Uncle Zim was a man of spirit and of some pride withal; and no sooner did he hear of his error, and that the wags were laughing about the *alibi*, than he threw his commission into the fire, declaring that, after all, it was a wise saying that "a cobbler should stick to his last."

But the thing which induced Uncle Zim to renounce all connection with Latin was this. My uncle was a red-hot politician, gaping for news at every arrival of the post-coach. On one occasion, during the war of 1812, he met a friend, just arrived from New York. "Ah," said he, "'Squire, what's the news in the city? What do you hear from General Wilkinson?" "Oh," replied the other, "the general is at winter-quarters, and his army in *statu quo*." "How far is

that from Montreal?" eagerly asked my uncle. "About two miles and a half," replied his friend. "Then it is ours!" said Uncle Zim. This conversation was overheard by some mischievous fellows, who missed no opportunity of cracking a joke at the expense of my uncle's geography, and, if I mistake not, the wickedest one of them related the anecdote in the Applebury Mercury. Uncle Zim, as a politician, was killed, dead as a hammer.

His first and principal essay as a legislator was a happy one, and gave him a warm reception in the feelings of the good people of his neighbourhood. The most profitable business at that time carried on by his townsmen was the alewife fishery in the Menuckatuck river. Indeed, as the new-written chronicles tell, alewives were both fish and flesh.

It appears that some of the envious people of Totoquet, or Branford, as the place is now called in the maps of Yankeeland, situated on the opposite side of the river, had petitioned the "General Court" to prohibit the taking of alewives more than three days in the week, under the pretext that their neighbours were so industrious as positively to endanger the extermination of the whole of even that most multitudinous and prolific species of the finny race. Uncle Zim watched the bill with the keen eye of the fish-hawk. But he was caught napping one day, when he ought not to have been, and was near being shorn by the Philistines before he knew it. The bill had received its final

reading, and was about to pass without dissent. The Speaker had actually risen to put the question, "Shall this bill pass?" when a kind friend jogged the worthy though accidentally dosing legislator under the fifth rib, and informed him of the state of the case. Uncle Zim was upon his feet in an instant, and, before he had entirely brushed the poppies from his eyes, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, when my constituents can't catch alewives six days in the week, let the last trumpet sing out!" The effect was electrical, and, like the laconic address of the brave Stark to his troops at the battle of Bennington, it was effectual. The bill was "done up" — there was no mistake — and Uncle Zim's constituents were left in the triumphant enjoyment of their favourite fishery.

The village above mentioned, which we call Applebury, was a quiet sort of place, where the people to this day walk in the ways of their fathers, queue their hair with eel-skins, and go to and from meeting "decently and in order," in conformity with the injunction of the "Saybrook Platform," and as all honest people should do. The names, titles, and biographies, of their ancestors, from the days of Governor Leete to the present, curiously carved in immortal freestone, may be found in the old grave-yard, each inscription being surmounted either by a death's head and cross-bones, grinning in relief, in a style that would make the grisly messenger himself rattle his joints for very laughter; or the head of a cherub, with

wings stuck on where the ears should be, shaped more like bellows'-handles than the pinions of one of Tom Moore's angels.

The folks of Applebury are an exceedingly clever people, in the Yankee sense of the term—most of them attend to their own business, and all of them know the business of every body else. Here, then—for we find we shall have to begin our story again—here, then, lived our worthy uncle, ZIMRI BRADLEY.

Uncle Zim, as we used to call him, was as full of fun and mischief as an egg is of meat. Near to his domicile sojourned Malachi Jocelyn, who married the accomplished Miss Abigail Pettibone, of Durham, the next town, whose brother, Eliakim Pettibone, in process of time became a deacon of the church in that parish. The distance was only about twenty miles, and Deacon Pettibone used to keep "thanksgiving" with his brother Jocelyn; Uncle Zim not unfrequently making one of the family party. But, though Uncle Zim was himself a Christian professor, according to the "Platform," and in the main walked according to the vows he had made, yet he was not altogether free from carnal ways. He was never at a loss for a fact, and was fond of telling ludicrous stories, which, from his lips, seldom lost by repetition. He could not, for the soul of him, suppress a joke when it came upon his tongue, cut where it would. On one of these occasions, he had the good or the ill fortune to keep the pious Deacon Pettibone roaring with laughter, until his very ribs

cracked again. Much, however, it grieved the good man afterwards that he had yielded to the temptation of mirth, which he was half persuaded had been excited as a snare by "the Evil One," and it preyed upon his spirits the whole of the following day, on his return to Durham. This impression, however, soon wore away, and he lost all unpleasant recollections in the warm and affectionate smiles with which he was welcomed to the little family circle of his happy and peaceful abode.

Soon after this convivial occurrence, which had, for the moment, disturbed the quiet of the conscientious Deacon Pettibone's inner man, Uncle Zim made a journey to Durham to purchase a yoke of oxen of Mr. Ishmael Crane, nephew of Ichabod Crane, the celebrated schoolmaster, whose life and adventures have been written in part by Mr. Washington Irving, for which he was to pay in "West India goods," after the return of rum and molasses in barter for the last cargo of mules and white-fish, shipped by him to Jamaica. Uncle Zim's wits were "as bright as a dollar;" he talked "as slick as a whistle;" and he was a cute chap at a bargain, as Mr. Ishmael Crane soon found out.

Mr. Crane took three quarters of an hour to consider before he would complete the bargain; and, as it was just twelve o'clock by the conch-shell, Uncle Zim thought he would go and take potluck with Deacon Pettibone, who lived near the school-house, not far distant. By the way, Uncle Zim once drove a barter with the Deacon for some mules, for which the latter

always thought he could have got more, if he had known what they were bringing at the time; though, as Uncle Zim only took him at his word in the price of the cattle, he had nothing to complain of. But that is not to the purpose.

While at dinner, Mr. Ishmael Crane came and called the Deacon out, to inquire something about the character of my Uncle Zim; whereupon the following dialogue took place.

"What sort of a man," asked Mr. Crane, "is this 'Squire Bradley?"

Deacon Pettibone had not forgotten the sale of his mules, or Uncle Zim's fat stories, and his merry jokes over Deacon Jocelyn's pumpkin-pies and cider-brandy; nor his own supposed delinquency in his late unseemly merriment.

"What sort of a man?" said the Deacon, repeating his words:—"why, he is a member of good Dr. Wakeman's church, in Applebury, I reckon."

"Well; do you know him?"

"Know him! I guess I do! He lives next door to Brother Jocelyn's; and I tell you he is a member of Dr. Wakeman's church. But I guess ——"

"Guess! guess what? Don't you think he is good enough for my brindled four-year-olds?"

"Why — yes — I s'pose so — but I guess, to be candid ——"

"Zounds, Deacon! what do you mean by your guesses and your buts?"

"Why, if I must say, I guess that *God-ward* he means to do the thing that's right, but *man-ward* I reckon he is a little twistical or so."

Mr. Ishmael Crane went away, and Deacon Pettibone returned and finished his dinner with Uncle Zim. When Deacon Pettibone stepped out, however, he had unconsciously left the door ajar, and the consequence was, that Uncle Zim had very innocently heard most of the conversation. But he knew that the Deacon had no more malice in his heart than honest John Grimes; and he knew also the cause of his scruples in qualifying his recommendation. He therefore took no notice at that time of what had been said: but determined, in his own mind, to seek some characteristic mode of revenge. Mean time he completed his bargain in the afternoon, and drove the bullocks home.

Two or three years rolled away; and, as his sister Abigail presented his brother-in-law with so many young Jocelyns that she had little time for going abroad herself, Deacon Pettibone's visits to Applebury were continued as usual; on which occasions he always passed an evening or so in Uncle Zim's company, either at his own or at his brother's house. Uncle Zim's bosom was filled with the milk of human kindness. Though, like an over-ripe melon, rough on the outside, as the poet says, there was much sweetness under it: and his winning ways were such that the good Deacon had long since dismissed the affair of the mules, and the temporary trials to which he had been subjected

by his irresistible drollery. They therefore continued the best friends in the world; still Uncle Zim never lost sight of his project of avenging himself in some way for having been represented as being "man-ward rather twistical or so."

One morning, bright and early, as Deacon Jocelyn came out, picking his teeth, from breakfast, while the dew-drops were yet spangling the meadows, he saw Uncle Zim just preparing to mount the old dapple mare, with his butternut-coloured coat strapped on behind the saddle.

"Good morning, 'Squire," said the Deacon; "you seem to be stirring arly this morning."

"Yes," said Uncle Zim: "in the hot season the morning is the best part of the day."

"Gad, my son, mind that you keep the cattle out of the clover-patch to-day!—A very beautiful day, as I was saying, 'Squire.—And send Jehiel to mill this afternoon."

"Yes, Deacon, a fine, beautiful day. The air is as sweet as a new haystack this morning."

"You are going to take a ride to-day, I guess, 'Squire. —Pray which way are you journeying, if I may be so bold?"

"Oh, I'm only going to Haddam, to speak for grave-stones for good old Aunt Wealthy Cruikshanks."

"You 'll go through Durham, I guess? So, I wish you 'd give Brother Pettibone a call, and see how they

are all *dewing* there. Tell them that Nabby's got another nice boy, with eyes as bright as a weazel's."

"Yes, I think it's like enough that I shall stop and give Dapple a bait on my return."

"D'ye think it's going to rain to-day, 'Squire? I see you've got your great coat with you; and if I thought 't would rain, I 'd tell the boys to get the rest of the hay in."

"Don't know — don't know, Deacon; they say a fool knows enough to take a great coat with him when it storms; and every body knows that folks must make hay while the sun shines."

Off rode Uncle Zim, and into the orchard went Deacon Jocelyn.

Uncle Zim came back in the evening, and overtook Deacon Jocelyn, returning from the meadow, just as he had descended to the foot of Clapboard Hill.

"Ah, is that you, 'Squire?" said Deacon Jocelyn: "you are home arly to-night, I calculate."

"Yes," replied Uncle Zim; "old Dapple will carry me along at the rate of seven miles an hour, day in and day out, without putting on the long oats neither."

"A faithful beast, I vow. You saw Brother Pettibone, I hope!"

"Yes, I *saw* him," replied Uncle Zim, with a grave, mysterious air, such as Deacon Jocelyn had never seen before upon his neighbour's lively countenance.

"*Saw* him! — he was well I hope?"

"Why — yes — he was — *pretty* well, I believe."

"Nothing unusual was the matter, I trust, 'Squire?"

"No—I—I can't say that there was anything *unusual*," replied Uncle Zim, with a peculiar emphasis on the last word.

"And how were his family?"

"All very well, save the youngest child, Habakkuk, which has the measles."

"And Brother Pettibone himself—is he ailing in any way?"

"I can't say that he was much ailing. Perhaps, moreover, I was mista —— no, I can't be mistaken, either."

"Why, 'Squire, you frighten me! — For goodness' sake, what *was* the matter? — You're sure you saw him?"

"Yes—I—I *met* him," replied Uncle Zim, with the same assumed air of mystery.

"And how was he? Do speak out, and let me hear the worst on 't, 'Squire."

"Why, then, if I must say," replied Uncle Zim, "I should think he was about — yes — just about *half shaved!*"

"Impossible! You must be joking, 'Squire!"

"It 's true, joke or no joke," said Uncle Zim.

By this time the parties had reached the green. The two last sentences of Uncle Zim's had fallen upon the worthy Deacon Jocelyn like a pail of ice-water; and he went to his house with a heavy heart. He did not sleep a wink all that night; and the humiliating fact

pressed so heavily upon his mind, though it was at first his intention to have kept it a profound secret, until he could have inquired into the particulars of his Brother's being overcome with liquor, that he was even constrained to communicate the dismal tidings to his faithful Abigail. It was indeed planting a pang in her breast, without extracting the barb which rankled in his own bleeding bosom. But truly hath the poet said of woman: —

> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!

And Abigail, after the first gush of sorrow had subsided, half forgot her own grief in her affectionate endeavours to soothe that of her husband. A thousand little comforting hopes, excuses, and palliating circumstances, came into her mind. Her Brother might not have been so badly off as the 'Squire supposed. He might have been unwell; or perhaps he had been overcome by drinking ever so little on an empty stomach. The Deacon folded his faithful spouse closer to his heart, and both determined that nothing should be said about the circumstance, even to the family, for the present. And it was agreed that between haying time and harvest Deacon Jocelyn should go up to Durham, and commune with his Brother Pettibone privately upon the subject.

But Mrs. Abigail Jocelyn, notwithstanding her many fine qualities, was not entirely free from the frailties of the other daughters of Eve; and, while alone on the

ensuing day, her husband being engaged with his workmen in the fields, the secret became so burdensome that she wanted somebody to help her to keep it. Perhaps also, in her affliction, she thought she needed the sympathies of one, at least, of her most confidential female friends, who might, in turn, soothe her sorrows, and pour a few drops of balsam into her wounded heart. In an evil hour, therefore, she revealed the tale of wo to Mrs. Aimwell, who kindly spent the whole afternoon in comforting the afflicted woman, by telling over how many others were suffering under greater calamities. Temperance Societies had not then been invented.

Mrs. Aimwell left the Deacon's after tea, promising not to whisper a breath about it. "You know, my dear Mrs. Jocelyn," said she, "that I would n't do sich a thing for the world." But she, too, wanted some one to help *her* to keep the secret, and so she hinted it to Mrs. Sly. This was enough. It was on Thursday; and it was no longer than the afternoon of the next day, at a meeting of the Fragment Society, that the members were startled by the exclamation of Mrs. Doolittle, preceded by a deep-drawn sigh, to the following effect:—"Dear me! who 'd have thought it? Well, I do n't know who will fall next, for my part."

Now, justice to Mrs. Doolittle requires me to say in this place that she was no mischief-maker; and that, next to a witch, she held a slanderer in utter abomination. She was a very tidy body, and the worthy

helpmate of my venerated great uncle, Captain Jasper Doolittle, of Cohabit. There was no more notable housewife in all the parish. She used to begin her washing on Sabbath-day nights, as soon as three stars could be seen, in order to have her ample stores of linen, white as the driven snow, streaming upon the clothes-lines, like the lily flag of the fallen Bourbons, at an earlier hour than her neighbours, on Mondays. And her quince-and-apple *saace* and boiled cider were exactly the best to be found between Branford and Pettypang. But, rest her soul! her benevolent heart occasionally felt too deeply for others' woes to enable her always to hide the faults she saw or heard of. Not that she meant to do it. Still, as in the instance before us, there were sometimes secrets actually too great to be concealed within the narrow compass of her noble soul, and then it was impossible to prevent their breaking forth in exclamations full of meaning, as we have seen: "Dear me! who'd have thought it!" &c.

"Why, what *do* you mean?" exclaimed a dozen voices at once. "I hope," continued Miss Tabitha Tatler, a lady of no particular age, "that that shocking story about Miss Prim is not true. But I've heard as much ever since Ned Bramble came home from the south. She's kept company with him ever since last thanksgiving."

"No!" said Mrs. Doolittle, with a melancholy shake of the head—"that's like enough, too. But

have n't you heard of the fall of good Deacon Pettibone ? "

" Of Durham ? — He *haint* hurt himself much, I hope ? "

" I do n't mean a fall from a barn or a haystack, child," said Mrs. Doolittle.— " But have n't you heard on 't ? "

" No ! " replied sixteen voices in a breath. " Do let us hear all about it."

" Why," said Mrs. Doolittle, " you must know it 's a great secret yet ; and one does n't want to expose a body's failings, you know. But I 'll tell you, though it must not go from me ; for I would n't injure the hair of any mortal being's head. You know I cannot endure scandal ! And all I can now say is, that Mrs. Crampton told me, that she heard Joe Wilcox's wife say, that Mrs. Munger's aunt mentioned to her, that Mrs. Graves was present, when the Widow Blatchley said, that Ick Scran's wife thought Captain Evett's sister believed, that old Mrs. Willard reckoned, that Ephraim Stanard's better half had told Mrs. Hand, that she heard Mrs. Sly say, that Deacon Jocelyn's wife had told Mrs. Aimwell, as a great secret, that the Deacon had told her, that 'Squire Bradley had seen Deacon Pettibone dead drunk after an ordination dinner."

" Do tell ! " was the brief and emphatic exclamation of the benevolent coterie.

This, as we have before remarked, was on Friday, and the subtle electrical fluid could scarcely have tra-

velled faster than did the story of the Deacon's failing. From mouth to mouth

> The flying rumour gathered as it roll'd,
> And scarce the tale was sooner heard than told;
> And all who told it added something new,
> And all who heard it made enlargement too,
> On every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew!—

so that, before Saturday night, the fatal account had reached Durham, enlarged and improved, until the story of the three black crows was nothing to it. Nor did it hesitate to travel on Saturday night, although the Blue Laws were then yet in force. The consequence was that, before the cows were all milked on Sunday morning, every body in the old parish of Durham, beyond the circle of the Deacon's unsuspecting family, was acquainted with the melancholy catastrophe supposed to have overtaken that truly excellent man.

Of course the painful news was the general theme of conversation among the groupes which collected around the portals of the sanctuary, while the bell was tolling for the minister, the late excellent and reverend Mr. Holdfast. The Deacon presently approached; but never before was he so coldly greeted by his friends. As for enemies, it is believed he never had one. Every countenance seemed looking darkly upon, or averted from, him. People even appeared to shrink from the proffered grasp of his friendly hand. But the good Deacon, in the unsuspecting simplicity of his innocence, did not observe the change, and, as the minister came along, all gathered into the venerable meeting-

house. Every body cast a searching eye, "a furtive glance," as Fenimore Cooper would say — upon the Deacon; while *he* was engaged, as others should have been, in searching his own heart.

The services proceeded as usual; but, at the close, the minister gave notice of a special meeting of the elders and deacons of the church, to be held on Wednesday, upon business of great importance. And, after exhorting his little flock so to conduct themselves as to show that, though *in* the world they were not *of* the world, and suitably admonishing the officers, as assistant shepherds, to make themselves patterns in good works, not forgetting to remind them of the passage, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!" (upon which stolen glances were again cast at the good Deacon Pettibone,) he pronounced the benediction. The Deacon, however, did not observe, and never once thought, that he was the sole object of this special exhortation, or of the dark and suspicious gaze of the congregation. His heart was right, and his eyes had been closed in the attitude of deep and heartfelt adoration. Thus he who was most interested in the dark givings-out was the least conscious of their existence.

The story, as we have already seen, had grown in its travels, like that of the boy who saw the thousand cats in the cellar; and for the three subsequent days the Deacon's house was shunned, as though it had been the habitation of the plague. Meantime, as Uncle Zim's name was somehow connected with the tale, one of the

elders was dispatched to Applebury, to inquire into the real facts of the statement which had brought such heavy and unexpected scandal upon the little Zion of Durham. On his arrival, he immediately had an interview with Uncle Zim, and commenced an inquiry into the facts of the case which had brought him to Applebury.

"'Squire Bradley," said Mr. Elnathan Cook, for such was the cognomen of this important messenger, "it is rumoured up our way that you have said that you met Deacon Pettibone, last week, drunk!"

"Then, I guess, Rumour lies," replied Uncle Zim, "for I haint said no such thing."

"But pray, 'Squire, what did you say, if I may be so bold?"

"Why," replied Uncle Zim, "I only said that I met him *half* shaved."

The result was that, although Elnathan Cook was one of the cutest chaps in those parts at a cross-examination, having formerly been an unlicensed practitioner in a justice's court, he obtained just so much information from Uncle Zim and no more. Uncle Zim was requested to go up to Durham and attend the council as a witness; but this he peremptorily declined, as he was busily engaged in making up a cargo of mules for the West Indies. He assured the zealous Elnathan, however, that Deacon Pettibone's negro man, Camillus, or Cam, as he was called for the sake of brevity, knew as much as he did, and could

tell them all about it. As Cam was known to be a very honest fellow, this assurance gave the messenger much satisfaction; so he clambered into his "one horse shay," and gat him back to Durham.

The wheels of Time rapidly brought Wednesday along, when the church-council assembled, and the yet unsuspecting Deacon Pettibone, thinking to hear the names of some reclaimed sinners propounded for membership, came among them. The Rev. Mr. Holdfast was appointed moderator. An unusual air of solemnity pervaded the council, and, imploring the direction and blessing of Heaven upon their proceedings, the moderator was peculiarly earnest and much affected. Indeed, the half suppressed sighs from various bosoms plainly indicated that they had business on hand which went home to their hearts.

At length the momentous subject of their meeting was opened, and the charge of intemperance formally preferred against no less a master in Israel than Deacon Eliakim Pettibone, then and there present. Had a bolt from heaven fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astonished or confounded. For a while, his hand pressed upon his temples—he remained dumb with amazement; then, raising his eyes to heaven, he solemnly protested his innocence, but in vain; and in vain did he tax his memory to recall any circumstance in his life that could have given rise to such an unlooked-for scandal. In vain, likewise, did he demand the name of the informer upon whose testimony

the accusation was preferred; for Uncle Zim had stipulated that his name should not be mentioned, save in the last resort. Finally, the witness, Camillus, was sent for.

Camillus soon arrived, and came grinning into the council-room, exhibiting the whole treasury of his ivory; but he immediately saw that his kind master was in deep affliction, and his own heart soon yearned with compassion. There the good Deacon sat, his head bowed down and supported by his hands: he raised it not, but hid his tears in his bandanna, and smothered the sighs heaving up and struggling to escape from his throbbing bosom.

"Cam," said the moderator, with solemn gravity, "we have sent for you, because we want you to tell the truth."

"Yes, massa minister, me albays tell de troot to shame 'e debble."

"Well, Cam, we believe you will. Did you ever see your master intoxicated?"

"Me ebber see massa tosticated! Golly, only tink ob dat!"

"But, Cam, you must tell us the truth; now did n't you ever see your master when he was intoxicated—when he had drunk too much?"

"Golly, no, massa minister."

Here a consultation took place among a few of the members of the council, in an under-tone, in which Mr. Elnathan Cook participated.

"Don't you remember that 'Squire Bradley, who lives in the second house beyond the stocks and whipping-post, north of the meeting-house in Applebury, came to see your master, last Wednesday?"

"Yes, massa, me know dat, berry well."

"Well, that's very good now, Cam: and when 'Squire Bradley met your master, was he not about *half shaved?*"

"O yes, massa: when 'Squire Bradley ride by ee winder, Massa Pettibone was juss shavin' heself, I guess; but den he so grad to see de 'Squire, he run out door to shake 'ee hand, wid ee soap-ladder all on one side he face!"

Here the mighty mystery was solved. All knew the droll and rather mischievous character of Uncle Zim, and the truth flashed upon their minds in an instant. A bitter smile played across the features of the good Deacon, as he meekly raised his dark hazel eyes, glistening with tears, and in his heart returned thanks for his deliverance. The council was broken up: a thousand sincere apologies were made to the good man; and the parties set their faces towards their own homes — the worthy Deacon being more strongly convinced than ever that "man-ward Uncle Zim was rather twistical or so."

THE TRYSTING HOUR.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

> So tedious is this day
> As is the night before some festival
> To an impatient child, that hath new robes
> And may not wear them.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

'T is past the well known trysting hour,
  Her heart has chid the truant long;
Oped is the lattice of her bower,
  Tuned is the lute, and learn'd the song;
All is prepared to greet the lover —
Ah! wherefore proves he thus a rover?

In vain, with all a sister's love
And tenderness, hath Julia strove
To re-assure the trembling breast
With Love's chamelion pangs oppress'd;
The evening hour is drear and dim
That is not blest with sight of him,
Wont, with a lover's joy and pride,
To share it with his plighted bride,
To linger on her looks, her words,
  And mark her soft cheek's rising glow,

J. Wood. pinx.t Pub.d by Ackermann & Co. 96 Strand. 1835. C. Rolls. sculp.t

THE TRYSTING HOUR.

To list her voice 'mid music's chords,
In mingled cadence soft and low;
Then whisper in her list'ning ear
The homage of a heart sincere.—
Her lute, to-night, hath lost its sound,
And dies in tuneless murmurs round;
Whene'er her hand attempts to fling
The magic from its silken string.
The flowers, just fresh from Nature's bed,
Their perfume now forget to shed;
He is not there, alas! for whom
Was sought their beauty's transient bloom.
Unread the treasured album lies,
Or wandered o'er with heedless eyes;
His portrait's self aside is thrown
With petulance before unknown;
And o'er her brow, that used to wear
Joy's laughing light and sunny smile,
Steals the soft twilight tint of care
Veiling its radiance for a while,
Like the pale shadow evening throws
Upon the blushes of the rose.

Flowers, books, nay, music, fail to please!
Ah Love! such are thy fantasies!
And, oh! within the heart that loves,
How e'en the gentlest breath that moves
The gossamer in summer air
Can wake an answering echo there!

And trifles empty as the wind
Leave a deep impress on the mind,
Give it a colouring and a tone
That but for love it ne'er had known.
Thus Passion, with a wizard's power,
Oft turns to shade life's brightest hour.

Now, in the azure of her eye
Kindles the fire of Jealousy—
Flushing her cheek, her neck, her brow—
Soft fears usurp her bosom now;
As Fancy still portrays the youth,
In all the purity of truth,
Sueing repentant at her side
That pardon playfully denied;
Till tender feelings, smothered long,
Burst forth in melody and song.

* * * * * *

"List! — Julia, list! — I hear a tread
Upon the grass-plot's velvet bed;
And, look! — the truant comes at last!
Ah! now my fears and doubts are past!
See, Tray his master bounds to meet
With glad caress and fawning feet."
"Nay, Julia! nay — I did *not* chide —
My looks must not be so belied!"

PROTESTANT BURIAL GROUND AT ROME.

THERE is something extremely picturesque in the Pyramid of Caius Cestus, the best preserved monument at Rome, and the most splendid piece of ancient sepulchral building there. It is to the ostentation of one individual that we owe this magnificent relic of antiquity. "A stranger amongst strangers, it has stood there until the language around it has changed." The idea of eternity is attached to the form of a pyramid, and, although the wild plants have taken root and flourish among the enormous stones of that of Caius Cestus, it does not appear that its beauty has yet suffered any injury. It has a character of impressive grandeur that is very striking. Built of marble, it is more than one hundred feet high; and, though time has changed its colour to grey, yet, as that grey outline is marked against the bright blue sky, and gay-coloured flowers hang in festoons from its crevices, it is a thousand times more beautiful in the eye of the painter and the poet than it could ever have been in its former state of magnificence. This ruin adjoins the walls of Rome. The Emperor Aurelian, fearful that the pyramid might serve as a fortress for attacking the city, caused it to be enclosed in the ancient walls, which still exist as the walls of modern Rome. At the base of the pyramid stand two marble columns, which were found

under ground, and which have been set up again by one of the popes—and before the pyramid lay the Prati del Popolo Romano, now meadows covered with verdure and wild flowers, and having here and there a large tree growing in unrestrained beauty.

Little is known of Caius Cestus, who reared this magnificent edifice for himself, but that he was contemporary with Cæsar and Augustus, and held a sacred office. He is known but by this monument which commemorates his death. Death had not for the ancients the terrors it has for us: neither awful nor revolting was *that* which ended in dust and ashes. Their tombs were sedulously placed near the most thronged public ways; and any one who has descended into them, particularly at Pompeii, cannot think that they suggest gloomy or awful thoughts in the association of ideas. That the moderns die in hope or in fear, in horror or in woe, is clearly marked by our tombs; that the ancients died, like heathen or animals, without these feelings is almost to be seen or felt in viewing their sepulchres.

It was on a beautiful summer's evening, about sixteen years ago, that I went to see this monument of Caius Cestus. I lingered long about the ruined walls of the city. The verdure of the surrounding meadows and of the fine large trees formed a contrast in colour with the sombre ruins, as the long shadows of evening fell, and the soft blue sky was streaked with the vivid tints of an Italian sunset. A flock of

sheep were grazing under the stately trees, and the shepherd and his large dog at his feet were peacefully seated near: a look of tranquillity and repose not to be described hung over every object around. I inquired the meaning of some huge stones that were rudely placed near the trees where the sheep were grazing; and was answered: "There the Protestants who die at Rome are interred." On examining them, I found some tombstones for Prussians and Germans, and a few for my own country-people, who had died at Rome, having probably during the war come to Italy in search of that health which their own climate denied them. The names, rudely inscribed on the stones, were half effaced, and the whole had an air of studied neglect, so as to render them as little conspicuous as possible; for Europe had not been long at peace at that time, and Protestant and heathen were then synonymous terms. There was something in these neglected graves, in these rudely-carved stones, in these half-effaced inscriptions, in the tranquil look of the scenery, that forcibly brought to my mind those beautiful lines of Pope's—perhaps the most beautiful he ever wrote:

> No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
> Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier;
> By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
> By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
> By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
> By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

Under what privations and miseries did not these foreigners end their days—far from friends and the

comforts of home! And there was a humility in these stones which strongly contrasted with the magnificence of the monument near, and struck me as a type of that Protestant religion in which they had died.

I sat down on the broken, ruined wall, and mused on various matters connected with our latter end and with the scene before me. The hum of insects and the peaceful tinkling of the sheep-bell were the only sounds that broke in upon the profound seclusion and retirement of the spot. I had been lately in Switzerland; and that spot in the island of St. Pierre where Rousseau had found repose for his excited mind, and where Lord Camelford had expressed a wish to be interred, (a wish and will, by the by, that have not been regarded), had laid hold of my imagination — a spot where the sun shines brightly, and where no sounds are, save those of the birds singing in the woods, and the rippling of the gentle waters of the lake — and then I thought of England, and of those horrible vaults in which our mortal remains are consigned to oblivion.

All this passed through my mind, and a great deal besides. From those reflections I was roused by the bells of the churches of Rome, which, as evening fell suddenly, as it does in a southern climate, burst forth at Ave Maria, "and the sound of the bells in the distance seem to pity and bewail the day that is lost and past." The result of my musings was a strong wish to be interred under the trees near the Pyramid of

Caius Cestus, if I should die abroad — a wish I never ceased referring to, in illness or in health.

It is seldom that, on any subject, trifling or serious, the same opinion lasts unchanged during sixteen years; so much passes in sixteen years of early life that changes opinions and feelings. We are forced to feel so deeply for ourselves or for others during those years, when we *live a whole life*, that our reason gets the better of our fancy, or our *insouciance* of both reason and fancy.

Being at Rome in the summer of 1832, I again visited the spot that had so powerfully laid hold of my imagination in my younger years. I found it totally altered. The English had become a colony at Rome; and, out of the crowds who had come thither, some in pursuit of health, some of pleasure, and some of forgetfulness, many had found a grave under her ancient walls. Pope Pius VII, and his minister, Cardinal Consalvi, being both partial to the English nation, and full of gratitude to their king and government, had granted permission for two enclosures to be made, so as to form a proper Christian burial-ground for Protestants. These walls had in some degree spoiled the picturesque beauty of the place, which was now divided into a higher and lower burial-ground; the lower ground being the spot where the first tombs were situated in front of the Pyramid of Caius Cestus; the upper on a sloping hill, near and immediately under the massy walls of ancient Rome. Both are exceed-

ingly interesting, independently of their picturesque beauty.

To begin with the lower burial-ground: — It is on a flat space before the pyramid, and close under the trees. Cypresses and stone-pines have been planted there, and they are now of great size and beauty; while the aloe and the rose grow close round the graves. Some of the tombs are highly interesting. The largest monument is to the memory of the lady of the late Sir Grenville Temple; near it is the tomb of Keats the poet, with this inscription: —

This grave contains
all
that was mortal
of a
young English poet,
who,
on his death-bed,
in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his enemies,
desired these
words to be engraved on his tombstone:
"Here lies one
whose name was writ in water."
February 24, 1821.

Keats was a true poet in character and disposition; he was composed of "most penetrable stuff," and had a painful susceptibility to the judgments of others. He came to Rome in a consumption, attended by a friend, a young artist: it is supposed that his death was hastened by certain literary criticisms on his poems, that preyed upon his mind.* He died at the

* In a manuscript note on a pamphlet, dated November 12, 1821, Lord Byron says: "Mr. Keats died at Rome, about a year after this [the Endymion] was written, of a decline, produced by his having

age of twenty four. Shelley wrote an Elegy upon his friend Keats, some of the stanzas of which are most beautiful, and describe the spot where Keats lies interred.

Very near that spot a child of Shelley's is buried; and these were Shelley's verses written on the death of his favourite boy, at Rome, in June, 1819.

My lost William — thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and did
That decaying robe consume,
Which its lustre faintly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb:
And beneath this pyramid
Thou art not — if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
Within its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds,
Among these tombs and ruins wild;
Let me think that through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion.

burst a blood-vessel on reading the article on his 'Endymion' in *The Quarterly Review*. I have read the article before and since; and, although it is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Eschylus." In another letter to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron, after some remarks upon Mr. Keats, adds, "However, he who would die of an article in a Review would probably have died of something equally trivial." The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterwards of a consumption.

The higher burial-ground is in a sloping direction from the ruined walls of ancient Rome, walls now decorated for the strangers' remains with roses, the leaves of which fell in luxuriant showers and strewed the tombs. Entering the large iron gates of the enclosure, gates wide enough to admit a funeral procession, a walk rises gradually to these walls: the walk is between rows of aloes and rose-trees, and rosemary hedges. The tombs at present occupy only the highest part of the enclosure, and several of the graves are dressed out with little edges of violets and low-growing flowers, or white roses; and some are entirely neglected, undecked, and unheeded. Many of the graves evince the care of friends in the way that the flowers are placed and cultivated. From the high ground is a lovely view of Rome, with the dome of St. Peter's and the cypresses of the Villa Millini on the horizon. Between this rich outline of distance and the burial-ground lie verdant meadows, and the large trees, which I had viewed with admiration many years before.

Here are buried several artists and learned men of various nations, and here lie the ashes of Shelley under a plain flat stone, having the following inscription:

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Cor Cordium
Natus IV. Aug. MDCCXCII.
Obiit VIII. Jul. MDCCCXXII.

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change,
Into something rich and strange.

This unfortunate man of genius was bitterly sensible before he died of the mischievous tendency of some of the opinions he had maintained, which drew upon him so much indignation, reproach, and contumely; for he confessed with tears that he well knew he had been always in the wrong. He had desired in his will to be interred in this burial-ground, near the grave of his child, "a spot so beautiful," he used to say, "that it might make one in love with death." The sea had ever been to him a delight, but he seems from the following lines to have anticipated that it might prove his grave:

> To-morrow comes:
> Cloud upon cloud, with dark and deepening mass,
> Roll o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar
> Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
> Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
> That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
> With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey;
> The torn deep yawns, the vessel finds a grave
> Beneath its jagged jaws.

And in those beautiful verses to Time, beginning "Unfathomable Sea," there is a strength of feeling quite awful, when we think of the manner in which Shelley ended his brief life. He passed much of his time in his boat on the gulfs of La Spezia and Lerici, or in the rocky caves on their shores; and in one of those caves he composed by moonlight his last production, "*The Triumph of Life.*" He perished in his 30th year, from the upsetting of his boat in a storm. It was some days after the loss of the vessel before his body

was found, or that of his friend, Mr. Williams, who perished with him; and then they were not in a state to be removed for interment, the one to England, the other to Rome, according to the known wishes of the deceased. The corpses were directed to be burnt; and Lord Byron, who was both executor and friend, was present.

The duty must have been an awful and a trying one to those on whom it fell, according to the account of Leigh Hunt, who was one of the party. It was in July 1822, the heat intense; and the spot chosen was a wild place upon the beautiful coast between La Spezia and Leghorn. It was a large tract of wood, stunted and twisted into fantastic shapes by the sea-breeze, behind which rose the Appennines. Aromatic spices and various promoters of fire were laid upon the wood on which the bodies were burned; and the extraordinary beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was noticed afar off. Its wild and awful light struggled with the wind — at last wasted — faded — and all was over!

Not far from Shelley's tomb is an upright square monument of white marble, without any inscription as yet, but executed by Westmacott with great taste and feeling. On one side is a basso-relievo, representing a female figure rising from the waves, and ascending with folded arms to that heaven and eternity to which an angel is pointing. On the reverse of the monument are emblems of eternity, and the figure of a

Genius holding a lighted torch. This monument is to the memory of the beautiful Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the Tiber.

Near the left wall is a monument to Lord Barrington, and a tombstone to the infant child of Mr. William Lambton.

> Go thou, white in thy soul, and fill a throne
> Of innocence and purity in heaven!

Near this end of the burial-ground are many tombs of Prussians, of Germans, and of Swiss, several of whom were artists. Among the English is that of Harris, the architect. There, too, is buried Bertoldi, the Prussian diplomatist, the wit, and the epicure, whose bon-mots used to animate a whole society.

Near his grave is a flat tombstone, round which the grass grows, and the inscription on which is barely legible. With difficulty you can make out the name of Sir William Drummond, who died at Rome some years ago, at the age of fifty-nine — God rest his soul!

At some distance, is an upright monument of the purest white marble, a piece of sculpture of great simplicity and taste. It is the tomb of Miss Little. The urn which surmounts it is beautifully chiselled, and upon it, in basso-relievo, is the name of GEORGIA. There is something both in the monument itself and in the inscription that is very interesting.

In the upper part of the line of tombs is a large stone monument, erected to one much lamented:

Sacred to the Memory of Lady Charlotte Albina Stopford,
Wife of James Thomas, Viscount Stopford,
Who departed this life on the 29th day of February, 1828,
In the 29th year of her age.

But God hath delivered my soul from the
place of Hell; for he shall rescue me.
Ps. XLIX.

This verse from the Psalms inscribed on her monument Lady Stopford was continually repeating during her last illness.

Not far off is a tombstone to the memory of Charles Dudley Ryder, the son of the Bishop of Litchfield, a midshipman on board Captain Robert Spencer's ship, the Naiad, who was drowned with five of the crew at the mouth of the Tiber, 28th May, 1825.

I passed many hours of a beautiful summer day looking at the tombs, and then sat down upon part of the ancient ruined wall close to Shelley's tombstone. What a scene for reflection — past, present, and to come!

Close by were the gates of the greatest city of ancient times, and near were its finest monuments; and before me, in the distance, the dome of St. Peter's, and that beautiful and graceful outline of ruins and of more modern buildings, beautiful as Rome only can show. At my feet were the graves of many whom I had known, of wits and scoffers, of the learned, the beautiful, and the gay — all gone to answer for their follies, and for those very sins which caused them in this world to be sought, followed, and worshipped!

All was a warning! — the dead at our feet — the ruins within view — death in every flower! All was a warning! Here were youth and beauty cut off in their gayest career, without one little moment for reflection; and manhood's prime, and talent and genius misemployed, and age and infancy, both helpless alike! Here were graves newly dug, flowers newly planted, but already withered!

And yet there was nothing terrific or horrible in all this. On the contrary, there was a tranquillity, a serene repose, that accord with our feelings of eternal rest and eternal forgiveness.—Here all was serenely sublime — the dissolution of the body and the flight of the soul had as little of the horrible about them as could well be: and the rays of the sun fell like the rays of divine mercy upon tombs surrounded with flowers.

Twilight came on; and while I sat musing on a tombstone, a distant chant was heard in the direction of S. Paolo *fuori della mura*. It was a dirge for the dead, and a funeral procession passed near enough for me to see the light of the torches flashing through the branches of the trees. The chant was low-toned, solemn, slow, feebly sung by the old monks. A moment passed, and the sounds died away. I rose, and followed the procession.

LOVE.

Oh! Love!—true Love!—what alters thee?—Not all
The changes that flit o'er the heart of man!
Thou art the fruit that ripens—not to fall—
The flower that lives beyond the summer's span;
The clinging plant that props the crumbling wall—
The vestal fire, which braves the winter's ban,
Nor is extinguished by the sleet or snow
Of human cruelty, and crime, and woe!

Thou art the shadow of the heart, that tends
Our footsteps through bright sunshine or black shade;
Cold chills thee not—indifference but amends—
Want cannot kill thee, suffering not dissuade;
Thou art Life's food, the morsel Mercy lends
To nourish, when all other banquets fade:
Yea! all conspires this maxim's truth to prove—
Life is not where we live, but where we love!

With me Love is a vision of the mind,
A dream that dazzles when I do not sleep;
A phantom, faintly seen and undefined;
An opiate, giving thoughts ecstatic, deep;
A holy spirit, in a tomb enshrined,
O'er which humanity doth wail and weep:
For purest Love hath ever on its wings
A blend of earthly and unearthly things!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

ON THE

DEATH OF RUDOLPH ACKERMANN.

He is dust! — his course is done! —
Life's last lingering sand is run!
He has broke the heavy chain
Of his sad and sullen pain.
Now no more the sleepless night,
Now no more the dreary light,
O'er his pillow shall return;
Now no more the lamp shall burn
Faintly through the curtain-fold,
While the tardy hour is tolled
Solemn from the church's chime,
Emblem of his parting time.
Sight and sound alike are past;
O'er his face a veil is cast,
Stronger than the art of man
E'er of steel and iron span;
Death has laid that chilling veil
On that forehead, high and pale:
All of man that slumbers there,
All, is of the things that were!

Yet the shroud was never rolled
Round a heart of purer mould;

Generous, ardent, honest, kind,
In that bosom were enshrined
Feelings that might put to shame
Many a great and gilded name.

Vengeance poured on Earth the vial—
Europe, 'twas thine hour of trial!
Then thy Kings, in fear and wonder,
Heard the summons of the thunder,
Sent to shake their ancient thrones;
Then thy fields were white with bones
Of the warrior and his steed;
Then the sceptre was a reed,
And the crown a mockery,
As the thundercloud drew nigh,
Dropping from its fiery pinion
Blight upon the Earth's dominion;
And on mountain, vale, and plain,
Pouring streams of blood for rain.
Then the vulture came to wreak
Plunging talon, famished beak,
In the feast of haughty gore,
Danube, on thy crimsoned shore;
On the Switzer's cloudy hill,
On the Tartar's desert chill;
War the harvest of mankind,
Where the whirlwind reaps the wind.

Stern and slow the tempest past;
But the triumph came at last.

Leipzig, round thy shattered wall
Rang the German's trumpet-call:
Freemen, to be slaves no more,
Sent to heaven the charging roar;
Tyrants felt the word was spoken,
By whose strength their spell was broken:
Then the German's heavy blade
All his long arrear repaid;
Then the Elster's crowded wave
Was but a profounder grave;
Then the fearful chace began,
Death and terror in the van,
Death and terror in the rear,
Till was heard the gallant cheer,
Echoing rich from tower to tower,
Sunny stream, and vineyard bower,
When the robber's foot no more
Stained, old Rhine, thy lovely shore.

But the laurel's brightest glow
Wears a tinge of many a woe:
Tears that widowed bosoms weep,
Tears that orphan-pillows steep,
Sorrows hating to be known,
Pangs revealed to Heaven alone,
Are the price by Nations paid,
Ere the fiend of wrath is laid;
Many a heart its veins must drain
Ere is burst the bondsman's chain.

In that moment of despair
Was thy generous spirit there ;
Man of fervent Charity,
Many a heart was heal'd by thee.

Nature shrinks from death and doom —
But around the Christian's tomb
Shines a pure and holy flame,
An imperishable fame,
Written where the lucid roll
Holds the history of the soul.
Christian sleeper on that bier,
If, as closed thy calm career,
Thoughts and things of other days
Passed before thy last, long gaze ;
There thy bleeding native land
Stood, with supplicating hand,
Faint with famine, wrung with pain,
Heirship of the scourge and chain.
There the scarce-enfranchised slave,
There the orphan of the brave,
There the peasant, forced to roam
From the ashes of his home,
There the wife, the babe, the bride,
Blessed the guardian and the guide !
Thine the task, from Britain's shore,
Charity's rich stream to pour ;
Till thy country's wounds were balmed —
Till the sweeping storm was calm'd —

Till upon the German plain
Life's rich sunshine beamed again!*

Now thou 'rt vanished — all is done! —
Now thy nobler life 's begun! —
Thou art gathered to thy rest,
Blessing to the last, and blest.
Crowned with calm and prosperous years,
Earth to thee no path of tears:
Thine no tossing of the gale,
Wrecking many a prouder sail —
Life to thee one waveless stream,
Lighted by one sunny gleam.
Thine no slavish thirst of gold —
Thou wert made of softer mould.
Yet were joys to pomp unknown,
Faith and Friendship, all thine own —
Taste and Genius round thee cast
Living radiance to the last —

* In this and the preceding passages, the Poet refers to the ravages occasioned by war in 1813, in extensive districts of Germany, which left the population with no other prospect but pestilence and famine; when Mr. Ackermann, by his publication of authentic statements, and his active appeals to British sympathy, fully awakened the public feeling, until the extraordinary sum of more than £100,000 was raised, to which the liberality of Parliament added £100,000 more. As Secretary to the Western Committee the principal portion of the labour attending this subscription fell upon him. The conduct of the correspondence and the arrangement of the claims of the sufferers occupied his day and frequently greater part of the night; but he had the satisfaction to know that his exertions were instrumental in saving thousands of fellow-creatures from destruction. —EDITOR.

Till, like Evening's silent breath,
Came the gentlest touch of Death!

Now, in calm equality
With the great, thy relics lie.
Many a widow's heavenward prayer —
Many a daughter of despair —
Many a Muse's pale-cheeked son —
Tells us how thy course was run.
Friend of every nobler Art,
Still thou livest in many a heart:
Shall they o'er thy relics weep? —
Let the mortal remnants sleep!
Earth to earth, and dust to dust —
Thou 'rt already with the Just.
What can chain the spirit's plume?—
Thou 'rt already past the tomb!

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